Outdoor America

MAY
1928

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Harold de Polo - Robert Page Lincoln - Horace Lytle
How the Izaak Walton League has put Conservation on the Map

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IT is only natural that when people think of conservation and the outdoors they think of the League. ¶ Its work in America is taken as a matter of course, and its major undertakings are greeted without surprise. ¶ Yet the national projects of the League do not compare in magnitude with the constant, day-by-day accomplishments of its thousands of local chapters. ¶ These accomplishments are made possible by the backing of national strength, power, and prestige. ¶ The object of the national body is to assure the basic conservation welfare of the country so that the foundation for local effort is sound, and to protect and foster wild life and recreational units of national importance.

In the States

ACCOMPLISHments, county-size and even state-size, can not possibly be listed here. All that space permits is a list of those states in which strong, active Walton organizations are fighting the battle of constructive conservation, building up the outdoors, increasing its creatures, restoring its natural beauties, and bringing to fruition all that it holds for the recreation of mankind. These states follow:

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North Carolina
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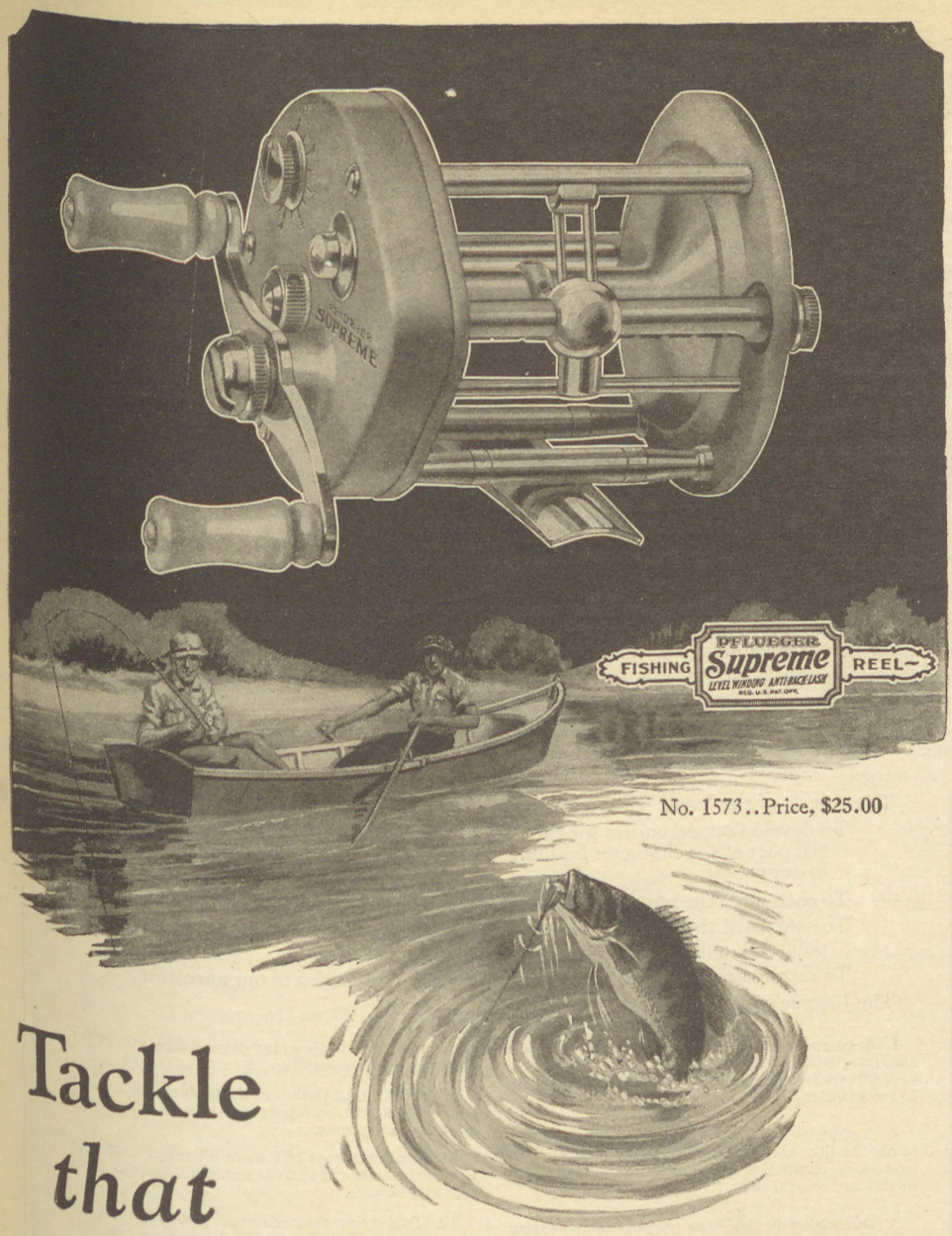

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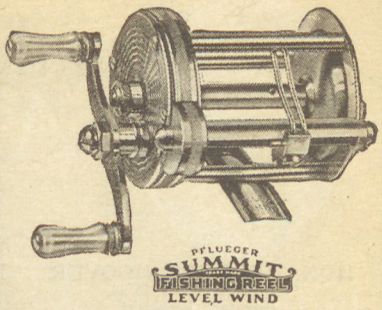

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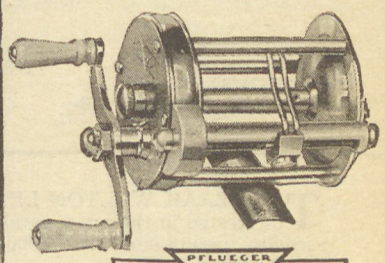

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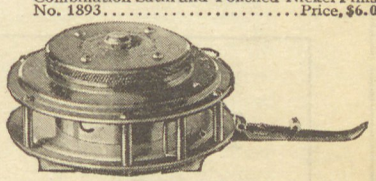

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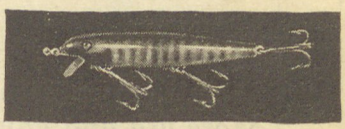

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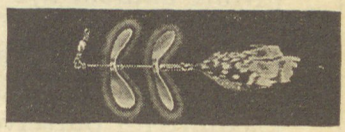

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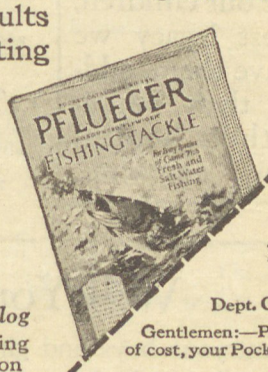

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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Volume VI **MAY, 1928** **Number 10**

CONTENTS

Cover . . . . . *Painting by Uldene Trippe*
Frontispiece "When the Trout Begin to Rise" . . . . . *Wm. Schmedtgen*
Meet Eugene O'Neill—Fisherman (*Introduction by Bob Davis*) . . . . . *Harold de Polo* 5
How the Izaak Walton League Has Put Conservation on the Map 8
Piscatorial Questions I Have Met (*Drawings by Ferd Himme*) . . . . . *Robert Page Lincoln* 9
Outdoor Etiquette . . . . . *Compiled and Illustrated by Donald Hough* 12
Salmon—To Be or Not To Be? . . . . . *John N. Cobb* 13
"The Dancing Sioux" . . . . . *Dry Point by Thomas LeBrabazon* 16
The Wilderness and You—Second Part . . . . . *Seth W. Richardson* 17
The Monarch of Moose Lake (*Illustrations by Kreigh Collins*) . . . . . *Horace Lytle* 19
Pollution . . . . . *Edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward* 22
Coal Mine Drainage . . . . . *Dr. William D. Hatfield*
Progress in Controlling Stream Pollution in Pennsylvania (*Photographs by Tom Mirkil*) . . . . . *William B. McCaleb*
Leaping Leukanini . . . . . *William H. Rinkenbach* 26
What's Happening in Conservation . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 28
The "Perfect Woman" (*Photograph by George H. High*) . . . . . *William R. Folsom* 31
The Days of the Wild Pigeon (*Illustrated by Clemons Gretter*) . . . . . *David Whittaker* 33
Our Children and Our Trees . . . . . *Everdell G. Smith* 37
The Fountain of Youth . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 38
The Convention Is On 40
Waltonian Activities 43
Waltonian Merit Men 44
Sand Dabbing in Arizona (*Drawings by Ed. Lund*) . . . . . *Captain Blackstone Fairgrieve* 46
A Fairyland in the Marshes . . . . . *Alexander Sprunt, Jr.* 48
Lake Monona Wisconsin Wild Life Sanctuary 50
Sensible Legislation . . . . . *Senator L. G. Bradford* 52
A Forest Preserve in the Dunes . . . . . *Mary P. McVeigh* 52
The Angler's Notebook . . . . . *Edited by O. W. Smith* 54
Fishin' Worms . . . . . *William R. Walton* 58
Scientific Angling . . . . . *Edited by Frederick J. Lane* 60
What's What and How in Conservation . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 70
Camping . . . . . *Edited by Murdo Gibson* 78
A Texas Nightingale . . . . . *Eugene Sherrod* 80
Reforesting the Middlewest . . . . . *J. J. Scholer* 82
Mr. Wood Chuck . . . . . *H. H. Evans* 86
More About the 'Chucks . . . . . *Blaine Wright* 88
Recollections of a Mountain Man . . . . . *A. P. Sweigart* 90
Outboard Motors and Small Boats . . . . . *Edited by Paul D. Burress* 94
Science of Trout Fishing . . . . . *Cal Johnson* 96
Gun Rack and Game Fields . . . . . *Edited by Alec Mermod* 102
Trips Afield with Boys . . . . . *Judge George W. Wood* 104
The Rifle Club . . . . . *Edited by R. H. Nesbit* 106
Your Dog and Mine . . . . . *Edited by Ozark Ripley* 114

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"When the Trout Begin to Rise"
Drawing by Wm. S. Schmedtgen

Meet Eugene O'Neill—Fisherman

By

HAROLD DE POLO

"SAY, kid. What kind of a bird *is* this austere and mysterious Eugene O'Neill guy, anyway?"

My old pal Bob Davis put this one up to me, some five or six years back, when I'd dropped into his so-called editorial sanctum to extract a check for a yarn.

"Bob," I told him, "he ain't—I mean he ain't mysterious. He's just so unbelievably natural and incapable of lamping you and lying that all the intellectual girls and boys have built up this myth about his being a human puzzle. Honest, he's so unaffected that it's too good to be true; he's the most regular guy, every way, that I—"

"A bass caster, eh? Why didn't you say so in the begin— . . . Oh, well, it always *did* take you a long time to get into the story."

I had to duck, at that—on the first count, anyway. Tears probably came to my orbs and did the proverbial coursing down my cheeks, and I guess my voice was husky as I replied:

"Bob, he's young yet; he'll learn in time; he just doesn't know. Don't hold it against him—he's never had the kick of slapping out a plug and feeling a bronze-back sock it; he's never seen one of the red-eyes break night water and make that inward rush on his tail; he's never gripped a bamboo wand or—"

I said much more, I guess—very much more—for although Bob Davis may be almost a passable editor, he is and was and always will be one of the few lads who thoroughly understands the wooing and winning of small mouth black bass. What's more, he isn't unwilling to talk about 'em, being joyously amenable to discarding any typed masterpiece he happens to be perusing in order to listen to a tale anent the greatest fighters that ever flipped a fin. I gave him plenty, that day, I suppose, while I stood up and made excuses for Gene—and I think Bob believed me. Anyway, I did so much explaining—I can still vitally remember—that I completely forgot to make a stab for that check I'd gone in to get.

THAT was five or six years ago, as I've remarked, and for even longer than that I'd been trying to persuade our Great American Playwright to attempt a still more important and intricate art. He had the stuff, I was sure. The man who had the power to pound out *Desire Under the Elms* likewise had the steel in his wrist that a decent rod demands; the man who had the poetry to give us *The Fountain* also had the sensitiveness in his fingers to properly thumb a delicate silk line; the man who possessed the sense of humor and tolerance to turn out *Diff'rent* must pack the courage and patience that all true bass devotees need. I'd always had a strong hunch that Eugene O'Neill would make a fisherman.

Putting the numerous disappointments of many years aside, I had the merry news last summer: "Come on along, kid, and show me something about bass," wrote Gene. He was up at the Belgrade string of lakes in Maine, at the time, and as my own camp was merely some seventy miles away I cranked up the flivver and stuck the hood O'Neill-wards.

It was early in September, and the Maine nights are apt to be brisk at that time of year—too brisk, really, for the best sort of casting. Fingers stiffen from the chill of the metal reel, and a man is fairly well hampered. For, along with Bob Davis, I insist that the night hours are the only ones for shooting a plug after bass. The business of thumbing your cast and respooling your line is made trebly difficult, and you therefore give your opponent the edge instead of having it on him as in the daytime. There simply isn't any argument as far as the sporting side of it is concerned, and you likewise garner about ten times the thrill from a battle in the dark. On top of that, the big boys seem to be rummaging around from about eleven o'clock on, say, to a wee, sma' hour.

I handed Gene a hickory rod, adorned with a level-winding reel holding seventy-five yards of line. I warned my pupil that the novice always balled himself up and ran into snarls and back-lashes by trying for too much distance at the start. Thirty feet or so every try, I lectured, was better than an occasional sixty or seventy after many precious minutes have been lost in disentangling knots. And—believe it or not, you old-timers—here was one beginner who annexed the lesson of moderation right from the drop of the hat.

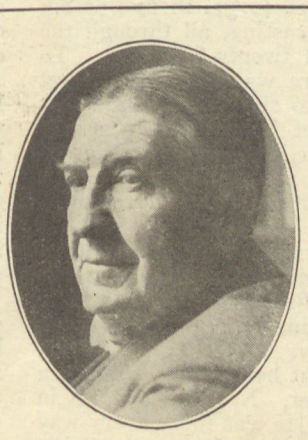
Agnes — Mrs. O'Neill — and Gene and I stepped into the Rangeley skiff that first night at precisely eleven, my favorite hour. The water looked like a gigantic chunk of clouded black onyx, with the mist that was hanging over it, and I took the oars and pushed the boat over toward an island perhaps two hundred yards away.

That island looked like nice bass ground, I still insist. It wasn't—I mean that it wasn't on that trip. I didn't care then and I don't care now, for I was looking at something far more vital than a scrap between a red-eye and a worthy human foe—I was looking at the birth of a fisherman. The lad I've always thought was the greatest playwright in the world, even before his stuff had been put on, was standing up there and showing me that he was a genius with a rod and reel. He was game, too. He cast for an hour—for two hours—and he didn't get a strike. To prove what I mean by genius, let me state that in all that while he got precisely one back-lash. I don't think it takes an expert to realize that this is pretty nice business for a man who's playing with a plug for the first time in his life.

Concerning Harold de Polo

HAROLD DE POLO knows all there is to be known about the black bass. Also he probably knows more than anyone else knows about Eugene O'Neill. He has observed both under all conditions of weather from the crack of dawn to the break of the following day. He writes the English language with flare and finish. What he has to say will illumine these pages. He thinks he knows a good deal about me. I am afraid he does. What he intends to reveal is at this moment a mystery to me. If he has written a line about me that invades my sense of refinement or tramples on the sacred rights of friendship, this blurb is recalled automatically. Harold de Polo being a fisherman is peradventure a liar! Until further returns I remain an inarticulate bystander—hoping for the best.

"BOB DAVIS"



ROBERT H. DAVIS, whose many outdoor stories have been read and loved by countless fishermen, and whose Rape of the River, that imperishable and classic requiem of a polluted river, appeared in the first issue of the League's magazine. EDITOR

I started to row back to the camp, finally, stopping about half way across the cove where a batch of pond lilies were and telling Gene to send a few casts around the edges. The Northern lights began to do their radiating, then, and although Agnes and I called his attention to them Gene kept on working his rod:

"Purty?" I said, quoting Simeon in *Desire Under the Elms.*

"Ay-eh," agreed Gene, as Peter does in the play.

Chung!

It's the only way I know how to express it, that inimitable sound made by a striking bass connecting with a top-water plug. As I saw the rod hold its curve, I knew that Gene had his first bronze-back hooked. I'm afraid I yapped out advice—and so did Agnes, as I look back on it—but I saw instantly that it wasn't necessary. He weighed exactly a pound, did that small-mouth, but remember that he belonged to the tribe that carries more gameness ounce for ounce than any other living breed. He came in on his tail, spinning over that clouded-onyx surface; he dug down for the weeds at the bottom, looking for a spot where he could stick in his nose; he leaped out of the water in beautiful curves, doing his darndest to shake the barb free or snap that terrifying line with his tail. But it couldn't be done. Gene manipulated him as—well, tossing all modesty aside, as Bob or I might have, and in three or four minutes I'd stuck the net under him and had him in the boat.

Agnes and I did some congratulating, and I guess I kept on slapping Gene on the back while I eagerly waited for the words that would proclaim him a hopeless addict. They didn't come, and I should have known better, for where verbal enthusiasm is concerned Gene has always slightly reminded me of the *Punch* cartoon:

A brace of British youths have taken a stance in the Swiss Alps, gazing at Mont Blanc: "Not bad," drawls one, as the sun begins to sink. "Don't be so demmed enthusiastic," retorts the other, lazily covering a yawn as he turns his head.

"How about it, old kid, ain't it the grandest sport in the world?" I wanted to know. "Ain't it got all the thrills—"

"Yeah," said Gene, going right on casting.

I TRIED darned hard, for the next ten days, to extract the glad word from Gene that would conclusively proclaim him a hopeless and dyed-in-the-wool fisherman. Luck was against me, though, mainly in the form of the weather. I don't mean maybe either when I say it was cold, for after sundown the thermometer hovered consistently close around the freezing mark. Not that this is so bad on the body when you're properly rigged out, but don't forget that metal reel that cramps up your fingers and sends the chill right along into your spine. Also, I've never found that bass did any prolific striking on cold nights, although brisk afternoons in September and October are apt to bring decent results if you troll slow and deep with live bait.

I've said that the big boys are usually out sporting during the nocturnal hours, and I'll leave it to old Bob Davis or any other tried and true veteran if that doesn't hold good in nine cases out of ten. This was the tenth, all right, all right. I never saw the bronze-backs average smaller, and I've somehow managed to get in five or six hours a night at the art of plug casting, all through the season, for fairly close to the past twenty-five years. To prove that this Belgrade adventure was about the worst stretch I've known when it came to size, let me state that during one session I hooked and landed eleven small-mouths—not bad for any man's lake, eh?—but that I tossed every one of 'em back because not a single specimen came up to a pound. "We must have struck the children's department," as Gene put it.

Don't get the idea, you fishermen, that I'm kicking. With Grover Cleveland I indubitably and unalterably agree that the next best thing to going fishing and catching fish is—going fishing. I am complaining at not having stuck the barb into any big ones, purely, for the reason that I knew it generally takes a somewhat hefty prize to make a man a rabid and enthusiastic angler. Not that I mean, in any way, that Gene wasn't game. He was there every way from the ace, never yelping at the bum luck and getting better all the time in his casting, his action smoother and his distance gradually increasing. Still, I didn't get the word that would happily assure me that he was a hopeless and helpless addict. And I guess any bug who's ever wet a line will know the type of stuff I was hankering to hear.

I thought I was going to get the desired earful, my last night at Belgrade. The weather got warmer and I could sort of smell bass in the air. Gene hooked and landed a small one and on his next cast I saw his rod stiffen almost as soon as his plug spanked the water:

"You got him," I said.

"Feels like a good one," admitted Gene.

He looked it, too, when he came out of the water on his first and only leap, shaking his jaws as he tried to get rid of the hook, showing the sheen of his scales against the background of the pines on the shore. He dug down, after that, apparently electing to make it an under-surface tussle. He pulled some good stuff, during the next hectic five minutes, but Gene met his tactics in a way that made me proud. When he was safely in the boat, unhooked and held up for inspection, I certainly had my ears ready for the long-expected enthusiastic remarks.

"What'll he weigh?" demanded Gene, looking at the beauty just—well, just a trifle gloatingly.

"Around three," I opined, still hopefully waiting as I watched Gene studying that bronze-back.

"Pretty good fight," he admitted with a pleased smile—but that was all.

It was about two in the morning when we got back to camp and the kitchen scales weren't to be found. Agnes was sweet enough to rout herself out of bed and lug in the ones used for balancing Oona, the youngest O'Neill.

Two pounds and eleven ounces!

That was how that small-mouth tipped those tested scales, and I hurriedly and eagerly went right on to explain that any fish of that weight unquestionably loses a couple of ounces in the natural shrinkage and blood-letting due to death. I fervently went on to hand out the further information, too, that it was a pip of a bass. Hadn't the guides said, I reminded, that the last three weeks had been the poorest of the year? Hadn't all the boys up at the store, where angling was discussed, told us that a two-pound specimen hadn't been taken in the last ten days? Hadn't he beaten an old-timer like myself at—

"How much did that one weigh that you've got mounted?" interrupted Gene. "Six, wasn't—"

"Six pounds and three ounces, since you gotta know," I answered, for once speaking bitterly when it came to mentioning one of my most highly prized trophies.

"A baby like *that* ought to put up a scrap," said Gene, looking a trifle wistful-eyed.

"He did—and you're gonna listen to the story once more," was my come-back.

I HAD one more chance left in that fastly waning season—and the best chance yet, I figured—for Agnes and Gene agreed to come along for a few days and sample my own lake. It has the best bass waters in the State o' Maine, I remark and strongly reiterate, although due to what most people term an over-abundance of pond lilies and pickerel grass it's probably one of the most difficult to cast. But that, of course, is what makes it so luscious. It takes a good man, if I say it as shouldn't, to handle a plug there on a black night—or on any kind of a night or even in the daytime. Still, I had a lot of faith in my promising pupil.

The first night at my bass bailiwick snuggled at the foothills of the White Mountains, it was cold, but we bundled up in a manner that suggested an Arctic voyage and sallied forth. I had decided to use my ace-in-the-hole first, for I knew it wouldn't be possible to do much casting. The old red bridge had never failed me, and I have always held it in reserve for the pinch. Big boys lurk under that planking, and hold guard along the stone foundations on either side. A noble spot; a treasure-house fit for a master.

But what's the use? I don't know whether to blame it on the cold alone or not—they just weren't hitting. Every bass man knows what that means. You can give 'em everything you've got in the tackle box, served up faultlessly, and they won't look at it. For a solid hour, anyway, Gene covered that ground while I handled the boat—covered it without a backlash, without a poor cast, his work with the

rod being fully as artistic and perfect as any line he has ever written. It was with a sad heart that I aimed the craft for home. The following day was to be Gene's last at camp, and there didn't seem to be any prospect of the weather changing.

It didn't change, either. There was so much kick in the air the next day that I gave up hoping for a favorable night. We agreed to try some afternoon work, drifting around to a cove close to camp that was fairly well protected from the wind that was tearing down from the North. It was nice territory, at that, even if it was better pickerel than bass cover. Gene still kept up his great form, putting the plug along the fringe of the lilies and grasses so neatly that it partially lightened my heavy heart. He did it for an hour—for two hours—and then he turned to me with a yawn and a stretch:

"I guess we'd better call it a day, hadn't we?"

"Put one over there," I pleaded. "In that pocket in the lilies at your left—just one more, Gene!"

With indulgent courtesy my pal did as I requested.

Wham!

It was a big fish, although in what we fiction mechanics term our heart of hearts I knew it wasn't a bronze-back. A pickerel, all the bets said, and I was sure of it as I caught a glimpse of his glinting yellow-and-black side when he dug for the weeds. A pickerel, yes—but a grand old warrior:

"You got him, kid—and *hold* him," I yelled.

I'm supposed to be a cool customer myself, so they tell me, when I'm tussling with a tough one, yet the way this absolutely rank novice manipulated that he-hellion at the other end of the line darned near got my goat. There's such a thing as *too* much *aplomb* and *savoir-faire* under certain circumstances, as I've got a hunch every fisherman will chime in with me.

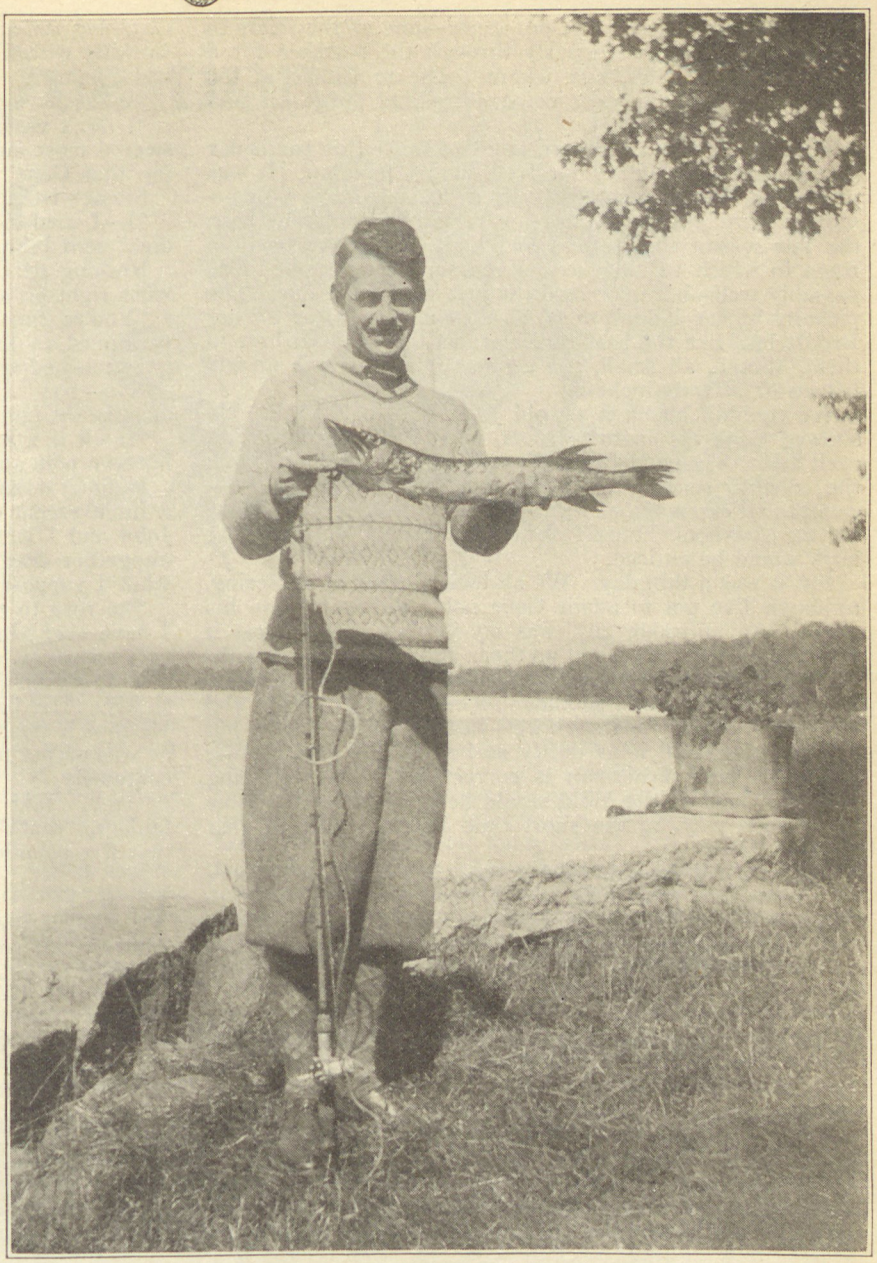
One ounce under five pounds, that jet-and-gold baby weighed, and the man who calls me a liar is a liar himself. He was the biggest pickerel taken out of my lake that year, the nearest thing to him having run an even four pounds. I stated this to Gene—and I stated it right vociferously—while I also handed out the congrats that were certainly due. Did I get the desired cry of joy? Did I hear the hilarious news that the piscatorial microbe had penetrated to the very veins of our Great American Dramatist?

"Pretty nice fish," says Gene.

"Don't be so demmed enthusiastic," I couldn't help retorting.

Get me straight on this, before I continue. Don't think that Gene is a frozen-faced guy who never gives three rousing cheers—he ain't. He can put more expression in his eyes when he smiles—more unalloyed friendship or appreciation—than any man, woman or child I've ever known, including the Scandinavian. You've got to remember that we fellers who fish, though, want a little more than that; we want the riotous old hip, hip, hoorah!

And I was going to get it, too, although I didn't know it at the time. As Bob Davis and all other fishermen will agree, it would have been far sweeter if a bass instead of a pickerel had been the medium of making my wish come true. This isn't rapping the babies with the long jaws, either, for fish are fish. Still, bass are bass, too. I don't hear any dissenting voices, do I? . . . *I'll* tell the world I don't, all right.



Eugene O'Neill, America's internationally famed dramatist, adds new lustre to his name by becoming a successful angler.

But back to the story.

When we returned to camp with the walloping pickerel, Gene decided to wait over another day before beating it back to Belgrade. Candidly, I think my neighbor, John Martin, had something if not a good deal to do with it. A great old State o' Mainer, is John—another lad with as clean an eye and as clean a mind and as clean a heart as O'Neill has. He was born on a sun-kissed, pine-fringed hill that overlooks my glorious lake, over fifty years ago, and what he doesn't know about the pickerel in them there waters wouldn't make a hack writer rich telling about it. Yes, he knows 'em, even though he *is* a poor, pathetic ignoramus when it comes to bass. Anyway, when he saw that beautiful monster that Gene had captured, he also opined that he wouldn't break camp for another day. If Gene would stay over, he declared, he'd take us out and show us some *real* pickerel fishing. And so it was arranged.

CLEAR and cold is right, when it comes to the way the next day broke. More than that. There was a terrific wind up but that did not stop us. Armed with the eighteen foot bamboo poles of the pickerel skitterer, Agnes and Gene and John and I pushed off into the breeze early the following afternoon, after having spent most of the morning in gathering a comfortable supply of frogs. Sucker

Brook was the selection of our guide—one of the inlets to the lake that winds sinuously through the marshes for a fair couple of miles, and where I like to paddle in the spring to watch the deer come down and gorge on succulent roots.

That brook didn't measure any two miles this particular September P. M., in my far from humble opinion. It was more like six, or even eight or a dozen. Hard going—mighty hard going. A narrow ribbon of water at best, the late-season shallowness and high wind gave us little room in which to navigate. Even so, we managed to do passably well—but once again it just wasn't the day. The pickerel hit, as I don't deny, as they always do in Sucker Brook, but, like the bass of Belgrade, they had no heft to them. Small, all small, not a one running over a measly fifteen or sixteen inches.

We couldn't blame it on old John Martin, though. He showed Gene his favorite spots, methodically scrutinizing each and every pond lily and patch of grass before giving the edict to send one in. He took the first pickerel we caught and ceremoniously cut off the choicest strip of belly, baiting the hook himself for Gene so that only the big boys would be enticed.

But it was a thin day. We all took a crack at skittering, although I've got to admit Gene nobly did more than his share. An untirable guy, was my verdict, and I guess it was John's, too. He stood up there and whaled away without a whimper, and if you don't think it's apt to be wearing on the wrists and shoulder sockets, just go ahead and try it. That six yard stick gets heavy, after a while, but Gene manipulated it as deftly as he had the bass casting outfit. A born fisherman is correct, and I was praying that the Gods of the Wild would be good to me, in some miraculous way, in the short time that was left of that 1926 season.

The sun had gone down, but the wind was raising more of a hullabaloo than ever, and Agnes had nestled down in the bow of the boat while I stayed with the oars and unashamedly shivered. John, pickerel fiend though he is, had to keep blowing on his hands between every two or three casts, but the author of *Beyond the Horizon* went right on working with a light in his eyes that was getting grimmer and grimmer.

"What have we for dinner, Harold?" Agnes asked me.

"I think we have some veal chops, for one thing," I answered most audibly, knowing we did, and likewise knowing that Gene was somewhat partial to 'em.

Silence from The Great God O'Neill.

"I—I used to like veal chops before I had to go on this diet," said John, sort of suggestively, if you get me.

Nothing stirring. That weather-proof idiot in the stern went right on slapping out his bait.

"You're *sure* you're not getting cold, Agnes, dear?" I petitioned to know, coughing so rackingly that it would have touched a guy with a heart of ice.

"No—no! . . . Oh, no—not a *bit*," Agnes assured me, like the game fellow she is.

"It—it *is* a mite perky," admitted Mr. Martin, lowering his own pole and turning up the collar of his coat.

It didn't do any good, raising that collar. A man needed a fur overcoat out there including ear-muffs. I know that John and I were game, all right, but—well, chivalry isn't altogether dead, I don't think, so we gazed at Agnes with what I suppose is called dumb appeal.

She rose to the occasion gloriously, for I don't believe I have ever heard airy casualness so perfectly intoned:

"Gene, dear. Don't you think we'd better call it a day?"

That Eskimo who should have been up in an igloo turned slowly. His brow was furrowed and his jaws were set. He took a fresh grip on his bamboo—a grip that intimated he was preparing for a long, long siege—and he spoke with contumely:

"Hell," said he, snapping his bait against a bunch of tanlacs, "that's what I said yesterday just before I got that five-pounder!"

PURTY?

Well, Bob Davis and I aim to wet a night line together, next summer, and I'll bet my best rod against a fishhook that Gene'll be right there with us!

How the Izaak Walton League Has Put Conservation on the Map

The March of These Black Dots Proclaims the Conquest of Waltonism

Waltonism shall engirdle the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

New Izaak Walton League State Divisions in Washington and Georgia start West and Southwest invasion of Conservation principles.

Piscatorial Questions I Have Met

Drawings by Ferd Himme

By
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Concerning the perplexities of an authority on fishing

GO on, ask me all about it, are tuna kind to their young; are bullheads good bait for bass; how do you make wings for trout flies by peeling tarpon scales; how do you smoke fish; will you get sick if you eat red-eyes that have grubs in their flesh; is a muskellunge a great northern pike or a pickerel; is it true that a trout will permit itself to be fooled by a dry-fly. . . . Go on, ask me another!

I've just returned from six months in the woods and on the waters and here I have a batch of questions two feet in height that demand answering. They have arrived from every corner of the land and demand that I tell in detail if the fishing is good in Hamilton County, New York, and if Terrebonne Parish, Louisiana, has good large-mouth bass fishing in the winter; are separate licenses demanded for fish in Wisconsin or does one license fee cover all; who is the fish and game commissioner of Maine and where do you address him; how do you make dough-balls to catch carp.

"I should appreciate it if you could clear up some of my problems of fishing," writes one gentleman from Pennsylvania. "I have been fishing with a hook baited with a worm. I enclose a sample of the size of hooks. But I have had little success or none at all. Later I bought some lure, namely Gets 'em Fish Lure, and I mixed this up according to directions but had no success with it, sometimes they simply won't bite, other times they pick around but won't hook fast. Thinking I would settle this I bought an automatic fish hook (you will find a drawing below) but I haven't gotten a bite. I have tried pouring anise oil on the worms and last year I put a bumble bee on the hook but this the fish refused to bite at and besides bumble bees are an awful trouble to put on the hook."

"I fish and I fish," wrote another aspiring disciple of the venerable Walton, "and still I don't get them. I went to the butcher shop here and I says to Mac, 'Liver is good bait for catfish, isn't it?' And he said that the more rotten it is the better. So I got some liver and put it out in the shed to get rotten and the damn cat got it. So I goes and buys some more and about four days after when the liver was bad enough to use I rig up and go after catfish. But I didn't get any. That's the funny part about it. Others can get catfish but I can't. Will you send me complete directions how I can catch catfish?"

My one failure in life has been the ease with which I am led into answering each and every question that comes my way. Now the man who caught no catfish wrote veritably with a sob in each line. I laid the letter aside, an inner voice in me protesting that I should begin right then and there, with that very letter and refuse to answer any more. But I was haunted by the insistent cry of the man who wanted to catch catfish and couldn't. Probably, I said to myself, he goes to the mail-box every day and patiently waits and hopes for the letter that will blaze the way for him so that he will be able to hang up the largest catfish in that part of the world. So I not only answered the letter but at the close of it I mentioned that if I could be of any further use in helping him on to success in his fishing just to ask me and I would be right there with the neatly typed directions. You probably think that that ended it—that the gentleman in question would be thankful for the original information and would venture no further conundrums for me to solve. I thought so myself. However, my friend did not hesitate. Very shortly in the mail came a letter to me which, upon opening, I found was from the questioner under consideration. In that letter, every one numbered, were ninety-six questions for me to wade through ranging all the way from how to make fish oil to "does the sheepshead have stones in its head with which it makes those noises you hear in the water." If I had been in a comic strip I would have clapped my good right hand to my head and I would have fallen flat on the floor. However, that courtesy for which I am famous inspired me to uncover the typewriter and name certain five or six books where all this information could be found. I dispatched the letter and a return letter arrived saying that all five or six books (whatever it was) had been sent for in the day's mail and I was thanked profusely for my help!

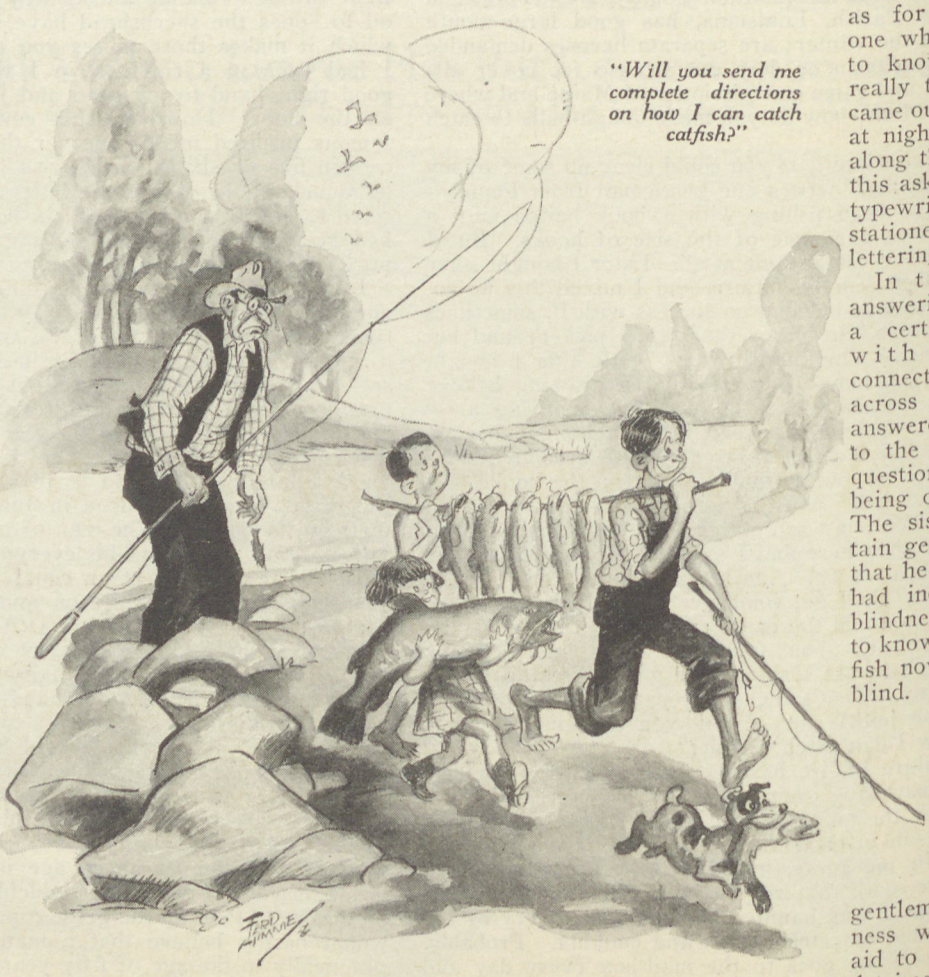
I have found it extremely difficult to turn down the questions that have come my way to answer—fishing questions at least. I know what the art of the angle means to a person, especially to the business man on his vacation seeking rest mentally as well as physically. The bank president comes down from his lofty sphere of domination and by his question "how do you hook on an angleworm when fishing for trout" becomes one of the great body of good fellows who like to leave all business cares behind them and "wade knee-deep in June" back to the joys of their boyhood days. The man of millions I would not feel in a position to meet in his every-day dignified and distinguished life I can meet on equal footing out in the open when he has an old shirt on and a pair of old pants a couple sizes too big for him. All differences melt into space when he asks the insistent question "show me how you stop the bait so that it falls just where you want it and how you make that overhand cast." There may be a pleading in his voice, that desire to be shown that one cannot deny. You feel that should he know the solution to this or that piscatorial puzzle it will mean as much in his life probably as closing an important deal in the business world. A great number of the questions I have answered to the best of my ability have been from men who have reached a rather advanced age in their lives, who have never fished, but who have suddenly become obsessed with the desire to take up the great contemplative pastime. One would hardly believe that a man could go through life practically to the age of fifty years without having caught a fish, indeed who has never, up to that age, wet a line. I have met them, however, in my correspondence. I have

"Last year I put a bumble bee on the hook."

outlined courses of reading in all branches of fishing and casting, all of which I have done, I swear it by the present whiskers on my face, without one cent of tribute. I haven't received a dollar for my services in the game of answering questions. That's how much of a martyr I am to the cause of fishing.

But this answering of questions has its appeal and its humor. Many fishermen will read in the books on fishing certain advice which will be misconstrued with the result that a great mix-up will result. One gentleman had read that for fishing in the north nothing is quite equal to a copper line as it not only has remarkable strength but sinks of its own heft, thus dispensing with the need of sinkers of various stripe. However, instead of buying the regulation braided wire line this fellow got for himself *solid copper wire* of about the diameter of hard grocery thread! Here are his words:

"Before starting for Canada I bought a soft copper wire, the size of which is 040 and also purchased a spoonhook which weighed *three pounds*. (I have enclosed a piece of the wire I used for your inspection.) The reel I used has a capacity of 100 yards of wire. After arriving at the fishing grounds I took the butt end of a steel rod and to this I fastened my reel of wire. Then after passing the end of ~~my~~ wire through the eyelet at the outer end of the butt, I then fastened on a swivel; next came the spoonhook. I then sat in the bow-seat facing the stern while another man paddled the canoe. Then holding the butt nearly parallel with the outside of the canoe I let out ninety feet of wire. After trolling for ten minutes I had a strike and started to wind up the wire. The muskie pulled in just like a dead weight, but just as soon as he reached the canoe and was lifted out of the water he made a mighty fuss and shook himself loose. Since then I have not caught any. The wire does not seem to be the right thing to use and I would like to know what the trouble is?"



"Will you send me complete directions on how I can catch catfish?"

This gentleman was the vice-president of a large bank by the way. On the ins and outs of banking and methods of business you could not fool him probably but when it came to fishing and the line to use he completely took a fall. Often the writers of books on fishing and fishing equipment are at fault in that they are too obscure in their meanings. That is to say, obscure so far as the layman is concerned though probably plain enough to the man well up in fishing. It is difficult to write in too plain language to satisfy the amateur or new beginner in the game of fishing.

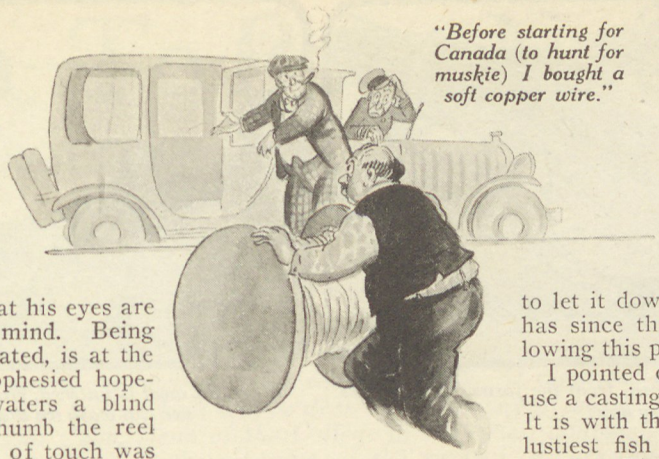
Much confusion exists in regard to the identity of fishes and next in number are the questions in regard to tackle. And the most persistent of the former is the inevitable query: What is a great northern pike and what is a musky; or, are these two fish one and the same? It is a question that follows me through the year, with and without, variations. Some of the questions are side-splitting ones to say the least, as for instance the one which demanded to know if it were really true that carp came out of the water at night to eat grass along the banks. All this asked in a neatly typewritten letter on stationery with raised lettering!

In the course of answering letters for a certain magazine with which I was connected I came across one which I answered and sent in to the magazine, the question and answer being duly published. The sister of a certain gentleman wrote that he (her brother) had incurred total blindness and wanted to know how he could fish now that he was blind. I knew that what this fellow needed was encouragement more than anything else. In my letter I informed this gentleman that blindness was rather an aid to fishing than a detriment. I pointed

out that whereas he had been deprived of one of his senses it was the wise provision of Nature that the other senses, as a direct result, become the more intensified and useful. I pointed out that if a man lost one arm the other arm became possessed of the strength of two. Thus if a man were deprived of his eyesight his sense of touch makes up for what his eyes are incapable of detailing to the mind. Being blind, a man's hearing, too, I stated, is at the height of its usefulness. I prophesied hopefully that guided over good waters a blind man could cast all day long, thumb the reel better than ever since his sense of touch was now so certain, and in every way comport himself so as to absolutely deceive the onlooker. At still fishing the blind man, I said, is in his element. As we all know the bobber on the line is an unnecessary item rather than an aid. The catch is made two-thirds of the time while the fish is nibbling at the lure. The blind man with his intensified sense of touch learns to judge the nibbles so accurately that he rarely pulls up without hooking the fish. It is for this reason, I continued, that we list amongst the successful anglers of the world a great number of blind men.

I dispatched this letter which I figured would provide the encouragement needed and I received an enthusiastic letter from the sister in return. The letter had worked wonders. A matter of eight months later I received another letter from her and out dropped a photograph showing her brother with a 32-pound musky he had caught. The letter stated that he could fish along the pads without making a hook-up in them. It even stated that he was getting onto the use of the fly-rod and had caught a number of bass with it.

As the result of the publication of the letter above came one from another person, a soldier, who in trying to break the back of the Hindenburg line had met up with twenty bullets and a consignment of shrapnel, the result being the loss of two legs and his left arm. He stated in his letter that he was feeling fine and had decided to spend the rest of his days fishing and wanted to know just how he should go about it in the most efficient manner. I stated in my reply that one could operate a boat without the need of legs now that there are so many good models of the outboard motor on the market. With his good right arm intact he could easily manage this and go where he liked, thus dispensing with the need of oars. I even designed a means of operating an anchor by means of a rope and pulley so that he would not have to get out of his seat to let it down. An enterprising company has since that time made an anchor following this plan. . . .



"Before starting for Canada (to hunt for muskie) I bought a soft copper wire."

I pointed out that it is not necessary to use a casting rod to be a successful angler. It is with the cane pole that some of the lustiest fish swimming the lakes are caught. The one-armed angler resting the butt of the pole against his body and using the leverage system would be able to bring the fish out of the briny deep with such remarkable and finished skill, I said, that, if seen by other still fishermen possessing three arms they will at once discard two!

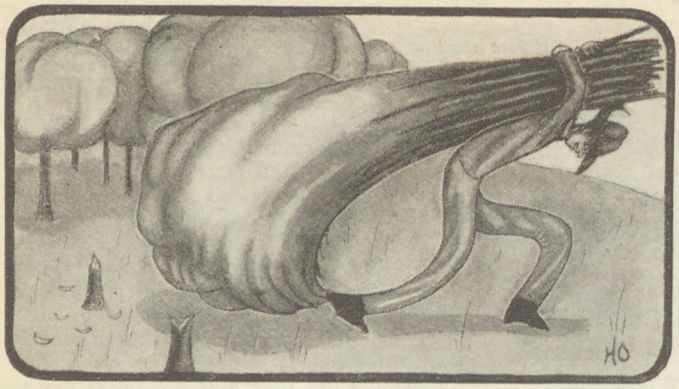
As the result of my letter this gentleman said he had found life much rosier and was working a cane pole to perfection following my outline. In fact he said it had taken a world war to make a good fisherman out of him. This letter also saw print in the magazine, probably because it approached a unique predicament in an unusual manner hence had some real value. Among the letters that followed this one was a perfect swarm wherein every form of physical disability was brought to my attention with the expressed desire that I tell the afflicted ones how they could fish, handicapped as they were. One of these letters was from a gentleman who had had both arms amputated and he wanted to know some plug baits that were useful in fishing in shallow water. Not a word mentioned about his condition, or how he fished, you understand; merely asking about lures in a matter-of-fact way. To this day I do not know if it was meant for me to plan some way in which he could fish or if it was merely the information in regard to the baits that he desired!

It's a great game, this answering of questions: Does a fish hear with his lateral line; how can I make a fishing rod out of a billiard cue; can spinners be made out of a tomato can; are carp good to eat; what is a ludefish. . . .

Wow!

A Conservation Victory

HURRAH! Another fight won! The Woodruff-McNary forest purchase bill, which the League has been pushing, has been passed by Congress. It establishes a definite federal policy on forest land purchases east of the Plains as outlined in an article by Charles W. Folds, Chairman Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League, in the February OUTDOOR AMERICA.



"If you need some stakes, cut them from the farmer's fruit trees. Do a good turn every day! . . . "

"When the meal is finished, grab a rod and go fishing, so your partner can wash the dishes in peace. . . . "

Outdoor Etiquette

Covering some of the very latest "finer touches" in sportsmanship

Compiled and Illustrated
By DONALD HOUGH

NEVER throw a cigarette butt or a match into the water. It will merely go "t-s-s-s-t," fizzle out and grow cold. Take full advantage of your surroundings. Throw the bit of fire into some nice dry brush, where it has a chance for its life and can expand. And think of the glorious spectacle that will result! You can watch the forest rangers burn their fingers; and the cries of fleeing settlers always give a thrill to the true woodsman. Splendid!

WHEN breaking camp, always leave plenty of newspapers laying around. The next comers may want to read. A touch of civilization in the wilderness! Leave your tin cans in a nice row. Don't let the other campers think you had nothing to eat! Carve your initials on the trees. It gives such a delightful personal touch. Let people know you passed that way. They will be interested. Wasn't it Balboa who planted a flag in the Pacific? Individuality wins!

WHEN going through a farmer's field, always leave the gate open. That will let the animals out. How can the cows and horses and things get exercise unless they are given a chance? They will appreciate it. So will the farmer! And if you need some stakes, cut them from his fruit trees. Do you think the farmer has time to prune his own trees? Do a good turn every day! And be sure to shoot a couple of his chickens. They eat up his grain! Be the Farmers' Friend!

WHEN wildfowling, always sleep late and then make your blind beside, or in front of, some hunters who have labored since daybreak to put out their decoys in a good place. Be sociable! Develop personality! By reading only five minutes a day in the Library of Natural History, you can hold the other hunters spellbound. They welcome a touch of culture. "It's not all of shooting to shoot," as an eminent authority has said!

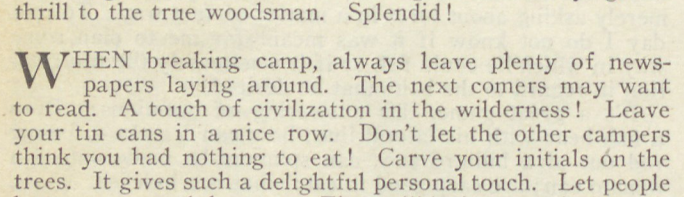
WHEN the camp meal is finished, grab a rod and begin to fish. That will permit your partner to wash the dishes in peace. How do you know that it doesn't embarrass him to have someone watching him? This is just a little touch, but it designates the cultured outdoorsman. Be thoughtful!

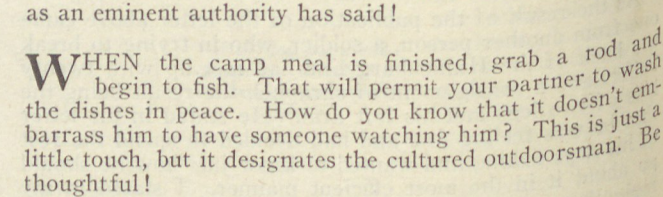
BE friendly with your guide. Borrow his axe. Chop into a stone, to show him you have confidence in it. This will please him! Use his knife when you want to open a can. Save yours for an emergency! Borrow his tobacco, even if he has only enough for himself. Be democratic!

NEVER carry your own cigarettes on a camping trip. This proves to your partner that you are perfectly willing to use his brand. It compliments his taste! When he gets down to his last package, share them with him. This will promote a feeling of camaraderie between you. Share and share alike! Wonderful!

"Be friendly with your guide. Borrow his axe. Chop into a stone, to show your confidence in it. . . . "

"When your partner gets down to his last package, divide them with him. Share and share alike! . . . "





Salmon—To Be or Not To Be?

Better regulations for the salmon fishing industry are imperative

By
Professor JOHN N. COBB

THE absence of proper commercial fishing regulations in most parts of America is a dark blot upon the escutcheon of conservation. Irreparable harm has been done to sport fishing by practices wholly inimical to the angling fraternity as well as to the industry itself. If regulated, there should be room for both, *but unless we call a halt at once both will be destroyed in many of our best waters.*

This article by Professor Cobb, Dean of the College of Fisheries, University of Washington, is published for the purpose of bringing to the attention of the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA *conditions on the Pacific Coast,* which have a decided bearing both upon the economics involved and upon thousands of fishermen who enjoy angling in the waters inhabited by salmon.

Professor Cobb clearly points out that regulation is badly needed; *that* artificial propagation should not be depended upon to supplant natural propagation; *and that* "the gravest danger lies in the pollution of the rivers *which the salmon ascend for spawning purposes.*"

He also calls attention to the enormous losses of fish through unscreened irrigation ditches. There is now pending before Congress a bill to appropriate $25,000 for the purpose of making special studies for the development of workable screen appliances. This appropriation should be made available at once so that the Bureau of Fisheries may start work on the problem immediately.

What is needed is far better regulation and a real effort to stop pollution. Cooperative agreements between neighboring states, and an international treaty with Canada similar to the migratory bird treaty to make all of the commercial fishermen come into line are also imperative. They must help protect primarily the salmon and the interest of the angler, as well as the future of their industry.

The Waltonians of the Pacific Coast are right now endeavoring to obtain better regulations to safeguard their interests and are asking your aid and support.

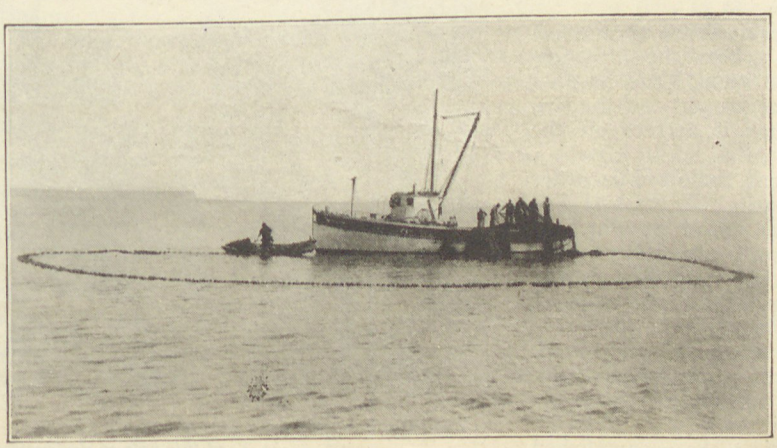
EDITOR.

FOR some time the condition of the salmon of the Pacific has been a matter of concern to those directly engaged in the fisheries, as well as to those who are interested from the angle of sport in the perpetuation of this great species of fish. This concern has been manifested during the past year by the adoption in Oregon of an initiative measure barring the use of all fish wheels in that portion of the Columbia River belonging to Oregon, and also barring the use of all commercial fishing apparatus in that portion of the Columbia River belonging to Oregon east of the Cascade Locks, and by the effort now under way in the State of Washington to initiate a measure intended to prevent the use of all commercial fishing for salmon except with gill nets and trolling lines, in the waters of the State of Washington.

There is no doubt in the minds of those well informed that *the supply of salmon has been on the decline for a number of years,* and many and varied have been the suggestions offered to remedy this state of affairs. Unfortunately, many of these have been offered by individuals who desired to exploit the fisheries with one or more types of fishery apparatus at the expense of other types, and were their suggestions followed no real conservation would result. Still others have, either willfully or through ignorance, beclouded the issue with their explanations of the decline, and suggestions for relief.

I shall treat very briefly of the life history of the salmon and steelhead trout, the extent of the salmon industry and the remedial measures which have been put into effect or suggested.

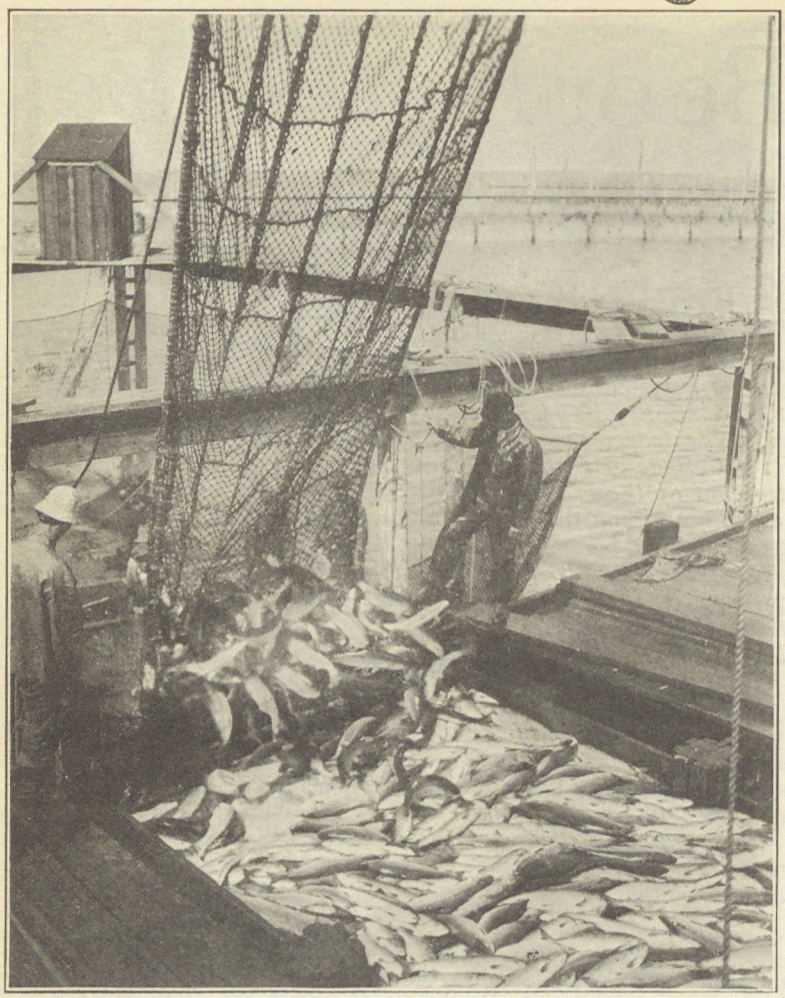
It is difficult to appreciate what the salmon industry means to the Pacific Coast unless one is thoroughly familiar with it. In the neighborhood of 40,000 persons are directly engaged in the various branches; it has an investment of approximately $100,000,000, and some 670,100,000 pounds of salmon products, valued at $99,000,000, were produced in 1926. In order to make up this great total the following salmon were required: Coho or Silver, 4,464,691; Chums, 12,286,336; Pinks, 55,060,688; King or Chinook, 2,654,625; Red or Sockeye, 31,347,530; Steelhead, 3,159,226; or a grand total of 108,973,096 salmon. Of the above products 7,488,620 cases of canned salmon (reduced to a common basis of 48 one-pound cans to the case), valued at $56,219,306, were put up, while thousands of barrels of pickled salmon and tierces of mild-cured salmon were packed. In order to operate efficiently millions of dollars must be expended each season for tin plate, box shooks, barrels, tierces, all kinds of provisions, fuel, oil, freight, and the thousand and one things required, in Alaska especially, to operate a thousand or more miles away from the home base. *In addition to the army of persons employed there are several times as many whose sole support depends upon the earnings of the workers.*



Pulling the purse seine—little chance to escape.

Life History of Salmon

THERE are five species of salmon found in our Pacific waters, viz.: Chinook, King, Spring or Tyee (*Oncorhynchus tschawytscha*); Sockeye, Red or Blueback (*O. nerka*); Silver, Coho, Medium Red or Silverside (*O. kisutch*);



Brailing out the deadly fish trap which allows few to escape.

Humpback, or Pink (*O. gorbuscha*); and Dog, Chum or Keta (*O. keta*). In addition, the Steelhead Trout (*Salmo gairdneri*), is classed by the law, for administrative purposes, as salmon.

These all belong to the great anadromous group of fishes, i.e., fishes that live in salt water, but must go to fresh water to spawn. After birth the young remain varying periods in the fresh water, the humpback and chum but a very short time, and the others from four to sixteen months. After passing out to sea, the humpback, chum, and sockeye virtually disappear from the ken of man until they reach the adult stage, while the Chinook and Silver can be found most months of the year in adjacent salt water. This, however, may be due to the fact that the last named will take the hook and thus fall prey to the trollers, while the first named are not sought after with the suitable apparatus.

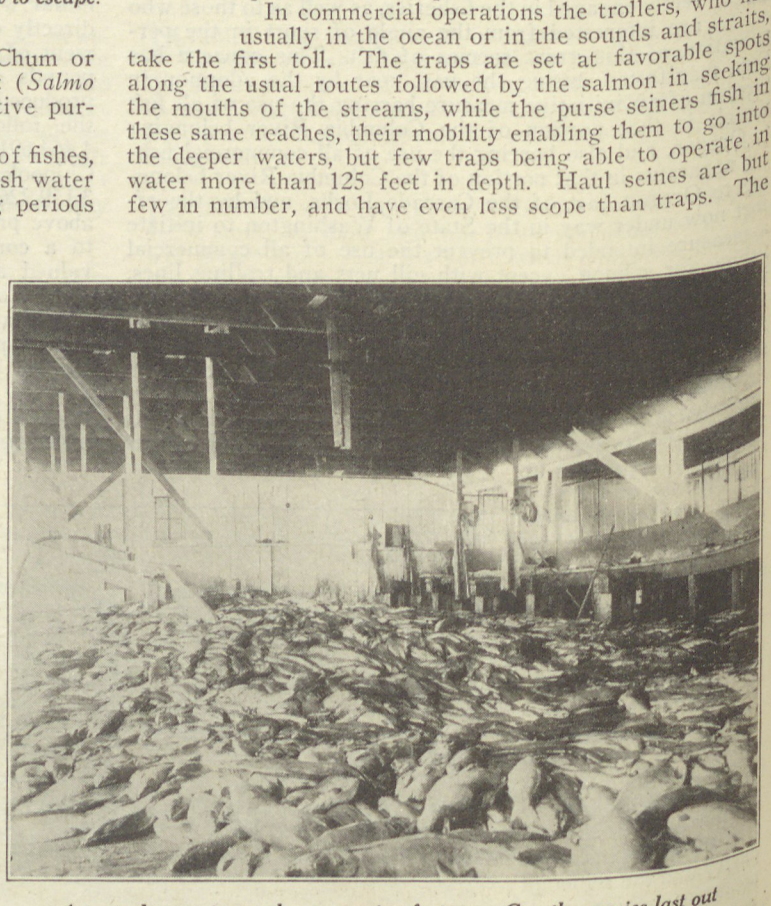
When their respective periods are up, the fish head toward the stream where the first few months of their life were spent, some instinct in the fish, or some special property of the water, warning the fish when it arrives off the mouth of this stream.

The Chinooks arrive first, followed in order by the Sockeyes, Humpbacks, Chums and Silvers. While each has a period in which it greatly predominates, there are many early comers and stragglers, so much so, that during the middle of the fishing season all five may be found on the cannery floor at one time.

The salmon when they arrive off the mouth of their respective streams are sleek and fat, and thus well equipped for what is to be in many cases a long and arduous journey to the spawning grounds, and this to be accomplished without any food, for as soon as the fish enters the fresh water it ceases to feed, and eventually its stomach and intestines so shrink through disuse that it would be an impossibility for the fish to digest any food should it take it into its mouth. Despite this fact, however, it is not at all uncommon for sportsmen to catch Chinooks with a trolling spoon after they enter the rivers. The Steelhead, however, does not die after first spawning and may return to the rivers a number of times.

The commercial fishermen use the trap, purse and haul seine, gill net and trolling spoon in catching salmon. Traps are usually great structures of stakes driven in certain positions and the fish are led into these. The haul seines are carried out from shore, set, and then hauled in to the beach, dragging along with it all the fish found in its sweep. The purse seine is set around a school of fish in the deeper waters, then, through a rope woven through a series of rings at the bottom, the latter is closed. The circle is slowly narrowed until the mass of fish is gathered closely together, when they are dipped into the vessel. Gill nets are usually drifted, and when so used there must be a current to carry them along. As the fish swim into the openings of the web, they are usually caught by the twine catching on the dorsal fin, and as the fish attempts to back out, the twine is then caught under the gill flap and the fish soon drowns. Since in order to be effective the salmon should not see a gill net, these nets can only be used in muddy waters or in darkness. As the former condition, together with a good current in the Pacific States, is found only in rivers, gill nets are usually worked in the rivers and around the mouths of same. A considerable element of our commercial fishermen, as well as many of our sportsmen, engage in trolling for salmon, and their catch is restricted almost exclusively to Chinooks and Silvers, as the other species do not respond to such, or any other, lure.

In commercial operations the trollers, who fish usually in the ocean or in the sounds and straits, take the first toll. The traps are set at favorable spots along the usual routes followed by the salmon in seeking the mouths of the streams, while the purse seiners fish in these same reaches, their mobility enabling them to go into the deeper waters, but few traps being able to operate in water more than 125 feet in depth. Haul seines are but few in number, and have even less scope than traps. The



A typical scene in a salmon canning factory. Can the species last out at this rate of destruction?

gill nets usually meet the fish just off the mouth of the river or in its lower reaches.

There is always a heavy loss in the eggs and fry, as these form choice morsels for all kinds of animals, both land and aquatic. And this loss continues through the years spent in the salt waters and culminates in the heavy damage done by man when the adult fish seek to return to their birth place to spawn. We do not know just what mortality occurs during these periods, but it must be extremely heavy.

Thirty years ago we were content to wait patiently until the salmon reached maturity and came into our bays, straits, and sounds seeking the river up which they wished to ascend. About that time the fishermen discovered that with the trolling line they could catch feeding Chinook and Silver salmon, and find a good market for them, with the result that today the trollers seek these fish during months when they used to be safe, and *sad to relate, a large part of these fish are only two and three years of age.* And of recent years, our purse seiners have joined in this extra-season slaughter, while many young salmon are destroyed in our traps through the meshes not being large enough to let them through.

Caught in a gill net, a deadly device which must be regulated with the utmost severity.

MAN is undoubtedly the greatest present menace to the perpetuation of the great salmon of the Pacific coast. When the enormous number of fishermen engaged and the immense quantity of gear employed is considered, one sometimes wonders how any of the fish, in certain streams at least, escape. High water or low water, either of which will prevent certain forms of apparatus from fishing to any extent while such conditions prevail, storms which impede fishing, and the hundred and one small things which in the aggregate are of considerable importance, however, all aid in assisting the salmon in dodging the apparatus and reaching the spawning beds in safety, while, unless the stream is completely blocked by a tight barricade, an indeterminate number of salmon will escape all the pitfalls man and animals may set for them.

In some sections an almost idolatrous faith in the efficacy of artificial culture of fish for replenishing the ravages of man and animals is manifested, and nothing has done more harm than the prevalence of such an idea.

While it is an exceedingly difficult thing to prove, the consensus of opinion is that artificial culture does considerable good, yet the very fact that this can not be conclusively proven ought to be a warning to all concerned not to put blind faith in it alone.

When salmon are stripped by man, the eggs fertilized and retained in hatcheries until the young are born, and then planted as soon as the yolk sac has been absorbed, it is manifest that the only saving over the natural method is in reducing the loss in the egg stage. We know that many eggs, after being deposited naturally on the spawning beds, are devoured by other fishes, while sudden freshets and occasional draughts also claim their toll of eggs. It is highly probable, although we have no positive data on this point, that these losses far exceed those experienced in artificial salmon culture, and whatever this difference is it represents the extent to which salmon hatcheries should be credited as preservers of the species.

In the opinion of the author, *the best way in which to conserve the salmon fishing of the coast is by enacting and enforcing laws under which a certain proportion of the runs will be enabled to reach the spawning beds and perform the final and most important function of their lives unmolested.* If this is done, there can be no question of the perpetuation of the salmon, and if it is then supplemented by the work of hatcheries, which would reduce the loss in the egg stage, assurance on this point would be made doubly sure.

If unrestricted fishing is to prevail, however, with a dependence upon hatcheries alone to repair the ravages of man, the salmon will suffer seriously, for, from the very nature of things, less and less fish will annually escape through the fishing zone, resulting in a continually lessening quantity of eggs being obtained at the hatcheries, and finally the latter will have to close down from sheer lack of material upon which to work.

Should eggs be brought to the hatchery from other streams, it would merely be "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and in the end the same result would follow in those streams.

Next to the fishing operations of man, the gravest danger to the salmon fishing of the Pacific coast lies in the pollution of the rivers which the salmon ascend for spawning purposes. The salmon, both old and young, require pure cold water, and the immense runs which have annually ascended the streams for many years are doubtless due to the fact that such conditions have prevailed in them. The large increase in the population of the coast States within recent years, with the resulting increase of mills and factories, has greatly increased the amount of sewage from cities and towns and the waste of the manufacturing plants. *Many of the latter have also constructed dams without adequate fishways,* and these also wreak great havoc by cutting the fish off from the upper reaches of the rivers.

The emptying of sewage into streams ought to be made a crime. It is an exceedingly crude method of dealing with it, and instead of disposing of the filth, merely transfers it from one place to another, making the water unfit for use at points farther downstream and spreading diseases and death amongst not only the finny but also human users of it.

In the present condition of sanitary science it is a comparatively easy matter to dispose of this filth by modern septic devices, and a number of cities are now disposing of their sewage in this manner.

The irrigation ditch, a comparatively new product on this coast, while of great benefit in developing the arid lands in certain sections, *as at present operated, is a considerable menace to the salmon. But few ditches have screens at their head, and as a result many thousands of young salmon slowly making their way to the ocean home pass into and down these to an early doom. Every owner of such a ditch should be compelled to place at its head a screen with fine enough mesh to absolutely prevent the passage through the same of even the tiniest baby salmon.*

IN 1905 the control of the salmon fisheries of Alaska was turned over to the United States Bureau of Fisheries, and from the very beginning one of the cardinal principles of the Bureau has been to bar all commercial fishing from the rivers and for a considerable distance from the mouths of same. This has been because experience has shown that the salmon school in and near the mouths of the streams, waiting for a favorable moment for beginning their long journey to the spawning grounds, and it is at this time and place that the greatest mortality occurs.

Upon the advent of Mr. Henry O'Malley, as U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, a far reaching plan for the rehabili-

(Continued on page 76)

"The Dancing Sioux"

Dry Point by Thomas Le Brabazon

The Wilderness and You

By
SETH W. RICHARDSON

Second Part

MR. RICHARDSON has a complete knowledge of how to prepare and outfit for the alluring trips of which he writes so well, and he would be glad to give full details to anyone interested and writing him in care of OUTDOOR AMERICA. EDITOR.

TO persuade some of you how easy, inexpensive and delightful a trip into the great Canadian wilderness can be, even if you are green and inexperienced, is my desire.

In August, 1922, Mrs. Richardson and I went to Prince George, B. C., for a canoe trip down the Peace River. This trip is unique. It has no counterpart on the continent. You go to the beginning of it by railway, and after nearly a thousand miles through the wilderness, end the trip at a railway, and all of it peacefully down stream! The trip starts *west* of the Rocky Mountains and ends *east* of them, the river breaking through the main chain of the Rocky Mountains two hundred and fifty miles above the Crossing. Prince George is five hundred miles from the Pacific coast, and thirty-four miles north of Prince George is Summit Lake. We embarked on Summit Lake with our dog and guide in a big batteau twenty-five feet long and three or four feet wide. We had a sturdy little out-board motor, and we went down the Crooked River out of Summit Lake, then into the Pack, then the Parsnip, and then meeting the mighty Finlay coming down from the north, turned into the great Peace River itself. Thence on down the Peace River nearly five hundred miles to Peace River Crossing.

We spent thirty days on this trip down the river, without inconvenience or danger, and all the time in a perfect primeval. The country is as wild and unsettled as it was a hundred years ago. The rivers are full of fish, including the most beautiful rainbow, Dolly Varden and arctic trout imaginable. The hills along the river abound with big game. Tracks of deer, moose and bear are everywhere. The banks are "lousy" with grouse. Gold is being panned on the Peace River sandbars, and you may have that novel experience just by stopping enroute. You pass a couple of Hudson's Bay Posts, interesting reminders of the great Company which is today, as it was centuries ago, the great industrial unit of this wilderness. Such a trip, so easy, engrossing, affording such a maximum of back-to-nature delights, yet we were the only people taking this trip for pleasure during 1922! If its possibilities, its beauties, its ease and its inexpensiveness were known, a thousand people would take the trip each season, instead of only two. It is the most perfect expedition for a family who wish to spend the summer vacation out of doors, that I have ever found. And the expense is small. A guide is unnecessary if you have two men in your party. I deemed a guide advisable, since our party consisted of only Mrs. Richardson and myself. A good guide can be secured for approximately $5.00 a day. We spent thirty days on the river. The trip could be made without difficulty in ten days, or one could take sixty days, if one wanted to linger and fish and hunt. Camp wherever you wish, for there is no one to say you nay. The best of provisions can be secured at Prince George, and such replacement as may be necessary can be had at the various trading posts operated along the river. It costs approximately seventy-five cents a day per person for the best of provisions. A suitable boat will cost about forty dollars, and can be procured at Summit Lake. We purchased an old one, alas—too old, and we dubbed it the "Eighteenth Amendment," because it leaked so.

But suppose you like lakes better than rivers?

In 1923 we left Vanderhoof, B. C., for the Tacla Lake region. North of Vanderhoof, about forty miles, is Stuart Lake, and Fort St. James. Fort St. James is one of the oldest Hudson's Bay Posts in Canada, and at one time, many years ago, is reported to have been, in effect, the capital of what was then British Columbia. Launch facilities are available there, and we went up Stuart Lake to the Tachi River, then on up the Tachi River into Trembler Lake, crossing Trembler Lake, and up Middle River to Tacla Lake, and up Tacla Lake to the northern end, a total excursion by water of approximately one hundred and seventy-five miles. The lakes are veritable seas in extent, and as you go north, the journey takes you deeper and deeper into the mountains, until finally, as you go up Tacla Lake, the snow-capped peaks hem you in on either side. The rivers and lakes are full of fish,—still-fishing, trolling or fly-fishing,—par excellence. There are no settlements and no settlers. The whole country is a primitive wilderness. Half way up Tacla Lake is a trading post, which supplies all the Indian trade for that section. The scenery is beyond description. Turn your boat in towards shore. Just a few feet away is a stream with the most delicious ice cold water imaginable. A few flips of your line into

"We shot some beautiful Rocky Mountain goats in the Tatlatin Mountains and grew luxuriant beards!"

the lake brings all the trout you need. A roaring campfire, a bounteous meal, and as the darkness deepens, your tent, a bed of spruce boughs, or better yet, but not so poetical, a good air mattress, and you know what the end of a perfect day is!

But perhaps you would like a big game hunt?

Three of us took this trip up Stuart Lake, Trembler Lake, to the head of Tacla Lake in 1924, and then went from the head of Tacla Lake by pack train, approximately one hundred miles straight north to Thudade Lake, one of the largest of the interior lakes of Northern British Columbia, in what may be called the southeastern end of the famous Telegraph Creek big game country. We saw salmon fighting their way up Bear Lake River, and upon our return a month later, saw (and smelled) the great masses of dead salmon that had gone up the river, spawned, and died, thus fulfilling the life cycle of the salmon. We got some monster Dolly Varden trout in the Suskut River. We shot magnificent caribou in the Thudade Lake valleys, and some beautiful Rocky Mountain goats in the Tatlatui Mountains, and we got several black and grizzly bear near the lake. We feasted on moose and caribou steaks, roast ribs of bear, broiled ptarmigan and willow grouse, fresh salmon and trout, topped off with fresh huckleberries and blueberries! We climbed mountains, slid down miniature glaciers, went swimming in the ice cold water of Thudade Lake, grew luxuriant beards, and had no particular difficulties or hardships, and the whole trip from Fargo and return cost us less than $750.00 each. We left after the 15th of August, and returned about the first of October, a rather long vacation, but every bit of it unusually enjoyable.

It ought not to be difficult to make people understand the great satisfaction which comes from such adventures as these. I am conscious now of a great regret that, despite my good health, it seems I am not going to live long enough to try out each of the possible similar trips which northern Canada affords.

Last fall we went into the Rockies north of Jasper Park, outfitting at Wembley, northwest of Edmonton.

This time we were after sheep. Three days we followed the beautiful Wapiti River, then up Sheep Creek, then on to Sulphur Springs!

Vividly do I remember my first stalk of that blue ribbon prize of the big game hunter,—a big horn ram!

And after that, imagine if you can, the gastronomic delight of broiled sheep meat, with blue grouse "on the side"! We got snowed in on this trip, and a carelessly dried towel almost burned up my bedding, and the south half of a perfectly good pair of pajamas was sacrificed to temporarily repair the damage.

No details of the north country would be complete without mention of the hardy men and women who live on the far-flung line of what I have called America's last frontier. Traders, prospectors, engineers, trappers. They fight a hard, relentless battle, with the trackless north. They are hospitable to the highest degree, and chance visitors such as I, meet the heartiest welcome.

And the world is small! At Findlay Forks, the head of the Peace River, upon calling at a trapper's cabin, I met the trapper and a friend of his, who welcomed me. The trapper, Ole Johnson, was for years foreman on the big Dalrymple ranches near Fargo, my home, and the friend, Bill Gibbs, proved to be my successor on the Fargo base ball team in 1903! We almost had a reunion, but I couldn't persuade either one of them to visit me in North Dakota. "Too cold," they said. They had been "in," continuously for three years.

And then, the big game. If space would permit, I would like to tell you tenderfoot tales of caribou, moose, goat and sheep hunting.

Imagine a beautiful golden September morning. The snowy peaks glittering in the morning sun. Little patches of spruce and balsam dotting the great valley meadow between the ranges. A search of the mountain-side with the glasses, and then a speck—a speck that moves—two—three—and then as they move, the gleam of the sun on the silver of the coat—and I was looking at my first *loose* grizzly bear! A hurried stalk through the brush; a stiff climb up the mountain to the base of the cliffs; then along the cliff, through a bunch of balsam brush, and peering out, there before me, a couple of hundred yards away, three great, real, honest-to-god, grizzlies! Talk about thrill and kick! Just try it once! Whether you miss or hit, it is a great sensation, only it isn't good form to miss. The Indians don't like it, and the grizzlies are, after all, grizzlies, which is probably why the Indians have sense enough to leave them alone, but when I look at the beautiful silky silver-tip rug by my fire-place at home, every detail of the hunt comes back, and I am very much content that I didn't miss my first one.

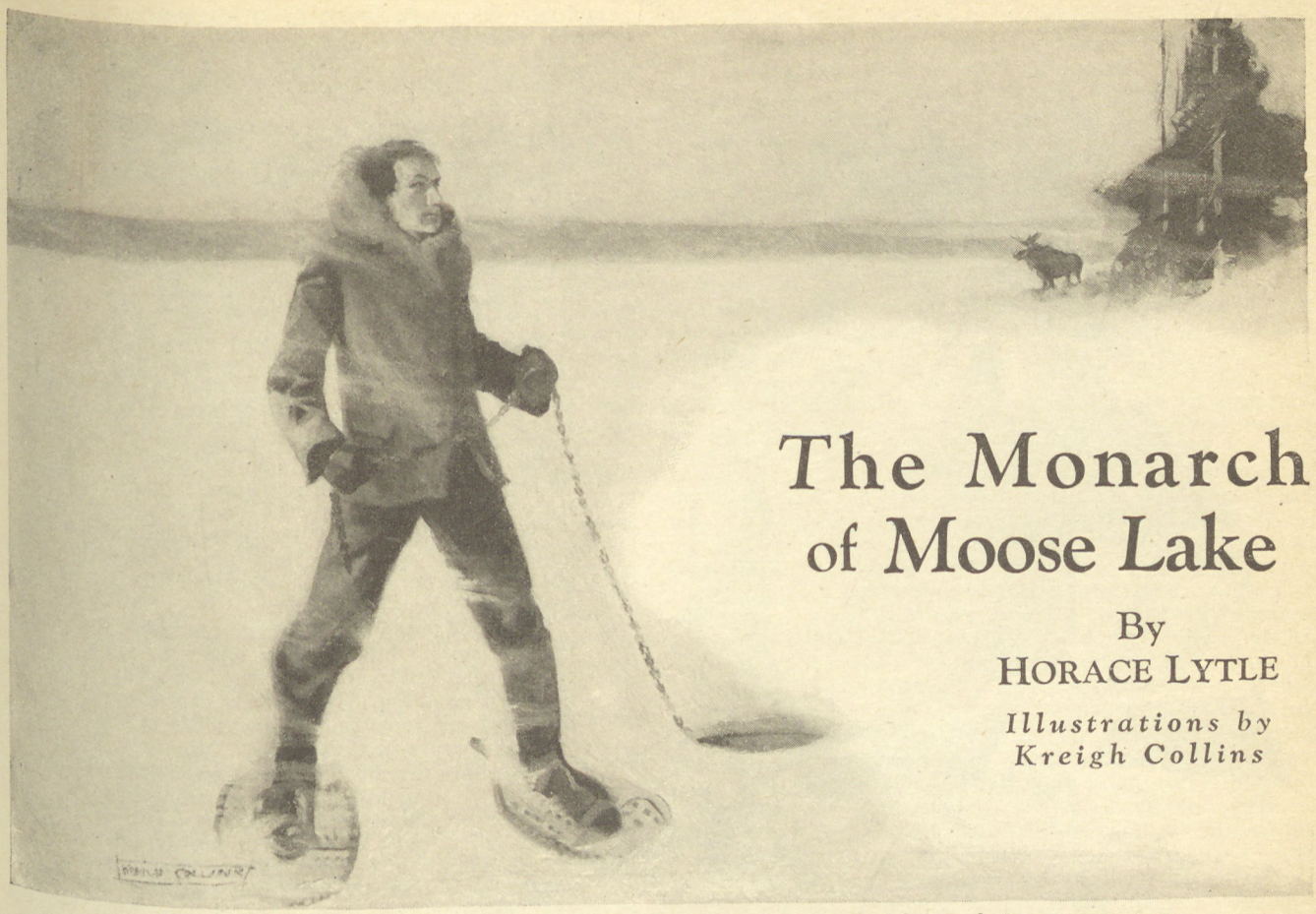
Mrs. Richardson who accompanies her husband on practically all of his trips.

Now none of these tales are a bit wonderful or unusual. Tame and uninteresting some of my real big-game-hunting friends would be sure to say, but to the novice, such as I,—well, I simply had a helluva time!

And it has occurred to me that if many of you were advised that it was easy, convenient and inexpensive, that some of you would do just as I did, and take a real look at the wilderness. Don't go on dreaming about it. Do it *once*, and then try dreaming of the next time.

And after you have been up North once or twice, you can take your book and sit in your easy chair by your fireside, and read stories of the great Wilderness Land, and find that you recognize the language, you understand the details, and, as someone has said, know how it feels to live *in* the moon, instead of looking *at it* through a telescope!

Attend the Great Sixth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League at Omaha, Neb., April 18-21st.



The Monarch of Moose Lake

By
HORACE LYTLE

Illustrations by Kreigh Collins

"He was pushing along on his snowshoes over his trap-line when on looking back he saw the big moose step out of the forest coming straight toward him."

THERE are still in certain sections of the vast Canadian wilderness whole areas that are today as virgin as they were two hundred years ago. In many of these regions the vast forests have never been disturbed even by the ax. This rocky timber land is fairly sprinkled with thousands of tiny lakes whose cool, clear waters are the home of millions of speckled trout and hundreds of beaver, and the drinking-place of the deer and the moose and the bear.

Man-made maps do not show many of these lakes. Most of them are even unknown—except to the few trappers whose canoes now and then glide gracefully over their silvery surfaces during the months of the short northern summers, and whose snow-shoes slide silently over the trails of their deep-frozen waters through the many months of the long northern winters. But the wild life of these waters and woods outnumbers the trappers by many thousands to one—for a blazed trap-line is a sacred thing, protected by the unwritten law of the wilderness. Hence one trapper will not encroach upon another's domain. The custom is to blaze in the early fall, each with his own mark, the trail that is to be the trap-line for the coming winter. And these blazed trails are respected. No court-protected law of warmer lands is so inviolate.

In this almost unknown region it is but natural that, among the lakes which have been named at all, there have been many duplications. Thus there are several Bear lakes and Loon lakes and Spruce lakes and Moose lakes—so that the Moose Lake of this story is quite likely one of which you have never heard. Suffice it to say that it lies somewhere between the rocky northern shore of Lake Superior and Hudson Bay.

The water of this enchanting lake is clear as crystal and cool to drink. Right down to its shore-line, the spruce, the birch and the pine grow thick to form a fitting background for the picture; and in these dark forests are hidden myriads of the wonderful mysteries of the wild. Of all the times I love Moose Lake the best is when, on a moonlight night, one allows himself to drift in a canoe over her deep, dark surface—content just to muse and dream while the ever-present shadows of the close surrounding forest play about and sink down into the very water itself. One's vision at such times sees all things in their true light; one's sense of values is more natural and things present themselves more nearly in their correct proportions—whether it be of matter or men. Go to Moose Lake or to the virgin wilderness, anywhere to get your proper perspectives.

You might spend some time at Moose Lake and unless by chance, or he took you to it, never find the cabin of Jean Gouffeau, whose blazed trap-line for many miles forms his solitary domain. There is not another human habitation within a distance so great that you would starve and die in the bush before you would ever find it.

THE name of Horace Lytle is well known to lovers of outdoor stories. He writes whereof he knows, as he is a thorough woodsman and an excellent sportsman. EDITOR.

A remarkable man is Jean Gouffeau and in the circumstances not the least exceptional is the fact that you never will find him but clean-shaven. You might travel the wilderness over and not be able to duplicate this one characteristic. But many others has Jean. His voice is always low and soft as a woman's. Yet he stands six feet two and with only a knife has killed a bear alone in hand-to-claw conflict. And he loves books. Not current news—that he cannot get and does not know; but the old authors. These he knows and loves and they are his sole companions on certain long winter evenings, or during the summer months when he has little to do but fish. It is worth a trip across a continent just to be able to know, and learn to love, this trapper of Moose Lake.

It was summer when I first visited that region, armed only

"My finger pressed slowly against the hard metal of the trigger. And then...."

with fishing material and a kodak, my object, besides the outing, being to collect material for some fishing stories. I was, however, particularly anxious to snap a moose—especially as at that time I had never even seen one.

"But watch out for The Big Fellow," Jean cautioned one day as I was about to set out alone. "He's bad," he added.

"Who and what is he?" I questioned, not yet understanding what was meant.

"Can't mistake him if you come across him," he said. "He's old, an' he's only got half a spread of antlers—other side broke clean off," he added by way of explanation, and relapsing, as he always did in circumstances of the trail, into the expressions common thereto.

"But, Jean," I expostulated, "you haven't yet told me whether this thing is fowl or fish, or man or beast. Do tell me what it is."

"Oh, yes, I see," he said—and smiled quietly in his own way. "He's a moose, Monsieur."

"Thanks," I laughed, "I'll watch out for him. Perhaps I can get a chance to snap a picture."

"But be careful you give him no chance to go for you, for he's mad most all the time," was Jean's parting injunction as I took up the paddle and pushed out the canoe.

I had rather poor luck with the trout that day, as I remember, but got a dandy snapshot of a fine little buck just before he jumped from the water as my canoe slipped silently upon him around a bend—and it's one of the best deer pictures I have in my whole collection. But I had seen nothing of the one-antlered moose. So that night after our supper was over, and the things all put away, and the pipes lit, I questioned Jean to tell me more in regard to the strange moose for which he so evidently had such a wholesome respect.

"Well, I will tell you," he began, then stopped and just puffed at his pipe for so long that I feared he was not going to go on. But I knew better than to attempt to push him. Then—

"The first time I ever come across him," Jean launched into his story, "was the year when his antlers had just reached their full spread of five feet from tip to tip an' he was a good big moose then, I can tell you, though he has filled out some since. I was too far away to shoot an' be sure—an' you know, Monsieur, I do not believe in ever shooting unless you know you are going to kill. I can hit on the run as well as most—an' sometimes do when I need the meat—but mostly I try for a still shot. I hope you understand, Monsieur, why I do this. It is just because there has been too much shooting of game that often is merely wounded and get away—sometimes to die later alone in the woods where no man may ever find them. It is unkind, Monsieur, an' terrible waste. If they say it is not what you call sportsmanship always to be sure or not to shoot—then they must say it. It is one thing to give your game a chance to get away. It is still another thing not to give them a chance to get away an' die alone as waste after days or weeks of suffering. I leave it to you, Monsieur, which is the best."

"I agree with you perfectly, Jean," I answered. "The law of humanity transcends that of mere sportsmanship. Shoot only to kill—and only to kill so much as you may actually need. But what about this big bull moose?" I urged him back to the story.

"Yes, Monsieur. Just after I saw him I heard the cow-call from across the lake, an' he threw back his head. But then came the challenge from another bull. There would be a fight. I did not much need meat, so I paddled ver' quiet along the shore to see them have it. By the time I got closer, the cow-call came again across the water—an' I could see both bulls coming together in a little clearing by the portage. An' such a fight as it was, Monsieur! Just as quick as they got that close, they lowered an' charged. It was a case of which had the toughest antlers, the most powerful neck, an' the greatest endurance. I do not know how long it was—but it was a long fight for sure. Then when I still could not tell which it was to be who would come out, the one I call The Big Fellow raised his head when they charged—he just stepped off to one side an' up he went high. As the other moose passed clean by without hitting him at all, down came those wicked forefeet ripping through the other's side—then quick,

before he had a chance to turn, The Big Fellow was down and charged again, catching the other bull half sideways, an' over he went. So it was old One-Antler that answered the cow-moose call."

"Did he only have one antler then?" I asked.

"No—no, Monsieur! I have said his spread was sixty inches from tip to tip. That is, I mean, they were full—an' he was big."

"Do you know, Jean, when he lost his antler—or how?"

"Well, no—an' yes," he answered. "The next fall—it was at the other lake-side of the same portage—I came across signs of such a bull-moose fight as you might live forever an' never see. The moss was all pawed up an' the rocks kicked about in every direction. Down by the lake, half in the water an' half out, where he had been dead for hours was a bull moose that I am sure, Monsieur, was even bigger than The Big Fellow himself. An' locked tight in this dead moose's antlers was the full half of some other bull's antlers which had been broke clean off at what you call the base."

"And so you think it was 'The Big Fellow' who had done this other job, too?" I asked.

"Anyway, the next time I saw him, which was just across the beaver-dam at the end of Moose Lake, he had only one antler an' the other side had been broke off," Jean answered low but with the air of conviction that was his way. "An' besides, Monsieur," he added, to dispel any uncertainty—"it was the left side that was gone; an' it was the left side that I found locked in the antlers of the dead moose."

"But how does it happen, Jean, that you had never shot this moose?" I inquired, feeling that there must be some reason.

"That I do not know, Monsieur"—but I later learned the reason.

It seems that in the later fall of that same year a lone hunter visited Jean's cabin, and remained for a week as his guest. One day when Jean had remained behind he heard several shots in quick succession just across the narrow part of Moose Lake. For some unexplainable reason he jumped into his canoe without taking his rifle, and paddled over to the point whence the shots had come. Arriving closer, he could hear much snorting and tearing of the brush—and when closer still could see the one-antlered moose charging back and forth around a gigantic pine, behind and around which the hunter was dodging without his rifle. It was evident that the moose was badly wounded but still full of fight—and the hunter had run out of ammunition before finishing him.

The old bull was crafty—and when he noticed the canoe approaching, supposed that here was a new enemy and of course with a rifle, and he left the empty-handed hunter to make for Jean before the dread rifle could get in its work. Over the rock he plunged into the lake and made straight for the oncoming canoe. Jean swerved from his course just in time—for he had been close in when the big bull charged. There followed a race full of excitement for Jean Gouffeau. This way and that he swung the light cedar craft. But he was fresh and strong, while the moose was weak from his wounds. Gradually Jean pulled away from immediate danger. Then—since no rifle shot rang out—the moose turned and swam to the opposite shore. Before plunging into the forest, he looked back as though—so Jean has told me—to fix forever in his brain the picture of the man who had not fired a shot.

All this I learned from Jean—with this one thing more: That two months later, as he was pushing along on his snowshoes over his trap-line, he came to one of his traps which held a beaver drowned in under the ice. He was stooping over to pull in on the chain when, on looking back over his shoulder, he saw the big one-antlered moose step out of the forest, coming straight toward the water in his direction. Jean stood up and reached for the nearby rifle. As he did so, the moose stopped still and stared straight at him. Then he turned and, without hurrying, went back into the forest whence he had come. And—because in that second it flashed upon Jean that the moose had not charged because of the experience of their last meeting—he did not raise the rifle that never missed. Instead, he went back to the trap that held the dead beaver and finished pulling in the chain. And from that day to this Jean Gouffeau has never looked at the one-antlered bull over the sights of his rifle—and those who are his friends respect his wishes and follow his example. But, while he has an abiding faith that he himself is safe from attack, he always urges the utmost caution on the few who are ever privileged to visit him in his cabin home—for Jean admits that "The Big Fellow" is bad, and that he is a killer.

And now I have told you the story of "The Big Fellow," as Jean always called the one-antlered moose that for many years had ruled as king of the forests all about Moose Lake. Never had there come any beast single-handed to challenge his right to rule. Once a pack of wolves might have proved his undoing, but Jean happened along just in time to drive them off, killing four of them in the process. And this incident furthered the spirit of almost camaraderie that had grown up between the lone trapper and the big bull moose.

The next year "The Big Fellow" and I had our meeting. I was alone and hurrying along to an appointed meeting place with Jean when suddenly I found myself separated merely by some fifty paces from two big bull moose in the very act of plunging to the first charge in deadly combat. I could tell that they had neither heard me nor gotten my scent, so engrossed were they both in the coming battle. As I gradually collected my scattered senses and realized the nature of the awful strife to which I was about to bear solitary witness, it came over me that one of these two was in the very prime of his most glorious strength, while his antagonist was a warrior of many battles—and had but half his normal spread of antlers.

And then my senses went racing again as there resounded through the forest the thud of hoofs, the crash of mighty antlers locked in death's embrace. This way and then that the battle went, the breath of each hissing in mighty gasps from quivering nostrils. Weight was about evenly matched against weight. Strength—again I could see there were no odds. Endurance—would not this advantage fall to the younger animal in the full flush of his perfect power! And the old fellow was handicapped by having but one antler! But I could soon see that he more than made up for this by a generalship acquired through experience in many similar encounters. Always he so manoeuvered that the attack was made from an angle that gave to his one antler every ounce of its potential power both from an offensive and defensive standpoint.

But that endurance proposition! As I stood powerless to stop the fray without the use of the rifle, it began to dawn on me that at last Jean's moose had met his master. It is always so, in the end, when age meets youth. It is the inevitable law of the universe that youth must conquer. It has a certain something before which all the experience of the ages loses its power. It has—YOUTH.

At last I could see that the giant strength of the older neck was giving way. It could be but a question of time—with but one answer. Fascinated, I watched. The thought came to me that the kind thing to do would be to put the old fellow out of his misery with a ball from my rifle. He was bleeding freely now—but so was the other. There were no odds to give or take—except that inevitable one of the endurance of youth. The time had come when the end might be quick—for his sight was dimming—through the first misjudgment of step or gauge of distance. I was glad Jean was not there to witness the fall of the mighty moose that he had come to feel his friend.

Had not the time come to shoot? I wondered. There was no other way to stop it that I could think of. A rifle ball would keep "The Big Fellow" ever from suffering the humiliation of defeat, and death, at the hands of his younger rival. I raised the rifle and my eye fell along the sights until they were in direct line with the head of Jean's moose. They shifted until I had the exact vulnerable spot true to the bead. My finger pressed slowly against the hard metal of the trigger. And then—

Was I pointing at the moose that Jean would have me select for the ball! The rifle fell again to the pit of my arm. Would Jean, were he in my place, put the old moose out of his misery, as I was about to do—or would he turn the rifle on the other moose instead? Would it be right and fair play to sacrifice the younger, stronger, winning animal for one that had served his years? The fair-play, sensible thing to do seemed to be to follow my first inclination. But, on the other hand, the thought of friendship slipped

(Continued on page 85)

POLLUTION

A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois

Coal Mine Drainage—By DR. WILLIAM D. HATFIELD

AT the annual convention of the Izaak Walton League held April 8, 1927, Mr. H. N. Eavenson of Pittsburgh, representing the Bituminous operators and the National Coal Association gave a very interesting discussion of the pollution due to coal mine drainage. His paper was very carefully prepared and contained much data that was both authentic and interesting. It shows the admitted immensity of the mine drainage problem in glaring headlines. The author can take no exception to such statements but he does disagree heartily with the data presented on costs for purification of the wastes.

Mr. Eavenson showed that in the mining area, which eventually drains into the Ohio river, there are 1728 coal mines and that the average drainage per mine is about one million gallons per day. This data further shows that the average amount of lime necessary to neutralize the acid in mine drainage is six pounds per 1,000 gallons, or 6,000 lbs. per million gallons of mine drainage.

If these figures are accurate and with lime at about $12.00 per ton, the average cost of treatment per mine per day would be about $36.00. Thus far no fault can be found with the data presented in this paper.

In discussing the cost of treatment plants for adding the lime and settling the resulting sludge he quotes that the construction costs will be about $50,000 per 500,000 gallons per day treated—or $100,000 per million gallons per day—or an average of $100,000 per mine.

This figure is way out of proportion to the costs of modern water softening plants for municipal drinking water supplies. Such plants are very complete, including office buildings, laboratory, automatic lime feeding apparatus, mixing basins, Dorr clarifying tanks, sand filtration, and recarbonization. Reputable sanitary engineers state that such complete plants may be built for less than $50,000 per million gallons of water treated, and that a waste treatment plant including lime treatment and sedimentation, but excluding the unnecessary filtration recarbonization and pretty office buildings, would probably cost less than $30,000 per million gallons or per mine.

This latter figure is less than one third that quoted by Mr. Eavenson, and in many cases could be further reduced by using large settling ponds in place of the mechanical clarifiers. In many cases cheap wooden tanks could replace the concrete construction used in municipal plants.

In further support of the above figures the third paragraph page 261 "Manual of Water Works Practice" published by the American Water Works Association in 1925, is quoted as follows:

"At present day prices a combined water softening and purification plant, such as municipalities usually build for softening and filtration of their water supplies *cost approximately $40,000 per million gallons capacity.* * * * If filtration is eliminated the cost per million gallons capacity would be reduced by *about one half of the above* amount ($20,000)."

After comparing these construction costs I begin to wonder if the six pounds of lime per 1,000 gallons can also be reduced proportionately to two pounds, and if the problem is really as black as the coal people would lead us to believe.

I do not question for a minute but that Mr. Eavenson gave his cost data in good faith but I do feel that the coal operators and coal associations as well as the public would profit if they would stop spending time and money fighting purification and obtain the services of reputable sanitary engineers, who are designing lime treatment plants every day, to make a study of the problem with a view to learning how *cheaply* mine drainage may be treated instead of how *costly* it can be done.

This paper is a good illustration of how impossible a problem can be made to appear by an industry that has not turned itself heart and soul toward an honest attempt to solve its waste problems. It is a common cry by many industries that the tremendous costs of purification of its waste means closing its doors. This, however, is a smoke screen to hide inactivity. Many industries have seen the light and are now purifying their wastes at a *profit, or at much less expense than was ever anticipated by them earlier in the game.*

Our Izaak Walton League chapters can do much in their respective localities in bringing pressure to bear on industry to solve its problems. Court procedure except as a last resort should be avoided, but in its stead an aroused public opinion and cooperative spirit between the public and industry will find a way out. Let your Izaak Walton League chapter be the spark that kindles the fire of public opinion and cooperation.

Progress in Controlling Stream Pollution in Pennsylvania

By WILLIAM B. MCCALEB

Photographs Courtesy of Tom C. Mirkil

PENNSYLVANIA is well known to be a prosperous industrial and agricultural state with a population of 10,000,000. Statistics show that she has 48,000 manufacturing plants and over 4,000 coal mines. All this makes for prosperity and furnishes employment to her people but at the same time many of these mills and factories and mines turn out waste products which destroy the purity of the water in many of our beautiful streams.

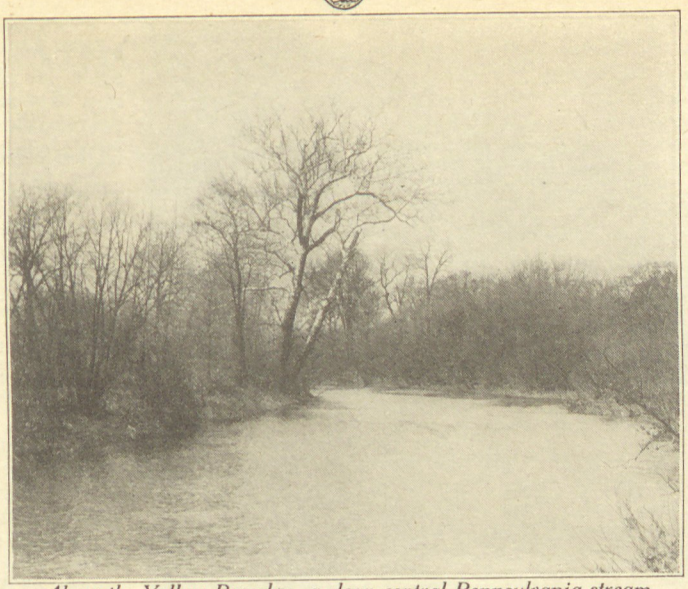
Pennsylvania in addition to being a manufacturing state ranks high as an agricultural state and has thousands of acres devoted to raising of crops, yet it is a surprising fact that 47% of her area is either waste land or forests.

A survey shows that there is a total of 13,000,000 acres which is forest or waste area fit only for growing trees. The state now owns over 1,000,000 acres of this land, most of which is forests, and it is proposed to acquire about 3,500,000 additional acres. A bond issue for $25,000,000 to raise funds for that purpose will be voted on this Fall, and all classes of outdoor enthusiasts are heartily supporting the measure.

Pennsylvania's multitude of hills and valleys collect water in small and large streams; there being about 4,400 named streams within her borders, having a total length of about 100,000 miles.

There are a number of large and attractive rivers among them, the principal ones being as follows:

Rivers	Drainage Area Sq. Miles
The Monongahela	7,340
The Allegheny	11,705
The Susquehanna	27,400
The Schuylkill	1,915
The Youghiogheny	1,732
The Conemaugh	1,375
The Kiskiminitas	1,891
The Lehigh	1,373
The Juniata	3,426
The Clarion	1,231



Along the Yellow Breeches, a clean central Pennsylvania stream enjoyed by thousands annually.

It is a deplorable fact that in the lower reaches of most of the streams named above the waters are so polluted as to not sustain fish life, and fish can only be caught in their upper reaches or in their tributaries. Many of these rivers are also a public health menace, but hundreds of municipalities now draw their water supplies therefrom.

It can be readily understood that the mountains and pure-water streams of the State furnish a strong attraction to hunters and fishermen and to those who love the out-of-doors. Pennsylvania licenses more hunters and fishermen than any other state in the Union, the figures for 1927 being about 525,000 hunting licenses and about 300,000 fishing licenses issued.

The hunters have rather the best of it, so far as preserving their pastime is concerned, as industry does not to any great extent affect adversely the fields and forests where they go to enjoy their sport, but the reverse is the case so far as the fishermen's sporting territory is concerned, and the waste from industries which is drained into the streams has already destroyed many of them so far as fishing is concerned, and the great question agitating their minds is—What can be done about it? What steps are being taken, or should be taken, to stop the pollution and restore the streams to their normal condition?

Beauties like these come only in unpolluted streams.

It is obvious that the manufacturer who disposes of the waste from his plant by dumping it, or allowing it to flow, into a stream is not going to discontinue doing so unless he discovers either that it will be to his financial benefit to adopt some other method, or is persuaded by the Izaak Walton League, or by some similar organization, to do so, or is restrained by the Court, or is compelled through legislation to purify or make other disposition of the waste.

It is only fair to state that Pennsylvania has in the past encouraged factories and mills to locate in the State; in fact, going so far as to exempt manufacturing plants from State Taxes. The situation, therefore, which now confronts us with reference to the pollution of our water resources is one which must be handled in full consideration of all the facts, both past and present.

Prior to 1923 the enforcing of the few existing laws relating to stream pollution rested with two state bodies; viz., the Department of Health and the Commissioner of Fisheries.

The Health Department was naturally concerned most about pollution which was detrimental to the health of the people and gave most of its attention to stopping the discharge of sewage from cities and towns into streams under the Act of 1905, and has accomplished a great deal in that direction; but so many municipalities are involved and the cost of constructing sewage disposal plants is so great that the work of completely stopping this kind of pollution has progressed slowly and much yet remains to be done.

The Commissioner of Fisheries was proceeding under the Act of 1917, which provides as follows:

"No person shall allow any substance of any kind or character, deleterious, destructive, or poisonous to fish, to run or flow into any waters within this Commonwealth, unless it be shown to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Fisheries, or to the proper court, that every reasonable and practicable means has been used to abate and prevent same. Penalty for violation is one hundred dollars."

It will be noted that there is a considerable loophole in this act and although it was helpful it was seldom possible to secure a conviction under its provisions. Even though conviction was secured industries often deemed it cheaper to pay the small fine than remedy the situation permanently.

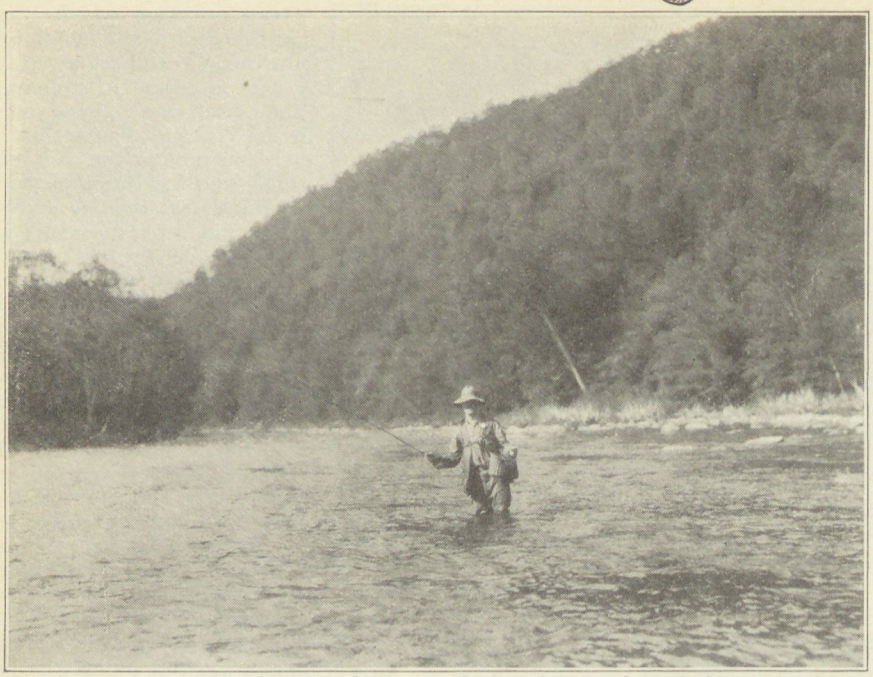
In addition to the specific acts mentioned above it is the opinion of attorneys who have studied the subject that there is a remedy under the common law and that no one has the right to pollute the waters of a stream to the injury of the public. However, in order to secure the benefit of this common law, it is necessary for the Attorney General of the State, or a District Attorney, to go into Court and ask for an injunction, which they usually hesitate to do. We know of no instance in which such action has been taken, except in the Indian Creek Pollution case, which will be referred to later.

In 1923, what is known as the Administration Code was passed by the Legislature and it included a section creating the "Sanitary Water Board," to be under the jurisdiction of the State Department of Health. This Board is charged with the duty of enforcing all laws prohibiting the pollution of streams, also to make a survey and classify the 4,400 streams within the State, and to carry on research work by chemists, etc. It was originally composed of five officials, viz.:

Commissioner of Health, Chairman, Commissioner of Fisheries, Commissioner of Forests and Waters, Chairman of Public Service Commission and the Attorney General.

At the 1927 Session of the Legislature, at the instance of the Izaak Walton League and the Conservation Council, the act was amended and the Board is now composed of the three first named and three civilians appointed by the Governor.

The Chief Engineer of the Department of Health also acts as Secretary and Engineer for the Sanitary Water



Casting a Royal Coachman on the Loyalsock, one of Pennsylvania's famous trout streams which the Waltonians rescued from the polluters.

Board and the Fish Wardens make investigations for the Board, report violations, etc. In addition to this the Board employs directly a number of chemists and has several large motorized laboratories to facilitate the making of field investigations.

It will be apparent from the foregoing that hope for any improvement in stream conditions in Pennsylvania rests largely with the Sanitary Water Board, but unfortunately it has but little power over industrial pollution; in fact, because such discharges were not considered injurious to public health the Act of 1905 previously referred to specifically exempts from its provisions discharges from coal mines and tanneries. To remedy this situation and to give the Board more power, a bill was introduced in the 1927 Session of the Legislature, but although it attracted much attention it failed of passage. Committees have been appointed by the Izaak Walton League, the Conservation Council, the Pennsylvania Water Works Association and other organizations to prepare a new bill to be presented to the next Legislature and it is expected that eventually additional legislation will be obtained.

In the meantime the Sanitary Water Board has been making progress with the problem, proceeding on the theory that results can be better accomplished through co-operation than by coercion, and it is gratifying to all those interested in the question to note that as a result of rapidly changing public sentiment the owners and operators of the plants polluting the streams were not only quite willing to co-operate, but as indicated by the following were also agreeable to expending their own money towards finding a remedy.

In 1924 the Board made an agreement with the leather tanners of Pennsylvania which provided for a joint technical board to study waste from tanneries and, if possible, find a remedy. The tanners agreed to appropriate $35,000 for the purpose and in 1927 that amount having been expended they appropriated an additional sum of $25,000. A full scale experimental tannery waste treatment works was erected and recently a second and improved plant has been placed in operation. Satisfactory results are being obtained but not as yet such as to justify their being put into general operation.

There are a large number of pulp and paper mills in the State and the Board was also successful in making an agreement with them in 1926, it covering the companies manufacturing eighty percent of the pulp and paper made in the State.

This agreement, like the one with the tannery companies, provided for mutual co-ordinated research investigation, and this is now being conducted in eight laboratories of the paper companies as well as in the laboratory of the Board.

The Board also has an agreement with one or more laundry companies and a full scale laundry waste treatment works is now in operation, and is developing a practicable method of producing a high grade effluent.

So far as water companies supplying water to the public is concerned, the Board has been able to bring about a measure which has been greatly to the advantage of some of them, and that is having by-product coke ovens and gas plants stop the discharge of phenol wastes into the streams, as a very small amount of this will make water offensive and almost unusable.

Further, as indicating the extension of the co-operative plan, it should be noted that at the instance of Pennsylvania, the Ohio River Board of Engineers has been created, under an inter-state stream conservation agreement, consisting of the Chief Engineers of the Health Departments of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, New York, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, and Tennessee.

This is a great forward step, and no doubt many benefits will result from the work of this co-operative Board representing such a large territory and dealing mainly with questions pertaining to stream pollution.

Pennsylvania, having large deposits of bituminous coal and practically all of the anthracite deposits in the United States within her borders, has a very serious problem as to how to stop the polluting drainage from the mines.

The situation at Philadelphia, the third largest city in the United States, is so acute, that the recently elected Mayor referred to it in his inaugural address:

"I am deeply interested in the work of the Conservation Council of the State of Pennsylvania in its effort to purify our streams and to eliminate the pollution that exists in our great rivers, rendering the water unfit for use or consumption. "I pledge the people immediate steps to supply our consumers with an ample quantity of pure water. 'A glass of pure water from every spigot in Philadelphia' will be the slogan of this administration."

The drainage from the anthracite mines is not only acid but carries fine particles of coal, making the water black, and the beds of streams into which it flows are silting up and the streams must find new channels at many points, causing damage to land along the shore.

There has been recently a sweeping decision made by the Supreme Court of the State, in what is known as the Indian Creek case, in which the Court decided that the drainage from coal mines must not be discharged into a stream which is the source of a public water supply, with the result that the large coal operators along the Creek constructed a flume and tunnel about seven miles long, through which to discharge the mine drainage from their mines to below the dam of the water company. In addition some twenty small mines were permanently sealed up.

It was in this case that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, through its Attorney General, intervened and materially assisted in prosecuting the case, and in securing a decision favorable to the public using the water from the Creek, thereby also making it possible for fish life to exist.

This decision, however, while apparently evidencing the intent of the courts to protect water supplies cannot be applied to all cases of stream pollution. An economical solution for the mine drainage problem is not as yet at hand, and the vast quantities of sulphur water which are pouring out of the thousands of mines in the State make this a most serious problem.

Congress has been appealed to and has appropriated $10,000 for a study of the Schuylkill River, which is polluted with anthracite mine drainage. A bill is now before Congress appropriating $35,000 for a similar survey of the Susquehanna River, west of Sunbury, where many dead fish are found annually.

The progress of cleaning up the streams seems to be very slow, but it took many years for the streams to reach their present deplorable condition, and the return to normal conditions will likewise be a slow process.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

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Non-Political

IT should be understood once and for all that *the Izaak Walton League has no political affiliations of any sort.*

Distinguished men who are or have been officers or members of the League are regarded by Waltonians *entirely apart* from any political opinions or religious doctrines they may profess.

The League's admiration of such men is based solely on their efforts for conservation. The gauge by which the League honors a man is the measure of his being a good conservationist, a Waltonian, an outstanding lover of America's wild life, streams and forests, an unwavering exponent of the conservation of America's outdoor resources, and a builder up of America's outdoor recreational possibilities.

Regardless of political upheavals, *the League's crusade against all unprincipled exploitation of the outdoors will continue unabated and uninfluenced* by any but the one thought of its pledged resolve to restore and to preserve for posterity America's outdoorland.

The efforts of any power interests, lumber interests, paper interests or chemical interests, or any other industrial interests representing greed or selfishness to attribute the League with political inclinations or motives are dishonorable. The schemes of any interest to embroil the League in political partisanship is unjustified and despicable.

The League is not interested in nor prejudiced against the personal, political or religious views of any man either in private or in public life.

The League is solely concerned with a man's efforts and influence for the good of the outdoors and the ideals of Waltonism.

The League is inimical only to that individual or group of individuals who would wreck America's forests, despoil her rivers, desecrate and ruin her precious heritage of outdoor recreation. It is the League's gigantic task to save this heritage. It is the League's mission, its goal, its destiny. *And with unswerving determination and unalterable will, the League intends to do its work. It cannot be stopped by untrue accusations or by subtle implications.*

The League must continue to fight every interest that would wreck a forest for personal gain, that would construct a water power plant purely for gain, thereby destroying invaluable outdoor recreational or beauty spots. It must continue to fight any who would pollute a stream where it can possibly be avoided or who would uselessly drain a swamp in order to promote real estate or farm lands, thereby ruining natural breeding grounds of wild life. The Izaak Walton League is sworn to promote and encourage the planting of trees, the bringing back of wild life to despoiled areas and the creating of game refuges throughout the land so that everyone can have game to shoot, and fish to catch, and beautiful outdoor places for their enjoyment.

Any individual of high or low degree accused of being involved politically with the League or announced as being politically aligned against it should come out flat footed and *state his position as for or against the League's one and only platform of Conservation.*

Even as the loveliness and the blessings of the outdoors cannot be branded as of any particular party or sect, so the League, striving and determined to save these priceless gifts, is glad to use all honorable and helpful instruments towards that end.

It implores the aid and co-operation of all outdoor-loving Americans, regardless of individual prejudices or personal opinions on all other questions. The outdoors is an all-sufficing religion in itself. The work of the Izaak Walton League for the outdoors is county wide, state wide, nation wide—a matter of concerted and national patriotism.

We cannot repeat too often or emphasize too strongly the fact that the League has no concern as to the political or religious views of its membership. It takes no sides in religious or political disputes. It wants all outdoor lovers and conservationists and good sportsmen in its ranks. It wants Republicans and Democrats, Protestants and Catholics, so long as all are honestly embued with the principles of true conservation. We believe that the highest type of manhood and womanhood is exemplified in the terms conservationist, sportsman and Waltonian, and that the noblest ideal of Americanism is embodied in the spirit and the creed of Waltonism.

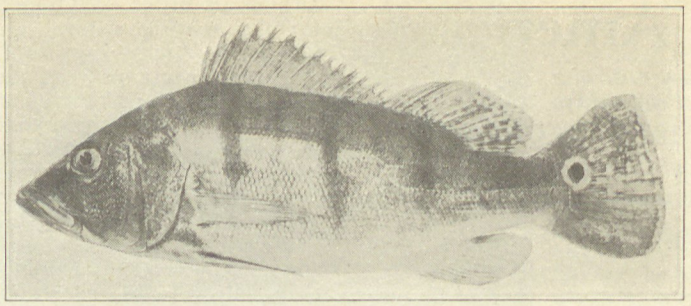
The paraphrase is apt, "He who enters Waltonism leaves politics behind."

Justification

RIGHT and justice will prevail. This was recently proven in Minnesota. The Waltonian strength of Minnesota has been waging a most intense, unrelenting fight to preserve the great Superior National Forest for all time and for all people. Commercial interest has been equally vigorous in building for a dollars and cents victory whose benefits in the ultimate would be for a comparatively few persons.

Waltonian leaders have been misunderstood and misrepresented. Not always has their attitude nor effort been fairly interpreted or presented. In this very real battle even such words as "forgery" and "lie" have entered. Waltonism in Minnesota has proved its sterling worth and its loyalty to a great purpose. Those leaders of Waltonism who have been fighting this battle for conservation, who have marshalled the forces of righteousness and unselfishness, who have been maligned, have also won the unreserved appreciation of all the Waltonians and right-minded people in Minnesota, as was demonstrated by their election to the highest offices in the Minnesota Waltonian organization, during the State Convention, which was held at Minneapolis, March sixteenth and seventeenth.

Deane Rundlett, a wounded world war hero, was made President of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in proof of the fact that no success has attended any effort to discredit or stigmatize him. O. L. Kaupanger was elected Secretary despite all effort to weaken the esteem Minnesota Waltonians hold for him. To complete the proof that Minnesota Waltonians love Minnesota, and know that Waltonism and their leaders have been waging a magnificent fight for Minnesota's outdoors and Minnesota's outdoor lovers, an outstandingly powerful group of officers and directors was elected to support Messrs. Rundlett and Kaupanger as the spearhead of this fighting unit. Credit has been given where credit was due. Justice and equity have prevailed. Again—Waltonism, the highest and finest symbol of right has been justified and vindicated.



Leaping Leukanani

A freshwater game fish of the Tropics

By
WM. H. RINKENBACH

"YES, there s some fishing there. Tarpon, barracuda, and lots of fish in the rivers. Better take your tackle along."

"Doc," an entomologist to whom I had gone for information about the country, was cataloguing the characteristics of British Guiana, which I was due to visit soon.

So it came to pass that when we finally disembarked in Georgetown, the capital, our trunks contained a varied assortment of rods and gear with which we could take advantage of any chance opportunities that might come our way.

Before we left the sprawling, below-tide city of houses on stilts to which the Laresless mariners refer as "the mud-hole on the Demerara," we questioned several of our new acquaintances as to the content of the waters; but their data pertained mostly to such freaks as the electric eel and the cayman or to the staple food-fishes caught along the coast. Yes, tarpon and barracuda were obtainable, but only in localities many leagues away and along the coast.

So the initial stages of our scheduled journey into the interior upon the only traffic-arteries of the colony—the rivers—were not marked by any particular interest in the chances for sport. With temperatures in the sunlight ranging from 140° to 165° in midday, the affliction of one of the party with a soon-to-be fatal attack of malignant malaria, and the necessity of keeping on the move, our minds were fully distracted from the possible gaminess of the finny *habitants*.

Traveling over rivers like glaring ribbons of burnished steel that twisted and turned in a canyon above the green fret-work of whose walls rose the tops of palm and mora trees, the sight of a small, skittering fish that has not evolved into a flyer as yet, or of the black, sinuous coils of a huge water-camudi, would arouse a languid interest in what else might be beneath our boat; but, with the tropical torpor heavy upon us and exigencies of travel occupying us, our attention would soon be elsewhere.

However, in a fixed camp on the banks of the Potaro River, some days later our thoughts returned to the unused rods and tackle in our outfit. Sam, our colored major domo, counsellor, and guide, assured us that there were fish in the waters below us, and mentioned himara, leukanani, perai, palani, and lau-lau. As to methods of procedure, we were told and had observed that the usual methods of the aboriginal Indians was the use of bow and arrow and an occasional night-line. We were assured that there were big fish to be had for the taking, so prepared for eventualities.

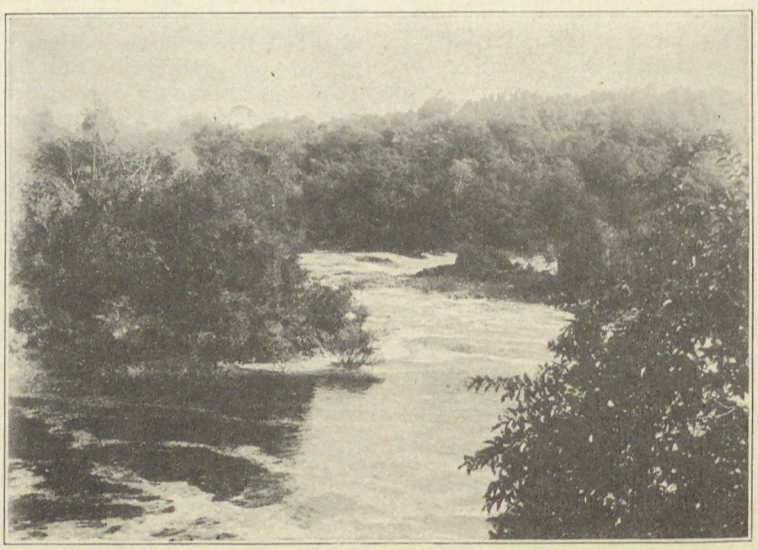
Deciding to play safe, I rigged a surf-rod, while Charley used a light casting rod. The other two in the party, not being particularly ardent fishermen, decided to observe our luck first.

An hour before sunset, when the intense heat began to lessen, we made our way to a point of the shore where a series of projecting rocks made an eddy in the swift current from the falls a hundred yards above us, and began casting. Spoons, wooden minnows, bucktails, pork-rinds, spinners, and other clever contraptions of the artificial-bait manufacturer were cast into the black waters and recovered (sometimes); but in spite of our willingness to display samples, our only reward was the discovery that if we allowed our baits to touch the rocky bottom, they were almost invariably lost. When we reeled in for the last time and climbed the high bank of the river, we did so with a definitely expressed opinion that the fish hereabouts were uneducated and unworthy of the high-class attractions we had thrown them.

The next evening, discarding the surf-rod and rigging a light casting rod, I decided to give the fish another chance and at least do a little missionary work for the benefit of future anglers who might come this way; and so, without any particularly hopeful feeling, I set forth alone. Reaching the same rocks, I carelessly threw a spoon as far out as possible and started reeling in a lackadaisical manner. Then it happened!

Without warning there was a tremendous, smashing tug at the end of the line, and the rod was almost torn from my carelessly loose grasp. I clutched it desperately and caught the line between thumb and forefinger; but so rapidly was the line taken out that my index finger was immediately blistered and the singing of the reel warned that spragging was a pressing necessity. Only by vigorous thumbing of the barrel of the reel was the unknown antagonist finally checked and brought up standing; but no sooner had a little of the line been recovered than a bull-like rush to the bottom began.

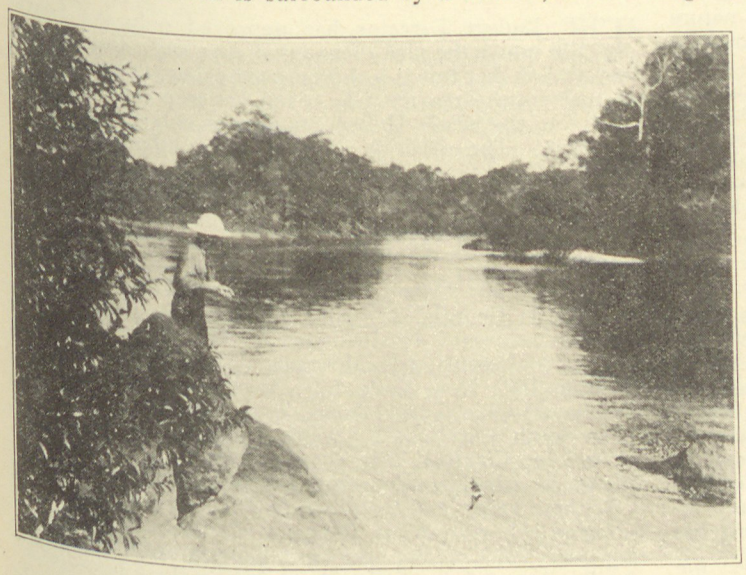
It was at this point that Charley and Cy came down to see what



Tumatumari Falls, on the Potaro River.

was going on; remaining to cheer, jeer, and advise. Reel and sprag, pull and pump, with the rushes as strong as ever, the battle continued for some time. An uneasy feeling of wonder as to what and how long was beginning to take possession of me, when, just as suddenly as had come the strike, the resistance ceased and I drew the victim to the edge of the rocks. Having no net, it was necessary to swing the fish up the sloping ledge of rock by hand—and before us lay a 6½-pound leukanani. This was an unusually large specimen and was to prove the prize one to reward our efforts.

In appearance the leukanani (*Cichla ocellaris*) is striking; the effect of a robust general coloration being heightened by the presence of several rather exotic markings. Its general outline is somewhat like that of a bass, it has a double dorsal fin, a square tail, and a projecting lower jaw. The coloration of the back and upper flanks is a brownish black, which shades into the silver white of the belly, but many tinges of color are present. Faint black bars run up and down the sides, the dorsal fins are plum-colored, and the lower fins and the lower half of the tail are quite red. The rear portion of the cheek is tinged with orange, and this is enhanced by a cloud of small black spots. But the most fanciful and arresting of its color features are the spots which give the leukanani its scientific name. Below the front and rear portions of the dorsal and just above the middle of the tail are fairly large, round, bluish-black spots, each of which is surrounded by a narrow, colored ring. The



The author at a vantage point for casting.

upper and lower halves of the ring are white and yellowish-white respectively, so that the effect of the whole is beautiful as well as striking. Behold, then, a fish with the bull-dog build of the bass and the gorgeously colorful beauty of the brook trout.

But the interesting characteristics of the species are not confined to its appearance. Usually feeding upon minnows like smaller fish, the leukanani's presence can often be observed by the sudden hurtling of its entire body into the air or a vigorous thrashing of the surface to a foam as it pursues and strikes at its prey—usually quite close to shore.

As a game fish it is more than worthy of being classed with the trout and bass of the northern waters. It is *the* fly-fish of the region, and when it strikes at a fly or spoon, does so with a ferocity that puts every ounce of its weight behind the strike. As we were without flies, we used casting baits only and found a wide range of spoons, minnows, wigglers, etc., to appeal to its rather erratic fancy; but its distraction when engaged in feeding on live minnows appeared very difficult.

After striking at a lure, the leukanani is extremely difficult to hook; the roof of its mouth and upper lip being very hard and bony. Consequently, many an apparently well-hooked fish will manage to free itself during the battle because it has not been possible to imbed the barb of the hook in the flesh. So a sudden leap from the water, accompanied by a shaking of the head that is very reminiscent of the small-mouthed bass, will frequently be the *finis* of that particular tale.

Usually heading for deep water with terrific force when first struck, the leukanani displays versatility by its subsequent breaking of water and its crafty efforts to get into

An "open" spot in the jungle.

any available under-water thickets of roots, grass, and rocks. All too often it succeeds in these efforts, and the amount of tackle lost is disconcerting. The angler for leukanani, then, must be prepared to give and take line rapidly, risk tackle on the necessity of swerving the fish from dangerous spots, and "pump" when least convenient and rocks threaten a cut line.

The successful ending of the battle is usually a surprise to the angler; for after staging a smashing attack that does not weaken perceptibly as the minutes pass, when the leukanani gives up it does so suddenly and completely. At one moment the angler is wondering how the fish manages to keep it up and what it will do next; and a moment later an entirely exhausted fish is brought to the surface and landed with only a few weak attempts at escape.

In addition to being worthy the catching for the sake of sport, the leukanani rewards the captor with a delicious dish; for, when properly prepared, its white, firm flesh is almost devoid of bones and has a flavor resembling that of the wall-eyed pike.

The sight of the first victim was enough to send Charley scurrying back to camp for his rod and to cause me to renew the casting without loss of time. Again the first cast was rewarded by a heavy strike, followed by a desperate rush; but my thrill of anticipation at the prospect of another large leukanani was to have a curious ending. After the first rush, all opposition vanished and I drew an unresisting fish to the water's edge and half its length up the sloping rock on which I stood. Then, as I tried to swing the catch high and dry, the hook pulled loose—leaving a gaping fish lying half in and half out of water and making never a move to escape! Cy gave me his two hundred pounds as an anchor, and carefully crawling to the slippery edge, I hurriedly thrust my hand through the gills and threw on shore—not a leukanani, but a 5½-pound squirrel-fish (*plagioscion*); a beautiful, silvery fish.

Darkness was very near, but yet another trophy was to be ours; for while the preceding was taking place, Charley had returned and hooked what proved to be a small perai—a carnivorous fish which occasionally nips a finger or toe from some luckless bather, will attack small animals in the water, and so has the very devil of a reputation. The sight of this made me question my own wisdom in going after the squirrel-fish so hurriedly with a bare hand, when uncertain as to what it was. To test the strength of jaw of the

(Continued on page 84)

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Conservation in Schools

ONE of the important planks in the platform of the Izaak Walton League is "The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America."

The Walton League has encouraged school officials to give this important and interesting study a proper place in every school curriculum. Nature study has been a recognized part of the elementary school requirements in a number of states, but the broader application of that study as contemplated in the League's platform has not yet been given the attention it deserves.

Milwaukee High Leads Way

AMONG the high schools of the country the classes under the direction of Professor H. J. Parmley of the Boys' Technical High School of Milwaukee have not only set an enviable pace for themselves but Professor Parmley and his boys have made it possible for many of the schools throughout Wisconsin to become imbued with the value of special attention to such studies. They accomplished much through a special conservation booth at the State Teachers' Convention. The thousands of teachers assembled took a deep interest in the display and took home with them for future use many helpful leaflets and pamphlets.

Wisconsin County Sets Pace

SO far as the Walton League's records show, the credit for first introducing conservation as a course of study in all the elementary schools of a county belongs to County Superintendent J. M. Reed of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, in charge of the Oneida County schools. A movement is now under way to have conservation recognized and included as a regular subject in Wisconsin's official state course of study.

"Since it must not be long until people realize its importance and value," says Superintendent Reed in his introduction to the new course of study, "I ask all teachers to spread the gospel of conservation that the coming generation may know it and profit thereby."

Good work, Superintendent Reed! The school room is the most effective place of all to sow the seed. Who will be the next?

A Reserve Supply

CONGRESSMAN LEAVITT of Montana is sponsoring H. R. 15 to obtain an appropriation of $150,000 to match a like amount contributed by public spirited groups and individuals for the purchase of private lands in that part of the Absaroka and Gallatin National Forests lying just north of Yellowstone National Park to furnish unrestricted winter range and ample forage for the northern Yellowstone elk herd, the antelope and the mountain sheep of that region.

The Elk Commission, on which the Walton League had a representative, recommended purchase of about 9,000 acres in Jackson Hole to add to the government elk refuges in the Hole containing over 4,000 acres, almost half of which the Izaak Walton League gave to Uncle Sam. Congressman Winter of Wyoming introducted a bill (H. R. 478) to appropriate $275,000 for this purchase.

Many States Benefit

THE Budget Director has approved only the Leavitt Bill under the plea of national economy. Conservation leaders feel that this is a shortsighted policy, as the elk herds of that entire area must be given better protection. They belong to the whole United States, not only Wyoming and Montana. The elk, especially of the northern herd, constitute an easily accessible source of supply for the balance of the country. Since 1892 that herd has furnished for stocking and zoo purposes almost 3,000 animals to thirty-three states and the District of Columbia, distributed as follows:

Alabama, 50; Arizona, 258; California, 2; Colorado, 237; Florida, 3; Georgia, 2; Idaho, 263; Illinois, 16; Louisiana, 40; Massachusetts, 4; Michigan, 31; Minnesota, 36; Mississippi, 2; Missouri, 63; Montana, 332; Nebraska, 5; New Mexico, 100; New York, 160; North Carolina, 40; North Dakota, 5; Ohio, 7; Oklahoma, 7; Oregon, 6; Pennsylvania, 168; South Carolina, 2; South Dakota, 130; Texas, 40; Utah, 142; Virginia, 201; Washington, 432; West Virginia, 25; Wisconsin, 70; Wyoming, 27; District of Columbia, 31.

If these herds, and the property of the ranchers, are to be safeguarded, readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA through their Senators and Congressmen must impress upon those in authority the need for favorable action on these measures.

Forestry Association Meets

FORESTRY in the Mississippi Valley and its possible contribution to flood control occupied the center of the stage at the fifty-third annual meeting of The American Forestry Association which was held jointly with the Missouri Forestry Association at St. Louis, February 17 and 18. The Izaak Walton League was represented by Aldo Leopold of Madison, Wisconsin, who ably discussed "The Sportsman's Interest in Flood Control."

Prominent among others who addressed the meeting were Dr. W. W. Long of Clemson College, North Carolina, who declared that southern agriculture will have made a great stride when it has worked up an interest in forest perpetuation and improved its tenant system so that more of the workers will be home owners; Dean S. T. Dana of the School of Forestry and Conservation at the University of Michigan who outlined what public forestry asks of the lumberman; Dr. Wilson Compton of the National Lumberman's Association who spoke of the encouragement which industrial forestry needs from the public; Major R. Y. Stuart who presented Colonel Greeley's paper on the meeting ground of forestry and flood control; Charles Nagel of St. Louis discussed forestry as a factor in agricultural prosperity; W. I. Nolan, Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota; E. H. White, Vice President, Missouri Pacific Railroad; E. E. Pershall, Vice President of the Moss Tie Company; Devere Dierks of the Dierks Lumber Company; H. M. Wilson, Vice President of the Baldwin-Lewis-Pace Company, Jacksonville, Florida, and John Rue of the Champion Fibre Company.

Dr. H. A. Buehler was the main speaker at the banquet.

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on page 70

—Editor

Forestry Poster Cup Awarded

A feature of the meeting was a forestry poster contest, for which The Association cup was presented. The winner this year was the Western Forestry and Conservation Association with an outdoor poster containing the following sentences: "Forest Fires Make Idle Lands, Idle Industries, Idle Hands. Grow Timber, Stop Forest Fires. Keep Idle Lands at Work."

Resolutions were adopted urging consideration of reforestation as a help in flood control; endorsing the McNary-Woodruff and the McNary-McSweeney bills, and memorializing the people of Florida, South Carolina, and Missouri with respect to forestry progress in their States. Other resolutions urged industrial forestry, effective utilization of wood, taxation and soil studies, and expansion of public forest planting.

"Hands Up!"

DID you ever have the "pleasant" sensation of this startling command directed at you at an unexpected moment? And did you feel weak and helpless, or did you maintain perfect composure? If the former feeling prevailed, ten chances to one you never learned to use firearms, because the man who knows them usually retains perfect composure even under fire.

THERE have been well-meaning efforts during the past five years to enact legislation which in effect would take firearms of all classes, especially revolvers and pistols, out of the hands of honest, law-abiding citizens and place them in the hands of thugs. Thousands of the boys of today would be denied the opportunity to learn how to handle and use arms at all.

The American sportsmen today are but the youth of yesteryear, and where among all our citizenry will you find a more upright group of virile manhood? They have been the backbone of the Nation; they have certainly been the leaders in the fight to save our outdoor land.

Constitutional Guarantee Ignored

SOME of the proposed anti-firearms legislation is sensible and would help keep weapons out of the hands of irresponsible and criminally inclined people, but much of it would tend to give the criminals full sway.

An editorial in the Norristown (Pa.) Register, a newspaper in no way dominated by manufacturers of arms, under the caption of "The Right to Keep and Bear Arms," expresses the thought of thinking Americans generally:

"The right of individual initiative and freedom from unnecessary restraint is inborn in every American citizen. * * * The second amendment of the Constitution of the United States says, 'The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.'

"Target practice and good marksmanship has been part of the life of the normal American boy. Legislation to prohibit this on the theory that it would reduce crime is a mistake, for the criminal would still get his guns. * * * As a matter of fact, most of the worst crimes are not committed with a gun. Hatchets, axes, clubs, knives and other instruments take a greater toll."

Criminals Circumvent Law

CRIMINALS can circumvent any drastic laws intended to take firearms out of their hands. Two examples are given in the "American Rifleman"; the first in the issue of July 15, 1926, where a pocket murder tool found in the possession of an alien was duplicated in seven minutes by using a cheap single-barrelled shotgun, a hacksaw, a jackknife and a file. The other given in the same publication of one month later told about a death-dealing, double-barrelled forty-five calibre pocket weapon being made in a few hours by using an ordinary strap hinge, a piece of ⅜ inch pipe, a few wood screws and some stove bolts. If the laws on this subject are too drastic chances are that bootlegging illegal firearms would become quite a lucrative business for underworld characters.

The right of self-defense is older than our American liberty. The right of the masses to enjoy the chase, a wholesome recreation for America's hardy manhood and womanhood which the Izaak Walton League is endeavoring to perpetuate, has long been an American pastime of incalculable value.

Are you, Mr. Waltonian, willing to forego this form of outdoor recreation? Do you want your boy denied the same privileges you had? If not watch the anti-firearms legislation in your state.

Grazing Fees Adjusted

THE Secretary of Agriculture recently announced adjusted grazing fees on our National Forests based upon studies made by Dan Casement, a Kansas and Colorado stockman, thereby culminating an effort extending over six years.

The new schedule, affecting 28,000 permittees, with about 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 animals to graze, calls for average fees per head per month of 15.1 cents for cattle and 4.6 cents for sheep. The lowest for cattle is 7.5 cents in New Mexico and the highest is 18.4 cents in California. The lowest for sheep is 2.4 cents in New Mexico and 5.7 cents in California. Fees will be increased annually until 1931, when the full schedule of recommended increases will be in effect.

The normal grazing receipts on the National Forests are about $2,000,000, of which the state receives $500,000 for local use.

Bringing Order Out of Chaos

THESE fees, based upon twenty-two years of experience and research, are still very low, and conditions are far more favorable for the stockmen and their herds on the National Forests than on the uncontrolled but free public domain, which, unfortunately, has been almost totally destroyed over vast areas.

When one stops to consider the complex grazing problem which the Forest Service inherited in 1905, then without government regulation of any sort, and the steps the Service has since taken to regulate forest uses and to develop the multiple-use principle so that all interests may be best served, the Department is to be congratulated upon the progress made. There is, of course, ample room for still further development and such rearrangement as necessary to give wild life ample range and forage.

Now what about our public domain? Did you read Mark Anderson's enlightening article in the April OUTDOOR AMERICA?

Photograph by George H. High

"Mr. Cuyler looked into the future. Visions came to him of long trips into the unknown with this splendid girl at his side, so fine, so true, so resourceful, so eager to follow the beckoning fingers of the wood fairies."

The "Perfect Woman"

A tale of the Crooked Tree Fishing Club

By

WILLIAM R. FOLSOM

Photograph by George H. High

MR. JOHN AREND PERKINS CUYLER sat upon the veranda of the Crooked Tree Fishing Club and gazed gloomily upon the shining waters of the Lake of the Hurons. To his fellow members Mr. Cuyler was known as a forceful personage, otherwise he would not have been President of the Crooked Tree Fishing Club and, incidentally, a successful lawyer. His success in life was foreordained. He had a Great Grandfather.

In the late Summer of 1755 Herr Johannes Arend Von Corlaer had sat upon the veranda of his red brick home in Maiden Lane in the city of Albany and gazed intently up that rocky thoroughfare in search of the family cow; it being the custom of the citizens of that Dutch frontier town to pasture their cattle on the hillside Common back of the fort, relying on the intelligence of those faithful animals to find their way home at sunset. I say family cow, for young Johannes had recently taken to himself a wife. In fact, the elderly burghers of Maiden Lane had regarded his courtship more or less in the light of a sporting event.

A few years before Johannes had been one of a Committee sent to the village of Bennington in the Hampshire Grants to adjust a question of disputed boundaries; while there, he had lodged at the house of one Jonathan Perkins, whose daughter, Abigail, found much favor in the eyes of Johannes.

The course of true love is seldom smooth. The Green Mountain Boys of Bennington were a notoriously reckless and turbulent lot, thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of self-expression and personal freedom and Johannes soon discovered that his attentions to the lady met with disfavor. Twice Herr Von Corlaer went out of Bennington astride a rail. Once he departed from that village among the hills, carrying away with him an ounce of bird shot, impartially distributed over his person, yet in spite of these drawbacks, Johannes continued to visit Bennington and urge his suit.

At last this unswerving resolution touched the heart of the Puritan daughter to whom courage ranked next to piety among the virtues for she came of a fighting race. The Puritan was, above all else, a fighter. His record in that direction was impressive. Across the sea he had fought the World, the Flesh, the Devil and himself with a grim impartiality. Coming to the New World, he had found abundant exercise for his warlike talents against a harsh climate, a sterile soil and unfriendly neighbors, who waged war upon him on the hit and run principle in a singularly unfair and barbarous manner.

Abigail Perkins was quick to realize that what was termed Dutch obstinacy by the unthinking was, in truth, a splendid and gallant devotion. This realization presently induced her to become Frau Von Corlaer.

The great grandson of this worthy pair, John Arend Perkins Cuyler, when confronted with difficulties, was accustomed to share his problems with Willy Bluesky, that faithful guide who had interpreted to him the secrets of the wilderness and in whose company he had spent the happiest days of his life. Mr. Cuyler left the Club House and walked down to the guides' cabin.

Willy Bluesky sat on a bench in front of the cabin, busily engaged in wrapping the handle of a landing net—a slight, wiry figure in faded blue overalls and checkered shirt. Willy Bluesky's face, however, attracted attention; in repose, it was mainly Indian—narrow black eyes, high cheek bones, a thatch of coarse, black hair, but when Willy Bluesky smiled, behold D'Artagnan through the shadows of time. Willy Bluesky, too, had a Great Grandfather.

In the late Summer of 1755, Jean Francois Louis De Lisle stepped into a bark canoe at the foot of the Jesuits' garden in Montreal and began his long voyage to the Lake of the Hurons. In his pocket lay the Commission from Governor Vaudreuil appointing him Commandant of the trading post of L'Arbre Croche among the Ottawas, far to the Westward of Michilimacinac.

Louis De Lisle was supremely happy as his canoe, driven by the powerful paddles of his four coureurs de bois, threaded its way up the foam flecked waters of the Ottawa. He was glad to be free from the monotonous round of garrison duties, secretly glad, perhaps, to be beyond the black robed arm of spiritual authority.

The wilderness took him to her heart and showed him her inmost secrets: the moose, knee deep in the lily pads, the black bear, lumbering into the bushes as the canoe turned a point, the beaver swimming silently in the shadow of the forest lined shore.

Chevalier De Lisle made the long portage of the Ottawa watershed, crossed the lake of the Nipissings, shimmering in the August heat, plunged down the swift water of its outlet and saw, at last, the great Inland Sea of the Hurons, stretching away to the horizon. A week later, he saw in the distance a great, crooked tree near the shore. Beyond this, a rude stockade from the center of which rose a block house. From the top of the block house floated the lilies of France.

We know nothing more of Sieur De Lisle except this: Dated October 16, 1760, on the Parish Record at Mackinaw, yellow with age and stained with time, appear these lines:

"I, Jean Nicholas Souligny, S. J., the undersigned Missionary, received the mutual marriage consent of Sieur Louis De Lisle, Commandant of His Majesty's Post of L'arbre Croche, and of Josette, a young woman of the Ottawa Nation, baptised yesterday."

This record is more to us than a faint memory of the past. It explains the presence of Willy Bluesky on the bench in front of the guides' cabin at the Crooked Tree Fishing Club.

"Willy," said Mr. Cuyler sadly, "we've lost our chance to get the big fish this year."

Willy Bluesky's grunt was in the nature of an interrogation.

"During the last weeks of the season," went on Mr. Cuyler with increasing pessimism, "we shall be busy looking after a girl—probably this will include an exciting trip or two after huckleberries. We may even go so far as to paddle her over to Little Pine Lake and engage in the nerve racking pastime of catching perch."

Willy Bluesky shrugged his shoulders after the manner of M. De Lisle.

"Not me, you," he suggested.

"Willy," said Mr. Cuyler bitterly, "you have always stood by me before. Are you going to quit me now?"

Willy Bluesky considered this appeal with all the gravity of an Ottawa Sachem. On his maternal side loyalty to a friend was a sacred thing. "Where John goes, I go," he said finally.

"Good boy," said John Cuyler and went back to the Club House to read over the letter which had brought upon him this horrible situation; it ran as follows:

"Dear Johnny:

"You are always a very present help in trouble. My problem is a girl—an Irish girl—Eileen O'Hara. While visiting me she has contracted an unfortunate alliance with an influenza germ. What she needs is a breath of pine-

scented air—some good days on the trail. Perhaps you might teach her the fundamentals of trout fishing. Be kind to her, Johnny, for my sake; be good to her as you have always been to me."

Mr. Cuyler groaned aloud. His dream of bringing in the record fish of the season lay in the dust, for to John Arend Perkins Cuyler the slightest wish of the lady who wrote that letter was law, even though she had seen fit to marry the other fellow. However, the heir of the Von Corlaers did not entirely abandon hope. Martyrdom, he reflected, might be less dreadful than he anticipated; even Daniel had found the lions more considerate than he had a right to expect. He would do his duty by this unwelcome daughter of Erin.

Virtue, it is said, brings its own honorarium. Beyond doubt at the end of the second week of the girl's visit Mr. Cuyler and Willy Bluesky felt a faint sense of gratification. They perceived, dimly, perhaps, that, through their sacrificial efforts, Miss O'Hara seemed to be having a fairly good time. Willy Bluesky himself unbent so far as to personally conduct her cross country to an unknown pond to watch a colony of beaver at work. This act of graciousness on the part of Willy Bluesky proclaimed the fact that Miss Eileen O'Hara had grasped the essential elements of woodcraft: silence, appreciation, courage and an abiding patience.

Willy Bluesky's success in awakening Miss O'Hara's interest in the shy-footed, furtive, forest dwellers prompted Mr. Cuyler to tell her some of the gallant tales of the first conquerors of the great wilderness which lay beyond L'Arbre Croche to the North.

Mr. Cuyler thoroughly enjoyed telling Miss O'Hara these old tales. The interest and enthusiasm of a young woman of undoubted charm are powerful incentives for a gentleman in the middle forties to do his best.

The last day of the trout season was a perfect midsummer day; not a breath of wind. A day of days to creep up and cast a fly into the shadowy depths beneath the overhanging rocks of Gunsight Point.

Mr. Cuyler, cruelly torn between duty and desire, encountered Willy Bluesky, paddle in one hand and landing net in the other.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Fish the rocks today," said Willy Bluesky; "last chance."

"How about Miss O'Hara?"

"Take her along," said Willy Bluesky; "white woman good in canoe."

It was approaching sunset and the rocky shores of Gunsight Point lay in dark shadow. The canoe, under the master hand of Willy Bluesky (who had spent a large part of his life and all of his earliest hours in a canoe) drifted silently within casting distance. Ahead appeared a deep pocket in the rocks. Mr. Cuyler drew back his arm. The long rod rose to the perpendicular, paused, then shot forward. The red ibis sailed through the air and fell deep within the pocket with a soft splash. Instantly up from the gloomy depths burst the great-grandfather of all trout. He rose in a smother of foam, struck fiercely at the fly—and missed. Mr. Cuyler threw back his rod sharply to lift the long line from the water. He was a split second too late. The fly sank from sight and caught on a projecting rock. The line tightened and the leader snapped. Mr. Cuyler reached down with trembling fingers for the leader box. It was gone. Mr. Cuyler had a distinct recollection of putting his leaders in a pail of water in the boathouse; beyond that circumstance memory refused to function. Fate, it would seem, had definitely disposed of an opportunity of a lifetime. The stricken fisherman reeled in his line, then dropped his head in his hands. "Let's go home, Willy," he said, and picked up the bow paddle.

"Wait a moment," said Miss O'Hara; "swear, if you like," she added, "but why not try this?" and with a swift movement she unclasped the double necklace of blue beads at her throat.

"They are strung on catgut, you see," she observed as the blue beads slid down the string and cascaded into her waiting palm. "It's a trifle light, but there seems to be enough of it."

Mr. Cuyler and Willy Bluesky looked on in amazement as the girl straightened out the extemporized leader, tested it with a strong pull and attached it to the line with a deftly turned "fisherman's bend." "Have you a large White Miller?" she asked.

The tying of that "fisherman's bend" had shown Mr. Cuyler the truth. It was no novice, but a fellow craftsman who stretched out her hand for the fly.

Mr. Cuyler and Willy Bluesky smiled at each other in perfect understanding. "Give her the rod," said the latter and described an arc in the water with his paddle. The canoe whirled round and again stealthily approached the rocks. Miss O'Hara removed her jacket and rolled up her sleeves. Sixty feet from the rocks she raised her hand and Willy Bluesky swung the canoe broadside to the shore. Mr. Cuyler's skill with the fly rod was proverbial, but in all his years of experience he had seen nothing to equal the present demonstration.

Beginning with short casts to get the feel of the rod, Miss O'Hara gradually lengthened her line until the White Miller fluttered down on the water a few feet from the edge of the rocks. With a loop of line in her left hand she gave to the fly the quivering, jerky motion of a crippled insect. This was too much for the spotted warrior cruising about in the shadowy cavern. He shot forth from his lair and the fly disappeared. With a quick, sidewise snap of her wrist Miss O'Hara drove home the hook.

The big trout dashed for the shelter of the rocks. Miss O'Hara snubbed him with such force that the tip of the rod curved down to the water and Mr. Cuyler trembled for the safety of the makeshift leader. Next came a swift run for the deep water of the bay. Willy Bluesky drove the light bark canoe in pursuit and Miss O'Hara, working desperately, recovered a part of her fast vanishing line.

During a brief period of sulking on the part of the fish, Miss O'Hara wiped her dripping face and smiled at Mr. Cuyler. "Good sport," said Mr. Cuyler softly and smiled back at her.

"Bon," grunted Willy Bluesky, "fight 'um."

At last the big fish came to the surface and Miss O'Hara brought him carefully alongside the canoe. Willy Bluesky deftly slipped the long handled net into the water and over the gunwale came the largest trout that Mr. Cuyler had ever seen. "Good heavens," he gasped, "that's the record trout of all time." Willy Bluesky, in whom the excitement of the battle had roused long dormant, tribal instincts, gave vent to his feelings in the triumphant war cry of the Ottawas.

Some days later, Miss O'Hara from the back seat of the buckboard, which was to carry her to the distant railway, found it strangely difficult to convey to Mr. Cuyler and to Willy Bluesky, standing below her, any adequate expression of her feelings.

"Young lady," said Mr. Cuyler sternly, observing her embarrassment, "where in the name of heaven did you learn to cast?"

"My father," said Miss O'Hara, "began teaching me when I was a little girl. Our home is right on the shore of Lough Foyle. It's a famous place for salmon. Should you ever come to Ireland," she added shyly, "Father and I would be proud indeed to show you the good fishing."

Mr. Cuyler was silent a moment while he looked into the future. Visions came to him of long trips into the unknown with this splendid girl at his side, so fine, so true, so resourceful, so eager to follow the beckoning fingers of the wood fairies.

Miss O'Hara scribbled something on a card and handed it to Mr. Cuyler, who read:

Lady Mary Eileen Desmond O'Hara,
Ballygore,
Lough Foyle,
County Tyrone, Ireland.

Mr. Cuyler was appalled for a moment, then he remembered his great-grandfather. Were this girl the Queen of Ireland he would go in search of her and know his fate.

"Willy," said Mr. Cuyler in the Ottawa tongue, "John goes across the great water to the lodge of the white chief —shall he come back alone?"

Willy Bluesky, to the extreme embarrassment of his hearers, chose to reply in English.

"Heap good," he grunted; "go ketchum squaw damn quick."

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

Drawings by
CLEMENS GRETTER

By DAVID WHITTAKER

THE Days of the Wild Pigeon are Mr. Whittaker's reminiscences of fifty years ago. It is the mission of the Izaak Walton League to so restore and preserve the outdoors that in the future our children too may have glorious memories of days astream and afield.

Indian Humor

BECAUSE of a reluctance I had at shooting big game, the Indians all laughed at me; and Nolegs said when any of them saw a snowshoe rabbit they said: "Call the Indian White Man and let him shoot it."

Thus I got a new name, "The Indian White Man That Lived on Snowshoe Rabbits," and ever afterwards I was known through the tribe as "The Snowshoe Man," while with the Crees in the Hudson Bay country I was "The White Man That Always Sleeps in the Snow." It seems I was always bound to have a soft-cold name while with the red men of the far north.

My new name brought me close up to them, and they laughed and joked about it. When a snowshoe jumped up, they said, "There goes his cousin or some friend of his." But while they joked and laughed about my new name, they never lost their respect for me.

Latour said we had better go into the woods and look for the best feeding-ground for the caribou, as they would naturally drift along through the part of the country abounding with their food. Latour took the Blackfoot and me, and the rest paired up to suit themselves. Latour started out, and we followed him, the Blackfoot at my heels.

When two hours out, we saw light ahead and knew we would soon emerge from the dark balsam forest, where the sun never penetrates through the thick boughs to the earth below, and where the needlewood, the cedar pine and the balsam never lose their foliage, for the reason that the sun never gets down to their roots. The Indians call them the woods of "Paughuk," which means darkness and death.

We soon came to a hardwood ridge. Here the signs of big game were plentiful, indications of the presence of moose, caribou and bear being evident on every side. There was, for instance, the testimony of the mountain ash. When it is a sapling and bears its first berries, the bears pull it down year after year, so that it grows at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Latour said we had better spread out and see who would get the first deer, and we would meet at a lake three or four miles straight ahead. He started into the timber, and soon was lost to sight.

How different was the life of these wild people of the woods and plains from the life of the civilized man in the large cities! The Indian trusted to his skill and courage to get his living out of the resources of the forest, and his battles with the elements and the wild beasts did not dismay him. His valor and determination carried him through. The white man depends on skill and cunning to get the better of his fellow men.

The Blackfoot kept me in sight, evidently not wanting to get far from me; so I slanted toward him and we soon came together. He said he was hungry. So was I. One is always hungry in that country.

I saw a porcupine running away from us. The Blackfoot went after it, and stopped it by hitting it on the nose with his gun. Then he got a stone and killed it. Then he laid it on its back and pinned its feet to the ground. Then he ripped up its belly, and started to skin it. I said I never saw one skinned in that way, and he said the bears skinned them that way, which was true. We had the porcupine for supper.

We went out on the beach but saw no sign of Latour. We saw plenty of otter tracks, and where they had eaten fish on the shore. The otters are expert fishers. They like to fish in streams where the current is strong, and as they lie with their heads in the direction from which it flows they work up-stream behind the fish, catching them by the tail and hauling them out on the shore to eat them. They have another way. In deep water, they lie on the bottom, and as fish cannot see under themselves very well, the otters rise up slowly from below, keeping well back from the fishes' heads, so as not to be seen and not to frighten them.

While we were looking and talking, Latour came in sight up at the north end of the lake. We signaled him, and he came down to us. He had a fine big bearskin. We went in and packed the meat out to our camp on the Big Fish Lakes.

The Bear Dance

THE next day the others all came in. They had two moose, and we feasted on bear meat. That night they painted their faces, and entertained themselves and us with the bear dance. They went through all the motions of a bunch of bears fighting. They danced around one another, then clinched and went down on the sand, rolling over one another like bears. Then they walked on their hands and feet, shaking their heads and snorting at one another like bears. Then they jumped at one another, the one on top pushing the one underneath head-down into the sand, and both growling at one another, the one that growled the most realistically being accounted the best man, whether he was on top or underneath.

They brought dry wood to make the fire blaze brightly, so I could see the bear dance.

Their painted faces and long black hair; the loneliness of the place, and the grotesque shadows of the dancers that the light of the fire cast on the sands, made the whole assemblage look to me like demons from another world.

Thus the bear dance was given in honor of the Snowshoe Man.

The Blackfoot took no part in the dance, and I asked him why.

He said there was a chance for bad feelings. If he hurt one of the others, a fight might follow, and he would have to leave the tribe, as they were all friends and would stick together. I guess the Blackfoot was right.

The next morning we made a raft of logs and floated the deer and moose to Latour's camp on the lower lakes.

When we reached the place, Petrie, the old Ojibway, and his wife, Suzanne—that was her French name—received me with a warm welcome.

When Mistress Latour saw the game, she said, "Isn't my boy, Louis, a fine hunter?" and the elder Latour grunted his approval in true Indian style.

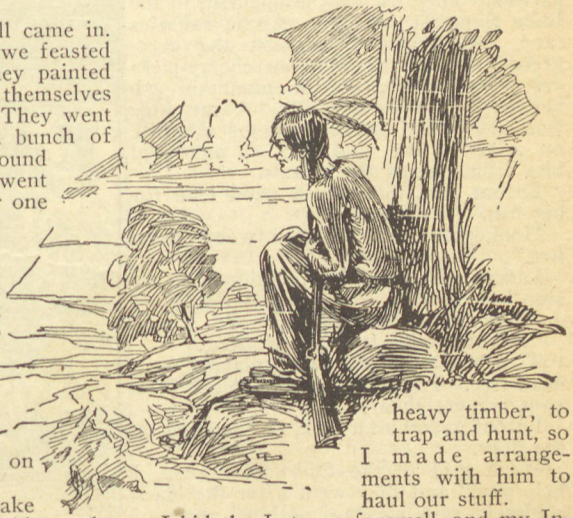
Mistress Latour went on with reference to me: "I feel very sorry for him, that he has to live on wild pigeons, snowshoe rabbits and small game like that."

"He will be found dead of hunger in the woods, some day, and that will be the end of him," said the old man.

The Indians all laughed and looked at me.

Nolegs said, "Snowshoes are not afraid of one another; so he can kill them with a stick." And they laughed again.

That night the Arctic blast struck us, and in the morning the lakes were frozen over. The next day a halfbreed, Gene Lafont, came into the camp with five nice sleigh-dogs. He was going north to the



heavy timber, to trap and hunt, so I made arrangements with him to haul our stuff.

I bid the Latours farewell, and my Indians and I faced into the north wind over the ice on the lakes and toward the heavy timber.

The last thing I heard was Mistress Latour calling out: "I hope you will come back in the spring, and help me chase the pigeons out of the berries."

Traveling with Gene Lafont

GENE LAFONT was a fine fellow. He spoke the Indian, French and English tongues, and I found him an interesting companion.

Gene Lafont was a man amongst men, with a heart full of love and courage. He had the wild personality which nature gives the class of men who lead the wild, free, roving, independent life. Born in the heart of the Canadian wilds, he grew up like the things around him, wild and free. With miles and miles of forest to hunt through, with lakes and rivers to fish in and paddle his canoe on, no wonder Gene grew up to be a man amongst men. In the wild, independent life that carries a boy through boyhood up into manhood and leaves him untarnished by the evils of the big cities, Gene had been reared unspoiled amid the wilds and nature. He had grown up to be a man, rude but honest.

The ice was not overstrong, so the Ojibway that joined us at the Kaministiqua Falls went ahead and sounded the ice, looking for dangerous spots and air-holes.

The rapids at the lower end of the lake were not frozen, so we had to portage our luggage over the rapids and down on to the lake below. This lake was a dangerous one to travel on, as it was fed by springs boiling up from the bottom. The springs seldom froze and the ice around them was thin and poor. The sleigh-dogs, often running with the wind in a snowstorm, run into these holes and are lost. If there are old dogs in the team, that have been ducked in similar holes and they are traveling against the wind, they will smell them, and stop, or go round. Gene Lafont had an old sled dog that picked his way amongst the spring-holes and got us safely down across the lake. Gene said the dog got many cold baths when he was a pup. Old age and experience had taught him to pick his way through life.

We went down through the outlet on to the next lake, a long, narrow sheet of ice, with banks fifty to a hundred feet high, heavily timbered, with several small islands scattered here and there, densely covered with evergreens, making a beautiful contrast with the snowclad hills. This place looked like a winter paradise to me. It had a tinge of summer, on account of the bird life on the islands. The birds were blue jays, cross-bills or snow parrots. They used to be plentiful in the Lake Superior country. Arctic canaries sang and twittered amongst the evergreens. Flocks of Siberian cherry-pickers were feeding on the mountain ash berries up among the hills. A partridge was drumming on the side of the hill, on a sunny log, and another answered him from one of the islands.

Lafont said this was a good lake for big fish.

Honkepoti said, "Plenty wood make fire."

Lafont said, "We fish tonight, when we stop."

"How far he be?" asked Honk.

"Twenty miles long," said Gene.

Two black squirrels were playing on a dead tree. The Ojibway exclaimed, "You stop, we get them!"

Lafont gave him a look, and hurried on the dogs.

Honk said to the Ojibway, "Come, I help you," and they went after the black squirrels, and we saw nothing more of them for two or three days. That shows how little these Indians cared where they were if game was plenty.

The wind had gone down; not a leaf or a twig was astir. The air was so pure and sweet that I swallowed it down in mouthfuls. The dogs had become lazy, dropped their tails, and gotten into a walk from a trot. The Indians lost their light, elastic step, and shuffled their feet along on the ice as though they had no power over them. The winter sun seemed to have lost its heat. Even the birds had ceased to sing and chirrup. All nature had gone to sleep, and there was nothing but a booming sound of emptiness in our ears. Absolutely the atmosphere was loaded down with deathlike silence. It seemed as though everything in the world had gone to sleep. No booming or cracking came from the ice. When the weather is extremely cold the ice cracks, making a booming sound that one can hear for a long distance, especially in the night when it is freezing hard. If a man were chopping wood a mile away you could hear him as plainly as if you were beside him, the sound carries so far.

Lafont stopped the dogs, and the Indians spread skins on the ice and sat down. When they talked, they talked in a whisper; yet I heard them plainly, though quite a distance away.

The booming noise you have in your ears at such times resembles the low humming of a top, and is a strange phenomenon. The Indians say it happens before a storm.

Lafont said it was not safe to travel with the dogs, as they were tired and indifferent where they went, and would walk into air-holes without thinking where they were going. He said in a short time the wind would come up, and that would change things, and we could move along again safely.

Dog-Sleighs on the Ice

IN a short time a gentle breeze came down the lake, and the dogs raised their heads and sniffed the air. Then the wind began to blow quite a gale, and the magical spell that held everything in its grip vanished and was gone. A crack of the whip brought the dogs to their feet, and we were on our way again over the ice to the trapping grounds.

Gene Lafont was happy as he trotted along with his sleigh-dogs. He started to sing, and the Indians all ran up to him and ran along with him. Gene would stop singing, and go along and talk to himself and make wild motions with his hands, and then start to sing again. They all laughed, and clapped their hands at him.

I did not understand much of the song, as he sang it in French and Indian, but it pleased my wild band. It was the first time I ever had an entertainment like that, traveling over the ice at about five miles an hour.

Gene Lafont had all the faculties of the lumberjack, the trader and the Indian. He was full of song, and always had a smile whenever he addressed anybody. He was more than polite to me, for when he approached me he took his hat off, and held it behind him while we were talking. Gene Lafont was a typical backwoodsman of the Canadian wilds. He had the refined manners of the French gentleman. He could change from the gentleman to the lumberjack or the blanket Indian who seldom came to the settlements. He could imitate them to perfection. He never used the whip on his dogs, but cracked it so close to their ears that they shook their heads and lay down in the harness and stiffened out the tugs.

"I crack him once on the ear when I brek him; then I never crack him no more so long as he live." Gene never whipped his dogs, but he used some terribly rough language. I rebuked him for that, and he said, "He be no bad word; I see him in the Book in de Mission. He be no bad word; if he be bad word, he no be there." So Gene Lafont had seen the words he used in the Good Book; and he added some more to them when he used them on the dogs.

That night he reached the lower end of the lake and camped in a ravine. The Indians made a bough-house, and we rested well. Lafont brought the dogs in. He said we had a long, hard road tomorrow, and he wanted the dogs rested.

Some one said, "House no place for dogs."

Lafont snapped back, "What's good for Indian is good for dogs."

The Oneida jumped to his feet. "I go build house for dogs," he said.

"Up jumped a snowshoe in front of the dogs and then

I remarked, "If there is not room for the dogs I will sleep outside."

No one spoke, and we all went to sleep.

Following the Ice Trail

The next morning we put everything on the sleigh; 'Gene cracked his whip and the dogs were off. Down the center of this lake was open water, showing that the lake was fed by springs. On the water there were quite a lot of wild duck. We hugged the shore where the ice was good.

A village lay thirty-five or forty miles north of us on the trail and 'Gene said he could make it if we started early. Some Indians had told us to look out for the Nabbogasha Rapids, as they were not frozen hard, but to keep down the middle where the water was deep and the current not very strong, and the ice was better frozen.

We were at the head of the rapids at sunrise. The dogs stopped when they smelt the water, and when I looked down the rapids, I thought them wise dogs indeed. I felt sure if anyone got into those rapids it would be the last of him on this earth.

The Indians are queer in these ways. They size things up, and go at them or drop them, without a word. They examined the ice, and went and cut poles from twelve to fifteen feet long. These they held by the middle, so if they were to break through the ice the ends of the poles would still be on the ice and hold them up and keep the current from sucking them under, till help came to get them out. A very good and wise plan, I thought. The Indian is not a coward, but he avoids danger whenever he can.

'Gene was anxious for his dogs, so he unhitched them and let each man take one dog apiece. 'Gene put a line on the sleigh, and Ahmoor and 'Gene pulled it after them, keeping it quite a distance behind, so if it broke through the ice they were safe. Thus our arctic caravan traveled the narrow strip of ice for over two miles between the roaring rapids on either side of us and landed safely on the solid ice on the lake below.

On the ice again the dogs were hitched and on the way. At the end of the lake we left it as the outlet was not frozen, and we took to the timber. The Indians ran ahead and cleared the trail for us, and we got into the village after dark.

There were only three families in the village. The men were mostly off hunting and trapping. They made us very comfortable for the night. Lafont knew some friends over on a small stream behind the hills, so we went over to visit them. When half-way over we heard some one talking. On looking back, there was my band of Indians coming pell-mell after us. They were just like the dogs. We could go no place but they would follow us, so we had more company than we wanted. I was glad the dogs came, for it kept the Indians busy keeping the dogs from fighting with the dogs of the village.

Adgino's Unusual Pets

I SAW a pair of tame beavers that amused me very much. An Indian boy who lived close to the stream had cut poplar and birch and sunk it in the water, keeping a hole cut in the ice over the logs. He brought the beavers out to show me how they worked and what they lived on. He brought them out on the ice, and they went down through the hole and brought up a log of wood, hauled it out on the ice and commenced to eat the bark off, for that is their winter food. When they had eaten the bark off, they pulled the log up to the door of the tepee. Adgino, for that was the Indian boy's name, laughed. His mother came out and pulled the log down onto the ice, and shook her finger at the boy. She said, "He does nothing but play with the beavers all day long. In the summer he is in the water with them; in the winter he is cutting holes in the ice"; and again she shook her finger at him, and went into the tent with a smile on her face. I don't think she cared much what Adgino did, as long as he was her boy. The beavers went to the hole and dived in and out and chased one another on the bottom. They did not come to the hole for breath at all times, but arose slowly up against the ice with their noses, blew out their breath in a bubble against the ice for a few seconds, till it was purified, then drew it in and returned to play. I often wondered how some animals lived so long under the ice. The otter, muskrat, and the seal also purify their breath by blowing it against the ice and drawing it in again.

off they went—dogs, sleigh and all our things after him."

Strategy with Dogs

WE got an early start in the morning and pushed out over the ice to the north, towards the trapping grounds. One of the dogs went lame. He had received a bad bite on one of his front legs, and 'Gene had to turn him loose so he could take care of himself. The Indians never bother with their dogs. When one goes lame or gets hurt they let them take care of themselves, and they soon heal their wounds by licking them.

The dogs in the harness evinced their displeasure by growling and showing their teeth at the lame dog whenever he came near them. They were sulky, and did not pull well, so 'Gene was obliged to crack the whip at them and tie the lame dog behind the sleigh, where they could not see him. They went along very well after that. 'Gene said they always act ugly when you take one out of the harness. They become jealous and refuse to pull.

'Gene said he would give me a wolf dance if the Indians would give us a dog dance, and they said they would.

'Gene made two strong muzzles out of straps he had, and he said, "Tomorrow night, if the moon be big like a barrel, I give you a dog and wolf dance."

Honkepoti exclaimed, "Moon dance, plenty eat—he be better than dog dance!" They all laughed at Honk.

We were going along at about a five-mile gait. It was growing late, and the shadows of the hills and rocks were falling across our path, telling us that darkness would soon be upon us. The darkness comes quickly in the far north, and it is well to prepare early for night.

We came to a nice sheltered place, and pitched our tent there. The next morning we got an early start and crossed the lake and had to portage our luggage two miles over onto another long, narrow lake. The going was good, and the dogs moved along at a brisk rate. There was a keen frost falling, and the dogs were white with their own breath, which froze on them as soon as it touched them. There was no wind, and the dampness was frozen in the air and came dancing down like minute diamonds sparkling in the sun. About the middle of the afternoon we came to a nice stream that was not frozen, running into a lake, so we camped there.

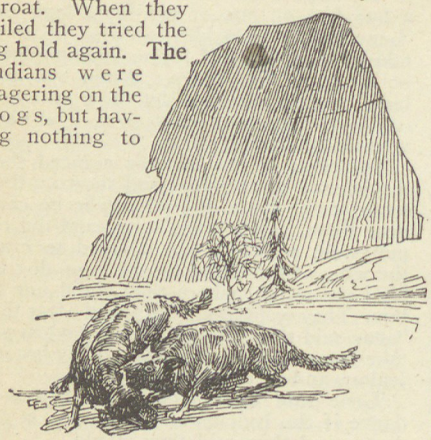
The Indians gathered wood and made a circle fifteen feet across. They set it afire, and went in and sat down in the middle of the ring; but they did not stay there long, as the heat drove them out; so they sat 'round the outside to keep themselves warm.

'Gene said, "I give you wolf dance. One dance be enough for tonight. You give us dance some other night.

"One dance be plenty," 'Gene said to me. "I give all good dance and fix dog he never fight no more. I no crack him with a whip. Indian make dog cure himself."

They muzzled the dogs, and 'Gene took them out on the ice, and they went at it as though they were possessed with evil spirits, each one determined to kill the other. They first sparred for a snap and a tear, using the tactics of the wolf—the quicksnap, the pull and the twist that breaks and tears the hide of the deer or moose or any animal they get their fangs into. First they tried for the neck and throat, a favorite hold for the wolf-bred muskie or huskie. These two strains of dogs, originally from Alaska, were brought in by the Russians before they ceded the territory to the United States, and were bred back into the wolf by the Indians, to make them more fierce and independent. When the dogs could not get the neck or throat hold, they

sparred for the front legs. When their noses struck each other's legs, and they could not get a hold on account of the muzzles, their rage seemed to be unbounded. They would rear on their hind legs and try to get each other by the throat. When they failed they tried the leg hold again. The Indians were wagering on the dogs, but having nothing to



bet at the moment, they bet the skins they were going to get when they reached the trapping grounds.

The dogs were becoming exhausted and were bleeding from the lips and nose, bruised and cut in their savage attacks. Finally they could not come up to the scratch. 'Gene and the Oneida picked them up and set them at it again, until the little strength they had was exhausted. They fell down and could not rise up. 'Gene took off the muzzles, and the Indians dashed some water on their heads. Then 'Gene threw them together, when they made some feeble snaps at each other and lay down on the ice.

The Indians ran over to 'Gene and asked him which one got licked. "They both got licked," he said, "and the skins are mine."

"How is that?" they asked.

"Did you not all bet on one or the other of the dogs?" he asked.

They all said "Yes."

"I bet on them both, and both got licked, and did they not get licked good?"

"Yes."

"Am I not entitled to the skins, if I bet that way, and the dogs both got licked?"

Again the reply was "Yes," and therefore it was agreed that 'Gene was entitled to the skins, if they got any.

They wrapped the two dogs up in skins and put them on the sleighs where they would be warm, as they were completely exhausted and the Indians would not like to lose two good dogs.

'Gene said, "You never can whip the fight out of dogs of that kind—the malamute and the huskie. They have too much of the wolf in them. If those two dogs ever met, with no one to stop them, one of them would kill the other and the other would have to be killed. But if you muzzle them and let them fight it out, you will never have any trouble with them again."

'Gene went on to observe that an encounter of this kind had a queer effect on them, that they never cared to fight after they had had a battle with the muzzle on. "So you save your dogs and yourself a lot of trouble," said 'Gene.

We had to haul the dogs for two days. They were so sore and stiff they lay together like two lambs on the sleigh. They had had enough. I think the disappointment they got in that battle nearly killed them. They looked to me as if life weren't worth living.

The next day we left the lake and headed for the northwest, following up a stream that ran over and through an old abandoned beaver meadow. This meadow once was covered with a dense forest of cedar and different kinds of hardwoods, now so badly decayed that the cedar was the only species you could tell, the other woods having decayed so much faster. The cedar lasts longer than any of the hardwoods or pines in the ground.

CHAPTER XIII

Home Life of the Beaver

A FEW miles farther on we came to an old dam, built probably several hundred years ago, as there was nothing but a ridge a mile or so long remaining across the meadow. This ridge was made by the decayed logs and dirt of the dam. 'Gene and Ahmoor said this dam was from four to six feet high, they guessed, by the size of the ridge. There were five dams on the meadow, several miles apart.

I asked the Indians why the beavers had left these dams and ponds that they had made for themselves, and they said the beavers might have been disturbed by the Indians going up and down, as their trails ran along and around the lake, and if they were disturbed the beavers would leave and go farther up to where they would not be disturbed. Another reason was if the beavers' food gets scarce and they have to haul their logs too far to their village, they send out cruisers, the same as men in the lumber camps always do. They never go alone—two or four usually go together, no matter how small the stream is. If it is a running stream they will explore it for miles. They will seldom build a dam on sluggish or dead water, as it may not fill up and make a pond or lake for them on which they can float their winter's wood down to their village. If they build a dam on a sluggish or slow stream, it is usually a poorly constructed thing, never the same as they built in the strong running water. If they build in the sluggish water there must be a good supply of the timber near at hand that produces the bark on which they subsist.

When they find a place that warrants the building of a dam, the first thing they do is to look out for their safety, as they have a great many enemies besides man. Nature and experience have taught them that self-protection is a good thing to have in mind; so they find a deep hole in the stream, where they go down to the bottom and start to tunnel up under the bank. When they get above the water, where it is dry, they excavate a chamber for themselves to sleep and rest in, where they are hid and secure from most of their enemies. So they go in and out under the water through their tunnel, leaving no scent or tracks behind them.

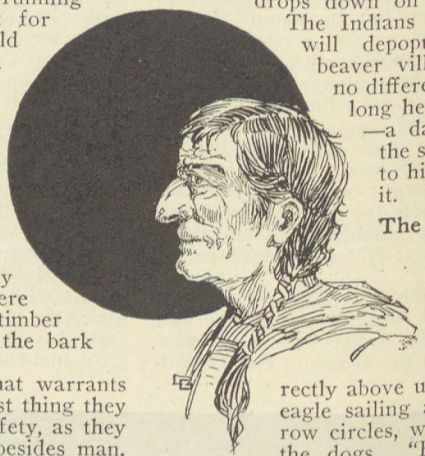
But with all their cunning they cannot conceal their hiding-place from the Indian or from the trapper, who, in this case, like the eagle, depends upon his eye for his prey, and walks along the bank carefully looking for a deep hole constituting the entrance to a tunnel. He knows by the bottom if they are using the tunnel to go in and out of the chambers. But to make sure, he goes into the woods where they have felled a tree, being able to tell by the chips which fell when the tree was cut down. He sets his trap in the mouth of the tunnel with a pole. Then he fans the dirt over it with his pole till it is completely hid, and as the beaver has to go in and out over the trap, he is not likely to escape being caught.

The Indians say when beavers cut a tree down and it lodges in another tree they never cut the tree that caught the lodged tree, for when it would fall the lodged tree would fall with it and kill them. So they start on the tree that was lodged, reaching up as high as they can, and cutting it off in chunks. It keeps sliding down, and when it finally falls they never get hurt.

The beaver is a mathematician; he is a calculator. When he cuts down a tree that is thick and heavy near the butt, he cuts his chunks off short, but as he approaches the top, where it is getting thin, he lengthens his cut according to the thickness of the tree. So the beavers can handle their building material and haul it to the water and float it to their village. If the beaver is hunted he abandons his dams and seeks refuge elsewhere.

The Indians say that when beavers live on a river they seldom cut logs down the stream, but mostly go up-stream for that purpose, so that their logs are floated with ease to the point where they want them, and as they are out of the current when they reach their destination, not many are lost.

The beavers have enemies in the carcajous and the wolves. The wolves wait and listen until the beaver cuts down a tree. When they hear it fall they run over to it and catch the beaver. The beaver's legs are short, and he can make but poor headway on the land, so he falls an easy prey to the wolf. The carcajou, sitting in a tree, waits for a beaver to pass, and when the beaver is under him he drops down on it and kills it. The Indians say a carcajou will depopulate a whole beaver village. It makes no difference to him how long he sits in the tree—a day or a week—the sweeter the meat to him when he gets it.



The Eagle and the Snowshoe

HONKE-POTI looked up and pointed. In the air, directly above us, there was an eagle sailing around in narrow circles, with his eyes on the dogs. "He be hungry, much. If one dog be alone, he strike down on him quick. Sometimes he kill fox and young wolf. He strike him hard; one hand catch him close to head on neck, other over shoulder; he hold him fast. Wolf pup cannot bite him. He pick hole in side of neck, and pup's life soon run away. It be fun when he try to catch squirrel. Eagle sit on limb and watch squirrel till he run on open ground. Eagle he go after him; squirrel run for tree; if he make tree, he will run around and around tree and up amongst branches. He be safe from eagle; he soon find hole and go in. Squirrel he be like wild pigeon. When hawk chase him, pigeon fly for thick woods and hawk never catch him. He soon be gone from hawk; but squirrel-hawk, he catch squirrel easy. When squirrel hide under limb, hawk light on limb and catch him by the hind legs, and fly up and let him drop, and squirrel hit the ground. He be foolish and hawk kill him easy." Thus 'Gene Lafont told me how the eagle and the squirrel-hawk caught and killed their prey.

The eagle still was following the dogs, coming closer and closer when up jumped a snowshoe in front of the dogs, and then off they went—dogs, sleigh and all our

(Continued on page 74)

This photograph shows the Boy Scouts actively engaged in a fine piece of reforestation.

Our Children and Our Trees

An unexcelled opportunity for both

By Everdell G. Smith

FEW Izaak Walton Chapters realize the vast opportunity they have to encourage reforestation through offering prizes to young people's clubs in the country areas. Last year over 600,000 country children were enrolled in the National 4-H Clubs with branches in every state in the Union.

Over 3,000 paid and trained agents in most of the agricultural counties in each state working in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture and their State Agricultural Colleges have charge of these boys' and girls' clubs. While the Farm and Home Bureaus work with men and women 4-H Club work gives similar instruction and help to boys and girls 10 to 20 years of age.

While many club members prefer a garden, calf, pig, potato or a homemaking project, it is nevertheless true that many 4-H Club members among this half million and more are or could be interested in joining the Forestry project and reforesting an acre or more each year of waste land on their home farms.

Most states have a Forestry Department at their State College of Agriculture and would be glad to cooperate with any Izaak Walton Chapter interested in Reforestation.

New York State

Let us take New York State as an example because the writer is most familiar with 4-H Club activities here. Although an average of over 15,000 4-H Club members have enrolled for the past ten years little had been done along reforestation lines with juniors until two years ago. In the spring of 1926 the Forestry Department at Cornell University, State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., realized the reforestation possibilities among these 4-H Clubs and encouraged tree planting. This resulted in 102 members planting 92,000 seedling evergreens on the waste lands of their home farms.

In 1927 the State Conservation Commission gave further impetus to this movement by offering each Forestry Club member 1,000 free seedlings to start his plantation. This resulted in 500 boys and 48 girls planting a total of 548,000 trees, in twenty counties in 1927, compared with 92,000 in ten counties in 1926.

Utica, N. Y. Chapter Offers Prizes

So far as known Utica Chapter No. 3 is the only I. W. L. A. Chapter among the 78 in New York State fostering this 4-H Club Forestry program.

In the spring of 1926 Utica Chapter realizing the need of reforestation encouraged 4-H Club members to plant trees and offered $35 in prizes for those who had the best plantation and record of their project. Twenty members planted 20,000 trees.

The writer in charge of 4-H Clubs in Oneida County visited each plantation during his summer inspection visits to all club members' projects. The seedlings did all that could be expected. In the fall an Achievement Day was arranged in Utica. A number of club members and their parents and Waltonians had luncheon together, a good forestry talk, announcement of prize winners and a movie party followed.

1927 Program

In 1927 Utica Chapter No. 3 offered $32 in prizes to those in the southern half of the county having the best plantation and in the northern section of the county the Utica Fish and Game Ass'n offered another $32 in prizes. The State Conservation Commission encouraged the youngsters by offering 1,000 free trees the first year to start their plantation.

This resulted in 58 boys and girls planting 61,000 seedling evergreens throughout the county. During his summer visits the writer visited each plantation and counted the dead trees in a hundred places where seedlings had been planted. The results showed that an average of over 80% of the seedlings had started nicely. He also checked up on several 1926 plantings. One boy was very proud to have 75% of his 1926 trees growing and 99% of his 1927 planting. He also plans to add to his plantation in 1928. In two other cases 98% of the trees were living and over 80% of the 61,000 planted survived a dry summer.

In the fall of 1927 the second Forestry Achievement Day was held at the Elks' Club with 4-H Club members as well as members of both supporting organizations. The day's program consisted of a trip through the local newspaper plant, picture, luncheon, talk by a forester from Cornell and a theater party.

In addition to this work with the juniors the Chapter Forestry Committee planted 5,000 seedlings in one of Utica's parks. This work is partly responsible for arousing interest among chapter members, and the formation of a reforesting association which has bought 150 acres of land to start planting this spring.

The local newspapers have aided in the State Wide Campaign to instill into the public mind that trees have to be planted the same as any other crop. They add to the beauty of the land and make idle acres profitable instead of eating up taxes.

Goal for 1928

The State Forestry Department at Cornell has set 1,000 4-H Club members planting 100,000,000 trees as a goal for 1928. Utica Chapter has offered another set of prizes. Will your chapter do the same?

Boy Scouts, Roosevelt Troop and Members of Utica Chapter No. 3, Izaak Walton League at Roscoe Conkling Park, Utica, New York, reforesting a five acre plot.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has consented to broadcast a special Forest Week Message over Station WRC Washington and affiliated stations on the National Broadcasting Company hookup, on April 23 between 8 and 8:30 o'clock.

Some 250 radio addresses from stations in all parts of the country have been planned by the committee in charge.

The Fountain of Youth

How the Waltonians in Dixieland are perpetuating what a famous Spaniard sought in vain

By Seth E. Gordon

ALMOST a century before the English established Jamestown and the Pilgrim fathers landed on the rock-bound coast of New England, an intrepid Spanish soldier of fortune and his small band of daring companions left a land of sunshine and flowers to seek, in what is now the southeastern part of the United States, the Fountain of Youth of ancient legendary fame.

Ponce de Leon, believing he had failed in his search, died a broken-hearted old man. Instead of one unusual fountain or spring, which he was confident could be located easily because it would naturally be very distinctive, there were literally hundreds of gushing fountains surrounded by a vast unbroken wilderness of forests and swamps; the former carpeted with pine needles and entwined with sweet-scented flowers; the latter impassable barriers to all except those intimately acquainted with them. Crystal clear lakes and numerous sparkling, crystalline rivers were everywhere, also some bearing the unmistakable discolorations which always mark their origin, but at least undefiled by the wastes of "civilized" man, all of them pouring their pristine waters into the opaque ocean and gulf that lapped the sandy shores of this new paradise. Who wouldn't have been confused and mystified by it all?

Paradise did we call it? Why not? The forests and the shores were swarming with myriads of brightly plumaged songsters and their larger kin; there were quail, wild turkeys, ducks, deer and other game everywhere; the lakes and streams actually were alive with choice fish life of all kinds; and the waters along the shore contained an easily available food supply of large variety. To top it all off, didn't the glorious sunshine flood the entire region with joy and health-giving rays throughout the year? Peace and plenty everywhere! What more could man wish?

Ponce de Leon was sure his search was a failure. Like the man in Doctor Conwell's "Acres of Diamonds," he had what he sought all about him but didn't recognize it. But after all, that is a typically human trait; the foot of the rainbow is always just beyond and Ponce de Leon was not unlike the rest of us humans. The whole of Dixieland, especially the region laboriously traversed by Ponce de Leon, is an eternal fountain of youth, as the millions who since the famous Spaniard's demise have quenched their thirst at its brim will testify. Any region blessed with an excellent climate, unexcelled recreational opportunities—especially good fishing, hunting, boating and bathing—and a chance to make an honest living with reasonable effort will ever be a fountain of youth to mankind.

Of all the qualities that make our southland so attractive to residents as well as to winter visitors who spend many millions annually during their sojourn, there is but one which man cannot destroy—the wonderful southern sunshine and pure exhilarating air. Its forests, its waters, its game, its fish and even its agriculture and mineral wealth are all within man's power to destroy or seriously impair. Fortunately the people of the old South are at last taking time by the forelock and putting on the brakes before these resources are further destroyed or impaired. They are profiting by the bitter experiences of their northern brothers, and a number of southern states have made great strides during the past few years. Much still remains to be done.

The crying need in the South is the education of the public on conservation needs. The people have been very apathetic, and their unusual heritage of wild life and forests has been slipping away from them very rapidly.

The curse of all the southern states is the damnable practice of annually burning off the forests and untilled lands in the hope of supplying more grass for a lot of free range cattle and hogs of doubtful value. Thousands upon thousands of dollars in growing timber and millions of ground nesting birds totally wasted!

Other outstanding southern needs are numerous state game refuges, protected fish breeding waters, fish hatcheries and nursery ponds, predatory bird and animal control, especially the stray cur dog during the breeding season, and far better law observance.

The mild winter climate will continue to attract visitors in enormous numbers, but the bigger attractions to at least 75% of the army of visitors to Dixie are the splendid hunting and fishing. Down there a lot of good husky black bass and other game fish in their natural haunts are worth far more than their weight in gold on the market stall. This also is true of the bobwhite, the wild turkey, and all the game birds. Living in a land of plenty, southern people have not taken game and fish laws seriously, but sentiment is improving rapidly.

Climate and good roads alone won't attract or hold the visitors and the coveted golden stream they leave in their wake, but an excellent climate, green forests, pure streams and attractive lakes filled with fish and game will. There must be something really worthwhile and interesting along the way, and especially at the end of the journey, to hold the interest of the American traveler of today.

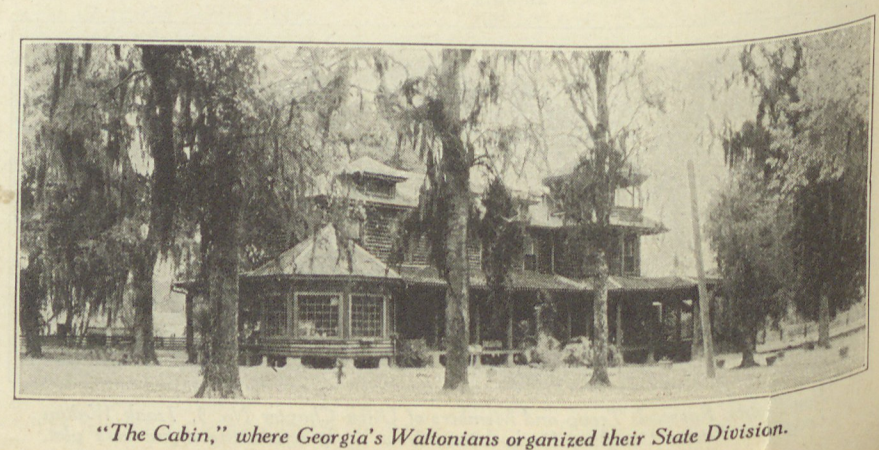
There is no better evidence of a real awakening along conservation lines in Dixie than several recent conventions of the Izaak Walton League. The demands for help from southern states to get League chapters and divisions organized have been far beyond the facilities of the national organization, and in many cases public-spirited men who want to help save "Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth" have taken the initiative and have organized Walton chapters. That is the real Walton spirit—don't wait for someone to come in and do a task that you can do equally as well or better yourself.

I am going to tell you about two recent southern state Walton League conventions—Georgia and Florida, both with unexcelled opportunities for the outdoor enthusiast. It was my privilege to participate in both conventions, held in small cities—places where the real hospitality of the old South still reigns supreme and unspoiled; where the residents took the Waltonians into their homes and made them feel perfectly at home. Those Georgia and Florida "crackers" have the job of living and being happy right down to a science. They know how to enjoy life, and when it comes to making others happy and pleased with the world in general they are past masters.

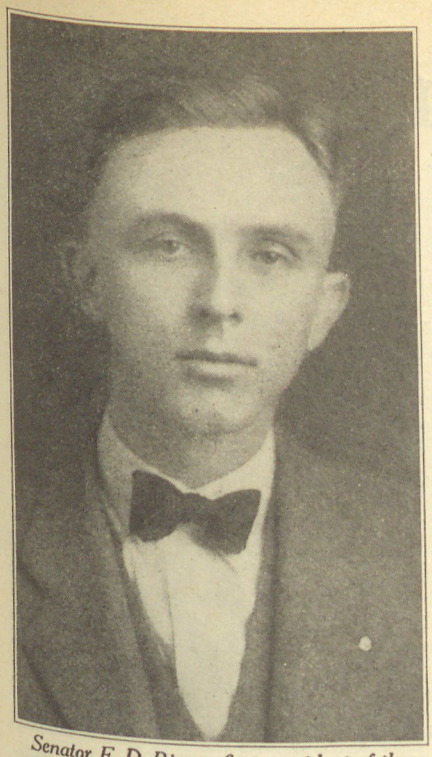
Georgia's First Convention

THE first Georgia state convention of the Walton League was held at Lakeland (formerly Milltown) on March 10th. Lakeland is one of the biggest little cities in the state with a 12,000-acre lake right at its door. Senator E. D. Rivers, who is the Mayor, the Lakeland Chapter, and the residents of Lakeland were the hosts; and "The Cabin," where the meetings were held and the visitors were fed to overflowing, was an ideal spot for such a gathering of Georgia's outstanding citizens and guests. Waltonians from all parts of the state, President Knotts of the Florida Division, state and government officials and national League officers actively participated and helped get the new division off to a running start.

Among the speakers were W. E. Pendleton of Macon, who stressed the need for a state Walton League Division, saying the League is the medium through which to accomplish the desires of the sportsmen; Frank Sloat of Savannah, who told the Waltonians what their chapter at Savannah is doing and urged that every chapter be a working group and not merely a social unit; A. F. Knotts of Yankeetown, Florida, who brought to the convention the benefit of his splendid ex-



"The Cabin," where Georgia's Waltonians organized their State Division.



Senator E. D. Rivers, first president of the newly organized Georgia Division of the Izaak Walton League.

perience and advice, and urged the Georgia Waltonians to see to it that all candidates for public office are thoroughly in accord with the Walton program.

Hon. Peter Twitty, Game and Fish Commissioner, reviewed the splendid accomplishments under his administration, and enthusiastically welcomed the Walton League to Georgia. He stated in his opinion that education and refuges are the imperative game and fish needs, and not more legislation; that in four years the hunting licenses increased from 18,000 to about 75,000 per annum, with revenue increasing from $30,000 to $150,000 yearly. Mr. Twitty also spoke enthusiastically about the new Federal fish hatchery at Valdosta, which when completed will be one of the largest in America.

Hon. Alex. K. Sessoms, member of the State Forestry Board and one of Georgia's most outstanding citizens, said he is much pleased to work with the Walton League on its broad program, and that the main problem in Georgia is forest and grass fire prevention. He said, "In southern Georgia slash pine will add from five to ten dollars annually in timber value and at the same time produce enough revenue from naval stores to pay a return on the investment if fires are kept out."

Senator Joseph Gaston, another ardent forest advocate, urged the Waltonians to protect the forests to save the game and fish; Hon. M. O. Dunning, of Savannah, stated this was one of the most productive meetings ever held in Georgia, that the game and fish law enforcement officers have an arduous task deserving the united support of the public; and Senator Roy Harris, of Lewisville, in his address said, "It is time the people of Georgia begin to conserve, and furthering the Walton League is the greatest hope for our state."

The constitution and by-laws adopted provide for regional and district control to distribute responsibility and secure statewide teamwork. Division dues were fixed at $1.00 per member so the Division will have funds with which to work, the president to select a full-time executive secretary.

Officers elected were Hon. E. D. Rivers, Lakeland, President; Dr. W. S. Elkins, Decatur; O. B. Sparks, Macon; and H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville, Vice Presidents; J. M. McFerrin, Macon, Treasurer. Regional vice-presidents elected were B. H. Stone, Blairsville; B. B. Zellars, Hartwell; D. B. Bullard, Palmetto; Roy W. Harris, Lewisville; Jack Williams, Waycross; Guy O. Stone, Glenwood; Henry McIntosh, Albany, and Paul Lilly, Valdosta. District Chairmen elected were Ralph Prosser, LaFayette; Boyd Sloan, Gainesville; H. L. Willinghorn, Marietta; Charley Rogers, Clayton; J. C. Williams, Greensboro; W. F. Jarrell, La Grange; J. D. Jones, Jackson; John C. Lewis, Sparta; W. A. Winborn, Savannah; J. H. Gross, Sopertown; John W. Willis, Columbus; Lovelace Eve, Americus; Dr. E. B. Baughn, Colquitt; L. L. Woodward, Vienna; J. C. Breiner, Douglas, and W. G. Thomas, Jesup.

The Georgia state program for the coming year includes education of the public, especially the schools, in Georgia's conservation needs; stopping forest and grass fires; elimination of stream pollution; better protection for Georgia's game and fish. This new division has gotten off to a wonderful start. More power to them!

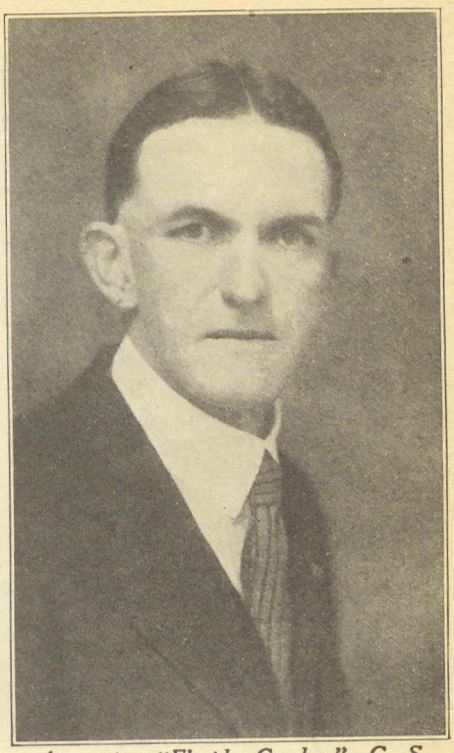
Even though it was a very wet night, the citizens of Lakeland and the delegates joined in a most enjoyable social evening. The visitors will always have a warm spot in their hearts for the big little city of Lakeland, and for the first president of the Georgia Division, Senator Rivers.

Florida's Third Convention

PRESIDENT A. F. KNOTTS of the Florida Division kidnapped Major Holderby, a national field representative who had a large part in completing the Georgia convention arrangements, and the writer, then headed for Yankeetown (a short distance west from Dunnellon) where the first of Florida's seventy-one chapters was organized. Yankeetown, as the name indicates, was started by an Indiana Yankee, who laid out the City of Gary, Mr. Knotts. He has long since become a confirmed "Florida cracker," as everybody does within six weeks after landing on the soil. It is a picturesque little resort city, less than eighteen months old, near the mouth of the beautiful Withlacoochee River, but that is nothing unusual in Florida where new cities spring up over night. Yankeetown furnished a most unique setting for a Walton League convention.

The Florida convention started on March 12th. It was the third and by far the most successful convention of the Florida Division, which among other things has to its credit the law creating the statewide game and fresh water fish department, a good anti-pollution law, better game and fish laws, and a general awakening of the people concerning the need for saving Florida's wonderful outdoor assets, and especially the fish and game.

There were more nationally prominent conservation leaders in attendance at this convention than at any similar gathering ever held in Florida. Among them, in addition to the National League representatives already named, were Hon. Henry O'Malley, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington; Mr. Glen C. Leach, Chief of the Division of Fish Culture, Washington; Hon. T. R. Hodges, State Shell Fish and Salt Water Fish Commissioner; Hon. J. B. Royall,



A genuine "Florida Cracker." C. S. Graham of Jacksonville, Florida. The newly elected president of the Florida Division.

State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commissioner; Fred J. Foster, Chief, State Division of Fish and Fisheries; and Paul Burress, formerly Field Editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

The first day was devoted to boat races, casting and shooting contests with an evening session at which Captain Hodges was the speaker. He explained the work of his department in an interesting and entertaining manner. To offset the black bass being taken by commercial fishermen in certain waters, Captain Hodges said they are paying the cost of producing enormous numbers of bass for the anglers. The purpose is obvious. It is a shame that Florida allows the sale of a single black bass. They are far too valuable, and Florida will have a real job to furnish enough of these wonderful game fish to supply the demands of the anglers. Captain Hodges showed about eight interesting and very educational reels of motion pictures covering the work of his own and Commissioner Royall's departments.

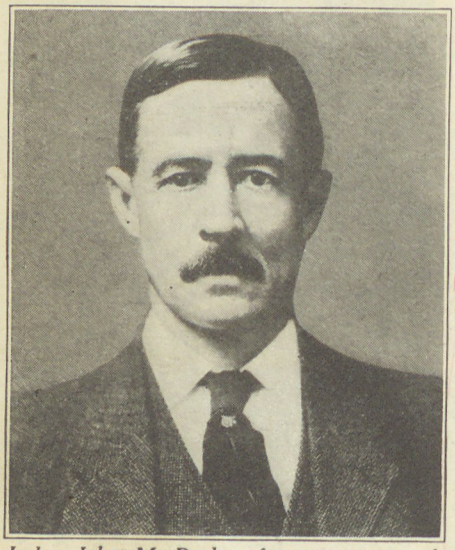
The next day was given over entirely to the business of the convention. President Knotts called attention to the fact that the Division grew in three years to seventy-one chapters and will be entitled to forty-one delegate votes at the national convention at Omaha. He stated that up to this time the division machinery devolved largely upon one or two men, and that a more comprehensive business machinery should be established in order that other leading Waltonians may share the burdens and better promote the work. He urged the Waltonians to send to the Legislature only men who are thorough conservationists regardless of their politics.

The advantages of regional control for the division were explained by Major Holderby, who presented a map showing the sixty-six counties divided into seven regions. After brief explanation, a resolution so subdividing the state, with a director in charge of each, was passed.

Secretary W. S. Graham, of Jackson-

(Continued on page 42)

The Convention Is On



Judge John M. Parker, former governor of Louisiana, candidate for the Vice Presidency with Roosevelt in 1916, appointed by President Harding as a member of the advisory committee of the American delegation to the Armament Conference, and prominent in flood control today, will be a speaker at the Annual Banquet of the League at Omaha, April 21.

THE Sixth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America and Sportsmen's Show is on! Those Waltonians who have not made their plans to attend, or who do not act right now, are going to miss something. And they are going to miss plenty. The way things have shaped up, this convention is going to be the best ever.

Here's what's going to happen from 10 A. M. on April 18 to midnight or after on April 21.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, April 18, the streets of Omaha are going to reverberate to the stentorian notes of a 34-piece brass band, furnished by the Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Ahead of the band will be Chief Dowagiac in full regalia, casting a fly hither and yon at the crowd. In private life the chief is none other than W. L. Coller, one of America's leading trick casters.

That will be the head of the good old-fashioned parade which will open the Sportsmen's Show. It will wind up at the entrance to the Auditorium at 10 A. M. when the doors will open, with all exhibits in place.

That night there will be great goings-on at the Show. Bob Limbert, famous Western pistol shot, will shoot a match with Fred Palmtag of the Omaha police force, and this will be worth going far to see. Bob Limbert is recognized as the world's champion fancy shot, and the stunts he's going to put on for the visitors to the show are nothing small. Not only will he shoot the match with Palmtag on the first evening, but he will appear every evening for an exhibition.

He will do stunts with the six-shooter that should give the Waltonians something to talk about for weeks afterward. Such things as shooting through the holes of iron washers that are tossed into the air, putting a dozen or so holes in things tossed up for him, throwing a glass ball, whipping out his gun and breaking first the ball and then the larger fragments!

Chief Dowagiac will also be on hand two or three times a day to show what really can be done with a fly rod.

CONVENTION SPEAKERS

And What They Will Talk About

Note: This list is not complete. At the time of going to press there were several who had not definitely accepted the invitation to speak. The following is a list of those who have accepted, and who have selected their subjects.

Arthur Hawkes, Toronto, Canada —"An International Playground."

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward—"Status of the Pollution Campaign."

Dr. A. M. Buswell, Chief, Division of Water Survey and Member of Faculty of University of Illinois —"The A B C of Stream Study and Sewage Treatment."

Judge Dickinson—"What the League Has Done on Flood Control."

E. A. Sherman, Associate Forester, U. S. Forest Service—"The Forest Situation and Flood Control."

Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Biological Survey—"Wild Life Research and Our Waterfowl Situation."

Henry O'Malley, Commissioner of Fisheries—"Fish, Fishing and Fishermen."

Louis Radcliffe, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries—"Husbanding our Fish Supply."

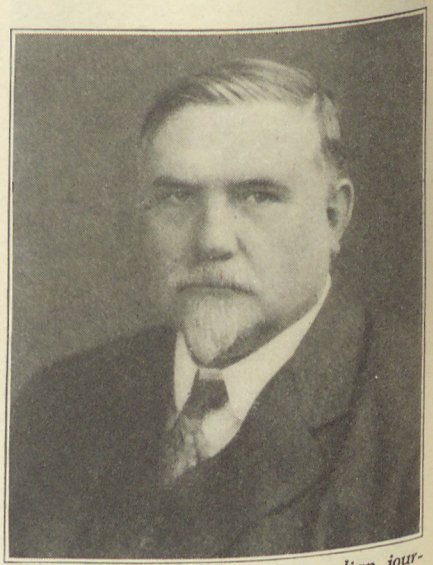
Aldo Leopold, Associate Director, Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wisconsin—"Wild Life Management in Relation to Forests."

I. Zellerbach, Chairman, California Game and Fish Commission—"Our Pacific Coast Problems."

Oscar Johnson, Director of Game and Fish, South Dakota—"South Dakota's Problem with the Ring-neck Pheasant."

David H. Madsen, Game and Fish Commissioner, Utah—"What Utah has done on Bear River Bay."

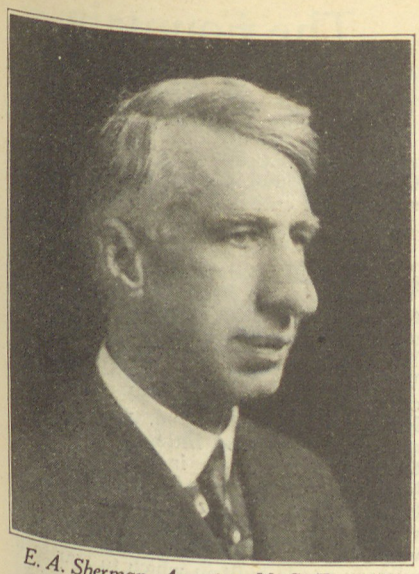
Ernest C. Oberholtzer—"Quetico-Superior Council and Their Plans for the Future."



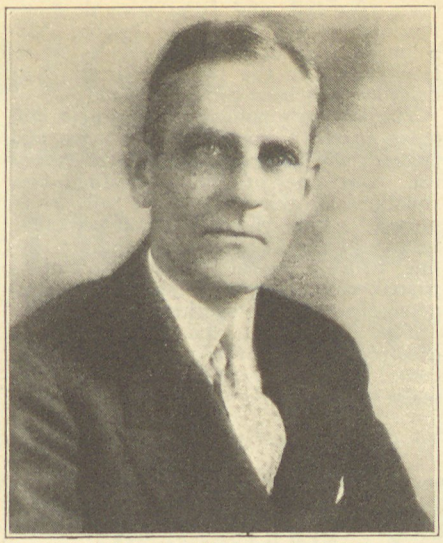
Arthur Hawkes, prominent Canadian journalist, advocate of the Superior-Quetico wilderness playground project, will speak at the Annual Banquet. Mr. Hawkes first advocated the international playground project a number of years ago. He has been an earnest worker in its behalf ever since. His stirring articles have enlisted strong Canadian support.

EXHIBITORS AT 1928 SPORTSMEN'S SHOW AT OMAHA

The Acme Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.
Air-Fed Mfg. & Stamping Co., Quincy, Ill.
All-Steel Equip Co., Aurora, Ill.
Alward-Anderson-Southard Co., Chicago, Ill.
The American Fork & Hoe Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
American Gas Machine Co., Albert Lea, Minn.
Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Ashaway, R. I.
Auto-Kamp Trailer Co., Saginaw, Mich.
Boyd-Martin Boat Co., Delphi, Ind.
Burlington Basket Co., Burlington, Iowa.
Chappel Bros., Inc., Rockford, Ill.
Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Co., Chicago, Ill.
Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., Wichita, Kansas.
Converse Rubber Shoe Co., Malden, Mass.
Creek Chub Bait Co., Garrett, Ind.
Delco-Light Co., Dayton, Ohio.
Elto Outboard Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio.
Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Mich.
Evinrude Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Gephart Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
E. P. Gilkison & Sons Co., Terre Haute, Ind.
H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., New York City, N. Y.
Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co., Racine, Wisc.
James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.
Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
Hobart Metal Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Hodgman Rubber Co., Framingham, Mass.
The Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn.
Hugo Mfg. Co., Duluth, Minn.
Hunter Arms Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.
Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.
Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y.



E. A. Sherman, Associate U. S. Forester.



Paul G. Redington, U. S. Biological Survey.

Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries.

THESE three government experts will speak on their respective duties at the Omaha Convention. Mr. O'Malley will speak on "Fish, Fishing and Fishermen"; Mr. Redington will discuss the work of the Biological Survey, especially stressing the waterfowl situation. Mr. Sherman will tell about the forest situation in relation to flood control.

These events will be put on the stage of the Auditorium, and there will be shooting and casting events open to all comers, for which many prizes will be given.

On the evening of the 18th, also, will be held the annual President's Dinner, and a meeting of the Constitutional Revision Commission.

On Thursday, the 19th, the Convention will officially open at the Fontenelle hotel. Following the registration of delegates, the convention will be organized and then will come the reports of National officers. The afternoon will begin the short reports of the presidents of the Divisions.

The big event at the Sportsmen's Show Thursday evening will be the rifle shooting contest under the auspices of the American Legion Rifle Club of Omaha. The shoot will be open to anybody, there will be no entry fees, and many beautiful prizes will be awarded by the exhibitors at the Show.

Friday morning the State Divisions presidents will complete their reports to the Convention, and then will come the pollution, flood control, and forestry programs. There will also be discussions on wild life management, the Superior-Quetico International Playground, waterfowl and wild life, etc. In these discussions will appear the leaders in American conservation affairs—Henry O'Malley, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries; E. A. Sherman, Associate Chief Forester; Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Biological Survey, and the many others listed elsewhere in the box in this article.

On Friday evening will be the casting contests at the Sportsmen's Show, led by Chief Dowagiac Coller. There will be many prizes donated by the exhibitors, and the events will be open to the public.

Saturday, of course, will be the big day. The Convention will take up the matter of recreational facilities for the East, and the Pacific Coast problems. There will be a report on the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life Refuge, and discussions on the rearing of game birds, game refuge systems, and so on. Then the reports of the resolutions committee, and finally the election of officers.

In the evening will come the annual banquet at the hotel, and a special program at the Show, which will culminate in the awarding of the $2,100 Hupmobile Century Eight sedan to the winner of the slogan contest. Every pass to the Show, will have a coupon attached on which to write your slogan.

Judge John M. Parker, former governor of Louisiana and a leader in contemporary flood control work, and Arthur Hawkes, prominent Canadian journalist, will speak at the Annual Banquet the closing night of the Convention. Judge Parker was candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Progressive party ticket with Roosevelt in 1916, a member of the Harding Disarmament

At the Sportsmen's Show

HERE are the high-lights of the Show—only a part, of course, of what will be going on. Don't miss the Show!

DISPLAYS of 70 leading outdoor equipment manufacturers, each with the very latest in his line.

RIFLE shooting contests, open to the public at no entry fee, under the auspices of the American Legion Rifle Club, Omaha, and with the assistance of the A. N. R. A. For valuable prizes.

BAIT and fly casting contests, open to the public, for prizes.

TRICK pistol shooting and other features by Bob Limbert, Idaho, World's greatest pistol shot, every afternoon and evening. Mr. Limbert will give free instruction to those interested.

"CHIEF DOWAGIAC" COLLER, one of America's foremost bait casters, will give afternoon and evening demonstrations.

THE Chicago & Northwestern Railway's famous 35-piece band will give daily concerts.

SPECIAL exhibits by the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey and the U. S. Forest Service.

A HUPMOBILE Century Eight Sedan, value $2,100, will be awarded to the visitor to the show who writes the best slogan about the League. The car will be on exhibit at the Show.

EXHIBITORS AT 1928 SPORTSMEN'S SHOW AT OMAHA

W. J. Jamison Co., Chicago, Ill.
Johnson Motor Co., Waukegan, Ill.
Kennedy Mfg. Co., Van Wert, Ohio.
Kewaskum Aluminum Co., Kewaskum, Wisc.
Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.
Lockwood Motor Co., Jackson, Mich.
Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., Gladstone, Mich.
McGrew Machine Co., Lincoln, Nebr.
A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co., Elyria, Ohio.
O. Mustad & Son, Oslo, Norway.
National Carbon Co., New York City, N. Y.
Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Rail Mine Industrial Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Remington Arms Co., Inc., New York City, N. Y.
Rustic Hickory Furniture Co., LaPorte, Ind.
Savage Arms Corp., Utica, N. Y.
Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Shakespeare Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.
South Bend Bait Co., South Bend, Ind.
J. Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., Lake Elmo, Minn.
United States Cartridge Co., New York City, N. Y.
United States Government Biological Survey.
United States Government Bureau of Fisheries.
United States Government Forest Service.
United States Rubber Co., New York City, N. Y.
Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wisc.
Western Cartridge Co., East Alton, Ill.
Wilson Western Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, Ill.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Conference Advisory Committee, and now prominent in flood control work. On this latter subject he will address the Convention.

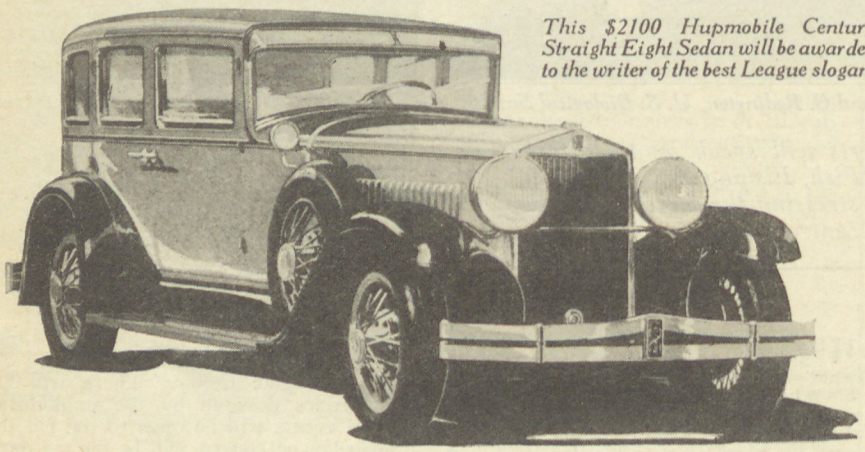
Arthur Hawkes has taken a leading part in the Superior-Quetico international playground project. He wrote a stirring article in behalf of the project when it was first announced. His efforts in this matter date back a number of years, and he is given credit for being the first to suggest and plan this movement.

The Omaha chapter, hosts to the Waltonians of America for the Convention, are doing everything possible to insure a successful gathering from the standpoint of accommodations, and all local arrangements.

National Headquarters is striving to make everything as easy as possible for the visitors. Special railroad rates have been arranged, and from several points special cars will be run to Omaha. Machinery for reserving rooms for visitors, machinery for the rapid registering of delegates has been provided for.

The League's publicity department will move to the Convention, and news and pictures will be broadcast all over America. But one of the most important functions of this department will be to provide every visitor with a complete history of the Convention, including outlines of all principal speeches, resolutions passed, etc., in mimeographed form, conveniently stitched together.

The Convention and Show will be greater than ever this year. Be sure to come! You'll have to hurry, but you can make it yet!



This $2100 Hupmobile Century Straight Eight Sedan will be awarded to the writer of the best League slogan.

The Chicago & North Western Railway Company's famous band of thirty-five pieces will give afternoon and evening concerts at the Sportsmen's Show.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

ON trains and in automobiles, coming from all parts of America, the outdoor gang is on its way to Omaha. There is still time for you to get there. The Sportsmen's Show opens April 18. The Convention, April 19. Do your best to make it. Get there late, if you have to—but get there!

The Fountain of Youth

(Continued from page 39)

ville, and Treasurer F. F. Thompson, of Orlando, submitted brief concise reports, which were enthusiastically received.

20,000 Bass Wasted?

CAPTAIN HODGES had arranged to bring 20,000 baby black bass, about three weeks old, to Yankeetown from the state hatchery to be exhibited to the Waltonians and then stocked in the Withlacoochee River flowing through the convention city. Poor helpless little fellows! Nineteen thousand, nine hundred ninety-seven choice little morsels about three-quarters of an inch long for the bass, bream, and other fishes in the Withlacoochee, and nothing more. But they were worth it! On all sides the delegates were vowing to hurry up and get Hoover nursery ponds built in which to rear such helpless baby bass to four or more inches long before they are stocked so they will have a fighting chance for their lives.

Resolutions adopted expressed appreciation to the Governor, Commissioner Royall and Captain Hodges; to the national representatives; to President Knotts, the Yankeetown chapter and the Florida press.

A comprehensive program for the coming year was planned, and a new constitution and by-laws, fixing state dues at $1.00 and providing for the election of an honorary president, two vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and seven regional directors, were adopted.

A special committee was appointed, with power to act, to consider the wisdom of conducting a series of bird dog field trials under the auspices of the Florida Division.

Mr. C. S. Graham, of Jacksonville, for the past three years the efficient secretary of the Division, was elected president, and Mr. A. F. Knotts, the retiring president, was elected honorary president.

Other officers elected were Dr. J. C. Christ, West Palm Beach, First Vice-President; T. S. McLaughlin, Winter Haven, Second Vice-President; Fred C. Stuck, West Palm Beach, Secretary; and Dr. F. F. Thompson, Orlando, Treasurer.

Regional Directors elected are Dr. C. W. D'Alemberte, Pensacola; Judge W. T. Moore, Jr., Tallahassee; C. A. Peterson, Jacksonville; George T. Harned, Nichols; W. Ed. Brown, Orlando; Senator M. O. Harrison, Palmetto; and J. M. Powers, Miami.

The grand finale to an altogether successful convention was the evening banquet given by the retiring president to two hundred guests on the spacious veranda of the Izaak Walton Lodge. Hon. Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries; G. C. Leach, Federal Superintendent of Fish Culture; Hon. J. B. Royall, State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commissioner, and Fred Foster were the principal speakers. These officials all expressed their appreciation to the Florida Waltonians, and pledged their utmost future aid and co-operation.

The last day was devoted to shooting, fishing and boat trips. The 4th annual convention of the Florida Waltonians will be held at Orlando in February, 1929.

The Waltonians of Georgia and Florida are faithfully working hand in hand to make a reality of Ponce de Leon's dream and perpetuate the fountain of youth of sunny Dixieland. There is no doubt about the outcome—such teamwork is bound to win!

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Radio Column

THESE radio stations are doing much to help the cause of Waltonism. Tune in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh chapter. April 21, 7:45 P.M. "Fish Life and Our Children," by Dr. Charles Reitell, Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

KFWC Pomona, Cal., schedule undetermined.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 7:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M., Pacific Time. 370.2 meters. Courtesy KHQ.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WCCO Minneapolis and St. Paul. Minnesota Division. Every Thursday 10 P.M. Central Standard Time. Courtesy WCCO, "The Gold Medal Station."

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Every Monday at 7:30 Central Standard Time. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WOW Omaha, Neb. SPECIAL broadcast at 9:30 P. M. April 21, Speakers at Walton League national convention banquet, Omaha. Other broadcasts at unscheduled periods.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis., schedule undetermined.

WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

KWSC Pullman, Wash. Pullman chapter. April 30, 7 P.M. Pacific Time, 2-hour program. 394.5 meters.

130,000 Baby Fish a Year

Stevens Point, Wis., Chapter Exemplifies Highest Form of Conservation Work

By BILL COOK

Stevens Point Chapter

THIS article is written for the purpose of passing on a very interesting experiment of our chapter in the growing and planting of "Baby Trout."

For several years we had tried to restock our streams in the old manner, but without satisfactory results. Our consignment of fish would arrive at the local station usually on a few hours notice and taken from the train and "Dumped" directly into the streams. It was our experience last season to have 160 cans arrive at midnight. Try and imagine if you can just where you are apt to get the necessary help at that hour of the night to take care of that amount of fish. The result was that the shipments were about fifty per cent failures.

After years of trying to "restock" our streams we came to the conclusion that we were on the wrong track and fortunately got in touch with Mr. Canfield of the Federal fisheries, to whom we owe our debt of gratitude.

Government Helped

A committee from our chapter met Mr. Canfield and he informed us that the Federal fisheries did not furnish fish to chapters that did not have "Growing Ponds." This was a fair-sized blow to us as we didn't have such a thing nor any idea as to where we could find one. The idea was new to us and we were bewildered for the time being, but after a few hours of scouting around we finally located what we thought might be a suitable place. As per instructions we wired Mr. Canfield, who came to Stevens Point. He gave us the necessary instructions on how to make an ideal growing pond, which was done with the result that we are now growing our fish to five and six inches before putting them into our streams.

The accompanying photograph will give you an idea as to how our growing pond was built. It might be well to add that we first found a place where there was a good flow of spring water, the pond was dredged out and a little concrete dam built at the outlet. This is practically all

(Continued on page 110)

The Old Way vs. the New

The old method of stocking streams was discarded by the Stevens Point chapter. The new way was adopted. It is a question of raising fish versus dumping fry in streams. Here is how Bill Cook dopes it out—

The Old—

160 cans of fry, during 1927, arrived on midnight trains—had to be dumped at once.

These shipments, entailing great work and bother, were fifty per cent failures.

Not five per cent of the fry (estimated) ever reach seven inches.

Seven years of effort resulted in no appreciable increase of fish.

The New—

Full government aid obtained, with expert on the ground.

On first shipment of 8000 trout, loss in rearing pond only five per cent.

Nearly 8000 six-inch trout liberated from first effort.

100,000 brook trout being raised in indoor tanks for the pond next summer.

New pond will rear 30,000 rainbow trout in 1928.

Within period of two years, all nearby streams heavily stocked with grown trout.

HERE is the Stevens Point trout rearing pond which has taken the guess, bother and inefficiency out of stream stocking in that region and has placed this important activity on a basis of real results. Through courtesy of the chapter, all information, in mimeographed form, may be obtained by writing to the Waltonian Activities department, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

AS special marks of distinction in the great "Do and Grow" program, which it has undertaken, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, are printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM. EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

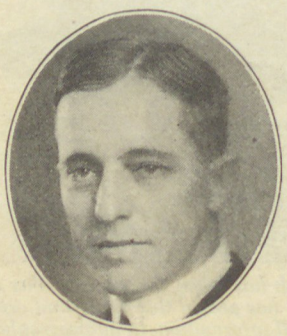
R. E. CROSSETT	Soper, Okla.	C. R. LOWN	Spearfish, S. D.
DR. J. A. JONES	Tonkawa, Okla.	H. P. MACKIE	Maryville, Tenn.
J. K. PARRIS	Tahlequah, Okla.	DR. FRANK LESLIE	Centralia, Wash.
E. G. MADDEN	Millvale, Pa.	LESLIE MAIN	Monroe, Wash.
J. D. MOCK	Northside Pittsburgh, Pa.	ALLAN AUSTIN	Onalaska, Wash.
P. W. WALTZ	Brookings, S. D.	E. V. LYTTAKER	Port Angeles, Wash.
ED. WHITE	Brookings, S. D.	A. H. SKARE	Hixton, Wis.
WM. T. HUXTABLE	Deadwood, S. D.	JOHN ROHM, JR.	Kaukauna, Wis.
GUY S. ABBOTT	Esteline, S. D.	E. F. MEISSNER	Kenosha, Wis.
J. G. BRADFORD	Sioux Falls, S. D.	ROY O. DE LAND	Lusk, Wyo.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

W. A. PFUNDER	**Colton, Calif.**	W. R. NEUDECK	Kansas City, Kans.	**PETER E. PETERSON**	**Mora, Minn.**
GEO. FRIEDENBERGER	**La Junta, Colo.**	**DR. J. W. SPARKS**	**Kansas City, Kans.**	ERICK SJOSTRAND	Waseca, Minn.
MILTON C. SPIESS	**Pueblo, Colo.**	**C. D. KAUPMAN**	**Moundridge, Kans.**	**BEN F. VON SIEN (20)**	**Waseca, Minn.**
C. S. GRAHAM (17)	**Jacksonville, Fla.**	**FRANK MILLER**	**Ottawa, Kans.**	**S. HOUGH**	**White Bear Lake, Minn.**
M. D. DUNCAN	Marianna, Fla.	WILLIS SAMMS	Weir, Kans.	**DAVE ANTHONY**	**Wells, Minn.**
P. G. HAWLEY	Aurora, Ill.	HARRY BALDWIN	Midland, Mich.	**ED. BROWN**	**Wells, Minn.**
LEA M. MUNGER	**De Kalb, Ill.**	**CHAS. BERRIDGE**	**Midland, Mich.**	**ED. THISIUS**	**Wells, Minn.**
HERB C. WAGNER	**De Kalb, Ill.**	**H. C. FAULKNER**	**Marshall, Mich.**	**TED THISIUS**	**Wells, Minn.**
L. E. MARTIN	**Oglesby, Ill.**	H. E. KELLEY	Midland, Mich.	**J. E. SCHOFIELD**	**Warrenton, Mo.**
P. J. BLOOMPOT	Pekin, Ill.	FRED KEILITZ	Midland, Mich.	**H. T. SPOEDE**	**Omaha, Neb.**
EDWARD A. HIESER	Pekin, Ill.	RAYMOND LOOSE	Midland, Mich.	**EARL R. ALBERTI (13)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
WALTER GETZ	**Tremont, Ill.**	**WM. A. NEBELUNG**	**Crookston, Minn.**	**R. V. CARLSON (10)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
WM. E. GETZ	**Tremont, Ill.**	**E. H. BUTLER (16)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**J. A. CHANGSTROM (11)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
CHAS. HOFFMAN	**Tremont, Ill.**	**ED. CHAPMAN, Jr. (24)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**CLARK CHENEY (10)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
LOUIS MOSER	**Tremont, Ill.**	**GEO. P. DOUGLAS (17)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**GUY H. CRAMER (40)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
A. P. SCHAEFER	**Tremont, Ill.**	**S. J. EVARTS (16)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**DR. C. C. CRISS (10)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
J. E. STRAUCH	**Washburn, Ill.**	**H. A. GILLETTE (11)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**J. W. CROWE (34)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
H. L. SANDERS	Culver, Ind.	**F. B. HUBACHEK**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**M. I. DOLPHIN (14)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
ALLAN HOSANG	**Gary, Ind.**	**H. C. KENT (12)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**O. J. FRANKLIN (11)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
CHAS. I. GORHAM	Gary, Ind.	**C. E. LYMAN**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**FRANK J. HASKELL (14)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
O. E. SINK	**Muncie, Ind.**	**EDW. J. LEE (14)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**CHAS. W. KELLER (36)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
CLIFF HALLOWELL	**Dubuque, Iowa**	**S. V. MORRIS**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**W. N. LESHOVSKY (13)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
CHAS. LENT	Manson, Iowa	**H. E. MURDOCK (11)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**H. E. MAHAFFEY (10)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
F. M. GRIZZELL	**Claflin, Kans.**	**W. E. SHEMILD (14)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**DR. JAS. M. PRIME (10)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
W. J. WATSON	**Claflin, Kans.**	**R. E. WYER (11)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**LEE L. QUINBY (14)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
DR. C. W. LYON	**Ellinwood, Kans.**	**A. N. WILCOX (12)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**CHAS. E. REESE (26)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
D. A. DUNN	**Garden City, Kans.**	**P. A. WELLS**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**HARRY E. ROGERS (17)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
G. V. FUNK	**Great Bend, Kans.**	**FRANK M. WARREN (162)**	**Minneapolis, Minn.**	**FRED J. STACK (14)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
F. E. HOTTINGER	Howard, Kans.	J. W. CHECK	Mora, Minn.	**ROY A. SWANSON (32)**	**Omaha, Neb.**
WM. J. SCHEMBER	**Hutchinson, Kans.**	**E. W. KLAPMEIER**	**Mora, Minn.**	**J. B. VERMEHREN (11)**	**Omaha, Neb.**

Numbers following names show how many new members were obtained.



162 Members Since October, His Record

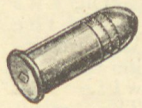
FRANK M. WARREN, Minneapolis, has set a mark for new members turned in since the opening of the present expansion program which is probably a League record for personal membership effort. *Since October, Mr. Warren has signed up 162 new members for the Minneapolis chapter.* He also finds time to take an active part in the fight for the Superior National Forest. Recently elected president of his chapter, Mr. Warren is a source of real strength to his fellow Waltonians in Minneapolis.

Western Breaks Another Tradition!

Western Lubaloy
(LUBRICATING ALLOY)

Coated .22's

keep you and your gun clean



These cartridges are different from any .22's you have ever seen! "Bullets of Gold," you'll say when you see them, for they gleam like a $20.00 gold-piece—and shoot as well as they look.

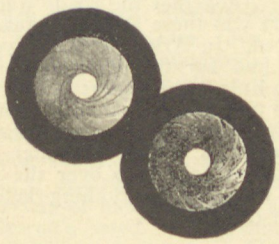
For the first time in the history of rim-fire ammunition, you can handle the cartridges freely or dump them out of the box into your pocket without soiling hands or clothing. WESTERN *Lubaloy* coated .22's when loaded with smokeless powder, are FREE from GREASE! Also available in lubricated Lesmok loads.

Non-corrosive priming, of course. Keeps the rifle bore rustless and bright, accurate—free from pitting and corrosion.

WESTERN *Lubaloy* (lubricating alloy) .22's represent the greatest advance yet made in small-bore ammunition. They are so far ahead of ordinary lead-bullet cartridges that there is no comparison —*yet they cost no more.*

Not only WESTERN .22's, but *all* WESTERN cartridges formerly loaded with ordinary lead bullets, are now plated with WESTERN's exclusive *Lubaloy* metal, a lubricating alloy similar to that used in the famous WESTERN *Lubaloy* big-game cartridges. It prevents metal fouling and improves the accuracy of the barrel.

The new *Lubaloy* coated bullets are the result of months of development work by the same ammunition experts who perfected *Lubaloy* Boat-tail and *Lubaloy* Open-point Expanding bullets, and the popular *Super-X* and *Xpert* shotgun shells.



Upper View—Barrel always clean when WESTERN *Lubaloy* .22's are used.

Lower View—Pitted and corroded barrel caused by use of ordinary .22's.

Buy a box of these new cartridges from the nearest WESTERN dealer. When you have seen them and tried them you will never shoot anything else. We will be glad to send descriptive literature free on request.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
546 Hunter Avenue, East Alton, Ill.
Branch Offices: Hoboken, N. J.; San Francisco, Cal.

Western
World's Champion Ammunition

Sand Dabbing in Arizona

By

CAPTAIN BLACKSTONE FAIRGRIEVE

Drawings by Ed. Lund

TING-A-LING-LING! Knock! Knock! Bam!

"Say, for Heaven's sake! What's the—"

"Oh, it's just the Western Union boy," the wife said. The result of this stampede on the front porch was a telegram from George. George had gone to Arizona some months before and his tales of the weird and unusual made us itchy. What was this most immediate excitement about? Let's see what's on George's mind.

"CLIMATE DELIGHTFUL. DRIVE THROUGH IF POSSIBLE. WONDERFUL TRIP. FISHING IN THE SANTA CRUZ RIVER MOST INTERESTING AND UNUSUAL YOU EVER EXPERIENCED. COME ON OUT BEYOND WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

"GEORGE."

Now, I'm not exactly unsophisticated. I've been around a little. Climate doesn't usually thrill me greatly—I think it's all hot-air—or cold, as the case may be. The driving and wonderful trip meant only 3000 miles of stop and start and honk to your uncle, but when it comes to "MOST INTERESTING AND UNUSUAL FISHING" you have struck to the quick and I'm ready. Let's go!

I wish to record here and now, for the enlightenment of all mankind, that if you plan to make a cross-continent trip, say from Ohio to Arizona, in December, you will receive plenty of startling advice from your friends, who have never driven farther than Pickerington—or at the most never farther than the adjoining county. Those who have never made the trip will tell you of the monsters which lurk just beyond the Mississippi to devour your tires. Others of giant snow drifts in Texas or smothering, blinding sand storms somewhere, that if you got so far, would leave your parched bones for the edification of the turkey vultures and coyotes and other things too numerous to mention. Those who have toured extensively will listen attentively, and then with a longing look in their eye, will tell you how sorry they are not to be able to take the trip you are planning.

December 19th in Central Ohio is not so balmy, if you know what I mean, but that's the date we left the old Buckeye state and headed for the Southwest.

Snow and zero temperature to Cincinnati made us appreciate our car heater. On west to Vandalia, Illinois, and a slight change could be noticed in the temperature. At Vandalia we turned south, followed the Mississippi to Cairo and crossed into Missouri. I think it must have been just such a day when the far famed Eliza crossed, for the river was filled with floating ice. Still down the river to Memphis. At the Tennessee Capital we turned west again and off, hitting on all six, across through Little Rock, Dallas, El Paso, Lordsburg and on to Tucson. The trip required thirteen days and they were interesting ones. 2550 miles with one change of tire. Altogether the roads were good. Nowhere was there any great fear of being mired. In Arkansas we played Paul Revere and for two days drove rapidly through little cotton towns in which I was tempted to yell—"The Dam Is Bust! The Dam Is Bust!" and for miles drove through places where the water covered the road and came up over the running boards to soak our clothing laden suitcases in the carriers.

THE following portion of a letter from the author of this story is an example of the unselfish spirit in which the outdoor loving writers of America contribute to the League's magazine. "I lost my health during my service in the World War, and I am seeking to regain it here in the glorious sunshine of Arizona, and every penny these days counts. The fact that the financial return now means so much to me makes the joy of giving the manuscript to OUTDOOR AMERICA *that much greater, and I hope the splendid work the Izaak Walton League is doing may grow greater as the years pass."*

EDITOR.

Santa Claus found us in Dallas on Christmas. How that old chap could keep track of us at such a busy time, and leave the little Pal, a tiny sewing machine, was too good to be true. But then, the West is young and strange things happen. And all the time we were on our way to fish in the Santa Cruz under circumstances "most interesting and unusual," according to George.

To me the drab of the desert and the never ending monotony of mesquite, cacti and greasewood has a pulling-power which draws me on to continued search in this land of the most abnormal in all plant and animal life. Where is there a plant like the Giant Cactus (Sahuara) that has met nature in the extreme and conquered her, if you please, to the extent of not only a mere existence but also with the production of blossoms whose color and fragrance are a delightful surprise to the unacquainted. So in the middle of winter our trip was carrying us on into this charming land of sunshine.

Then suddenly one morning we climbed a short rise on the road and there was The Old Pueblo—Tucson, Arizona.

We were introduced to the city. Drives here and there and delightful meetings with George's friends. I enjoyed the University and a glimpse of Harold Bell Wright's home but all I could think of was, "Where Do We Fish?"

"I'll show you tonight," George replied.

"Tonight?"

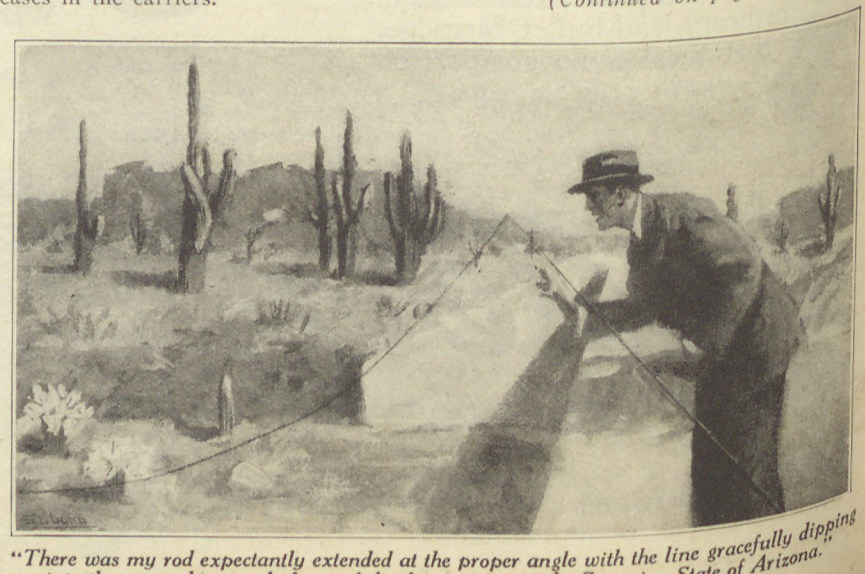
"Oh, yes, we do our fishing in the Santa Cruz at night, the darker the better."

"Is that so?" the wife parried.

Then George proceeded to explain the only real approved method for "Sand Dabbing" in Arizona. "You see," he says, "Sand Dabs are a most peculiar fish. On a moonlight night you wouldn't get a nibble. Tonight is the only really dark night for weeks, so tonight's the night."

Excitedly I asked, "What bait do we use?"

(Continued on page 67)



"There was my rod expectantly extended at the proper angle with the line gracefully dipping into the pure white sand of one of the driest rivers in the Sovereign State of Arizona."

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A Fairyland in the Marshes

By ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR.

UNDER the influence of the warm spring sun, the limitless stretches of emerald marsh behind a barrier island of the Carolina coast, steamed gently. The broad surface of a salt river wound sinuously between the walls of green.

A tranquil quiet, broken only by the voices of the wild, lay over the shimmering river. Near the wall of marsh on one side, three gambolling porpoises broke water in surging plunges as they chased a band of silvery mullet, which leaped frantically ahead of their graceful pursuers. At the mouth of a large creek, a long, triangular, black fin cut the surface like a gliding knife, a tiny wake of ripples falling away on either side, as a patrolling shark moved steadily up the river against the flooding tide.

A wandering egret, scaling down on wide spread wings, lit upon a dead log, by a bit of mud flat, and, drawing the long, yellow beak between the hunched shoulders, lapsed into snowy immobility, watching the water at his feet with keen, expectant eyes. For perhaps a half hour nothing disturbed the peaceful scene. Then, suddenly, the watchful egret on the log, started upright, lifted the long neck and gazed up the river, and, gathering his muscles, lifted his wings and flapped heavily away.

From around a marshy point, some distance up the stream, came a motor boat. Two young men sat therein. A glance at the articles on the bottom of the boat revealed the nature of their quest. These were a camera, case and tripod, a small hatchet, paper bags of lunch, and a thermos bottle.

Presently one of the rowers shipped his oars, and, turning about gazed out over the marsh through a pair of binoculars. Lying nearly a mile away, near the edge of a large creek which left the river near at hand, was a small island. Toward this spot the glasses were directed, and after a moment the observer spoke. "Not far now," he said, "there's the mouth of the creek over by that shell bank." The other swung the boat ahead slightly to the left, both pulling once more, and, entering the creek, proceeded up the winding course. At last the island loomed ahead, totally surrounded by the marsh, and known in the low country under the term "hammock." They ceased rowing once more, and observed their goal.

The little island which they were approaching appeared deserted from a distance, but it was erupting life on all sides. Alarmed at the proximity of the boat, long-legged, long-necked birds were rising from the vegetation in clouds. Slaty blue, pure white, blue and white, black and gray forms whirled, swooped and circled about to an accompaniment of raucous cries, croaks and screams. The eyes of the two voyagers though accustomed to such sights, widened at the numbers of the birds. It was the threshold of a heron "rookery."

Aided by the tide, the men pushed and poled the boat to within a few feet of the marshy edge of the island, then stepped out and dragged the boat ashore, coming, as it were, into another world, peopled by exquisitely colored, graceful feathered creatures. Truly a fairyland in the marshes. The island was, perhaps, five or six acres in extent, covered at the further end by a dense growth of oaks and clinging vines, fringed about with salt-water myrtle. The portion at which the landing was made, was, more or less, open, being grown up in myrtles, cassena, and the like bushes, to a height of about four or five feet, with here and there, a stately palmetto rearing its crown of rustling leaves above the lowlier vegetation.

Everywhere, anywhere, in the myrtle and cassina bushes, and even on the ground, were the rude homes of these island inhabitants. Nests were in every direction, every available site being utilized. Scores of the Louisiana herons perched upon the low branches near at hand, flaring the lengthened feathers of the head, and craning their sinuous necks, and voicing their alarm in guttural, croaking notes. Slaty colored little blue herons, with maroon heads and necks, flew by, while here and there, balancing upon slender twigs, the little green herons shrieked their high-pitched call notes.

The exquisite Snowy Heron.

The immature little blues in their white plumage made a striking contrast with the dark, glistening green of the thickly growing bushes. The ground under this growth was littered with finely broken twigs, and debris, many incubating birds still sitting upon their nests in this comparative seclusion.

It must be said of herons that they are decidedly untidy in their domestic affairs; one glance at a nest will make this apparent. Built entirely of dead sticks, put together in a most haphazard fashion, it is a standing wonder that the eggs do not continually roll out of the flimsy structure. A slight hollow exists in the center, it is true, but the crevices between the sticks are often so large as to admit of the eggs being easily seen from below, through the lattice work of the nest. Nests, branches, and the ground beneath were filthy from the accumulated droppings of the birds, the whole having an effect of being recently whitewashed; this odor, together with that of decayed fish was anything but pleasant, but the sights of such a place make up for such minor detractions.

This immediate vicinity seemed to be monopolized by the Louisiana, and little blue herons, with a fair sprinkling of the greens, but when approaching the clump of palmettos near the outer edge of the thicket, several of the beautiful black-crowned night herons started from their homes, to circle about the intruders, or fly on down the island to take cover in the screen of oaks. Many of their nests were placed close to the palmetto trunks, in the lattice-like projections of the stems of fallen leaves, as many as eight being counted on a single tree.

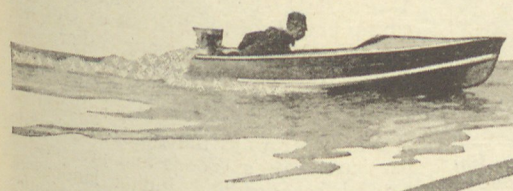
Emerging at length into an open stretch, covered with thick grass, the two highly satisfied bird-lovers saw something which gladdened their eyes even to a greater extent than they thought possible. Upon a small clump of bushes, growing about a stone's throw distant, in the middle of the clearing, sat fully thirty-five or more snowy white, small herons. Focusing the glasses upon them it was immediately seen that beautifully curved, lacy plumes grew from their backs, the bills were jet black, and the feet a brilliant yellow, Snowy Herons at last. It *was* a sight which might well stir the admiration of any true lover of nature. Not many years ago, such a sight would have been impossible.

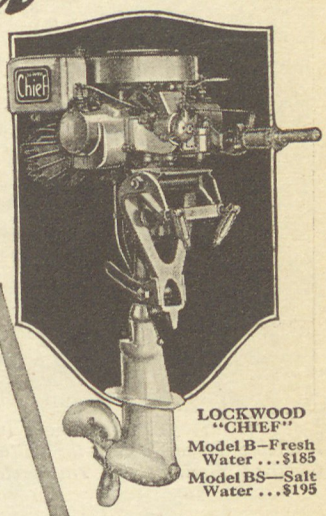
Due to the ruthless demands of fashion, Snowy Herons were all but wiped from the face of the earth. As they bore the lovely plumes only at the breeding season, it was at this time that they were hunted, and thousands were shot on their nests, the plumes plucked from their backs, and the bodies thrown in reeking heaps, while the helpless young in the nests were left to starve in hundreds. Plume hunters scoured the coasts, and as the price of the

(Continued on page 73)

"A sight that might well stir the admiration of any lover of birds."

This Letter *will interest the Thousands Who Want a* LOCKWOOD This Year





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JACKSON MICHIGAN

March 20, 1928

Mr. Carl C. Preussl,
3535 Herndon Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Preussl:

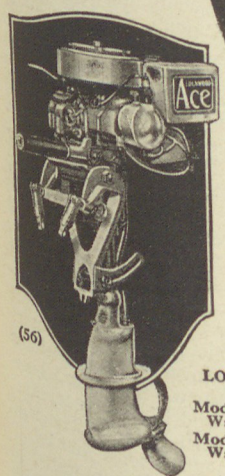
Yes, certainly, you can get a Lockwood Ace for delivery on May 25th. But please place your order immediately with one of our Chicago Dealers (names on attached slip). We suggest that to make doubly sure you will not be disappointed, that you make a deposit on it, Mr. Preussl. Perhaps that suggestion should be explained.

We have been building outboard motors since 1914. In the 1927 season (last year) we built and sold more than ten times as many outboards as in 1925, more than doubling our sale of the previous year. Today, with the boating season just beginning, we have orders for nearly twice last year's output, and that is close to our factory capacity, now working night and day. Our dealers can serve you. They have ordered, and are getting motors--thousands of them. Yet they tell us that none stay in stock very long. Forehanded purchasers, like you, seeing the possibility of a later shortage, are placing early orders even when actual delivery is specified late in June or July.

Should any of your friends want Lockwoods--Ace, Chief or Model T, please pass the word along to them. To be sure of delivery when wanted, they should order soon.

Very truly yours,
LOCKWOOD MOTOR COMPANY
Gen'l. Sales Mgr.

MC/ P.A.Tanner



(56)

LOCKWOOD "ACE"
Model A—Fresh Water . . . $155
Model AS—Salt Water . . . $160

Another Smashing Double Victory for Lockwood

In the first great Outboard Motor racing event of the 1928 Season at Miami, Fla., March 16, 17, 18, Lockwood Motors once more proved their superior ability in hot-fought competition by sweeping through to a Double Victory.

LOCKWOOD WON
1st in Class B Free-for-all Race
1st in Class B Amateur Race
2nd in Class B Amateur Race
3rd in Class B Amateur Race

Yes!—the 1928 Lockwoods—the Ace and the Chief "Eclipse all that have gone before."

Write for FREE Catalog

Get all the facts about the Wonderful New Lockwoods for 1928. Complete catalog—just out—sent free and postpaid on request.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR COMPANY

811 South Jackson Street -:- Jackson, Michigan

Left to right: J. A. Cushman, National Field Representative, I. W. L. A., Chicago; Jim Wallehee, Head Chief of the Kittitas; Frank Salitze, Chief of the Wishwams; Jim Clapperti, Chief of Yakimas and Interpreter; Jim Saluskin, Chief of Amalgamated Tribes; Frank Bryant, Interpreter.

ON March 6th the Quohtchuch Chapter of the Izaak Walton League at Yakima, Washington, held their monthly meeting.

An invitation was extended to various Indian tribes to attend and there were between thirty and forty Indians present. Six of the leading Indians in the West made talks. The principal Indian speakers were the Chiefs shown in the picture above.

Mr. Frank Bryant, interpreter, made a very fine talk. He was formerly Game Warden and the man who made arrangements with the Government and trapped elk in Yellowstone National Park and brought them to Yakima County. There are thousands of elk in the surrounding county now, and Yakima had an open season last year.

J. A. Cushman, National Field Representative of the Izaak Walton League who has formed the Washington State Division, made a talk on the principles of the League and its accomplishments.

This chapter is one of the leading chapters in the state of Washington, and is doing very fine work. They recently purchased a forty-acre tract near Yakima and will make a playground for their chapter members.

Mr. Harry Gillespie is president of the chapter, and is regarded by the three hundred members as just the right man in the right place.

Lake Monona, Wisconsin Wild Life Sanctuary

IN an effort to preserve a beautiful tract of unspoiled woodland on the shore of Lake Monona, one of the famous "Four Lakes" of Madison, Wisconsin, an organization of local nature lovers known as the Lake Monona Wild Life Sanctuary Association has recently been formed. This fine lakeshore property has long been widely known as Frost's Woods, and its manifold attractions have inspired the men and women composing the Wild Life Sanctuary Association to endeavor to save all its natural beauties for the present citizens of Madison and to the generations yet to come.

Frost's Woods is located on the southeast shore of Lake Monona, is twenty-two acres in extent, and has a shore line of nearly seven hundred and fifty feet. Growing on its broad acres are thirty species of forest trees, large and fine examples of their kind. Sheltered by these sturdy trees are nearly four hundred species of native plants, vines and shrubs, and about seventy species of wild birds find food and refuge in this forest and along its waterfront. Among the animal inhabitants of Frost's Woods are to be found the squirrel, chipmunk, flying squirrel, gopher, woodchuck, muskrat, rabbit, raccoon, skunk, mink, mole, shrew and mice of several species.

In addition to its plan to preserve the natural wealth of Frost's Woods the Association has for an added object the keeping open of this lovely woodland as a perpetual camp ground for family groups of the original owners of the woods, the Winnebago Indians. As an Indian camp ground the history of this proposed refuge goes back for a full hundred years. The earliest visitors to the site of Madison found a Winnebago Indian village here, and small numbers of these quiet forest folk have continued to camp in this to them sacred spot every year up to the present.

In former days a number of the well-trodden Indian trails from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi and from Illinois to the Wisconsin River intersected each other at the so-called "Grand Crossing" at the foot of Lake Monona, just a few rods to the south of the old aboriginal village site in Frost's Woods. Collections of Indian flint and other implements, utensils and ornaments made in past years from the cultivated fields lying to the north and south of the Sanctuary woods show that the original village site was an extensive one. Many of these reminders of aboriginal life on this site are preserved in the collections of the State Historical Museum at Madison. Here in this woods is also found one of the finest groups of prehistoric Indian conical, linear and effigy mounds located near Madison, a city famous in the United States for its great systems of prehistoric Indian earthworks. Of the five linear mounds in this group two are of immense length and extend from the eastern edge of the woods to within a short distance from the lakeshore. One of the effigy mounds is an example of the, in Wisconsin, widely distributed panther or water-spirit mound, while the other is an effigy of a rare bird form having a divided tail. Even though Frost's Woods were without its many other notable attractions the fact that it contains this remarkable group of Indian mounds would alone make its saving a very worthwhile public benefit.

With the approval and cooperation of the Madison Association of Commerce, the Wisconsin Archeological Society, the Wisconsin branch of the Friends of Our Native Landscape and many other local organizations, the officers of the Lake Monona Wild Life Sanctuary Association have been raising by popular subscription and in other ways the funds required to purchase Frost's Woods and preserve its natural beauties and Indian landmarks. The Association is now incorporated under the laws of the State of Wisconsin. It already has several hundred members and subscribers. Among these are prominent conservationists, educators, scientists, artists and writers. Quite a number of Indians have also joined the organization.

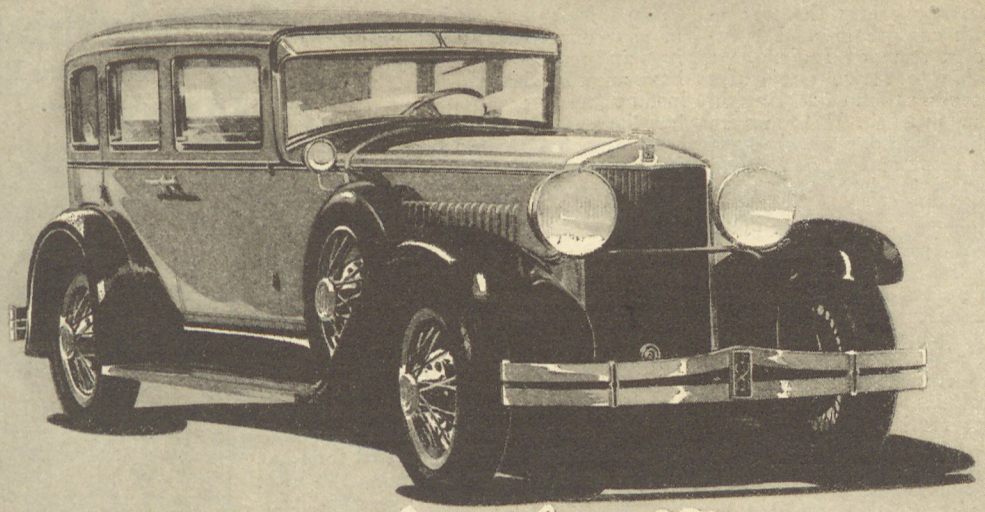
There are several wild life sanctuaries in Wisconsin, but none of these combines the perpetual Indian refuge idea with that of wild life conservation. On the shores of Lake Geneva Mrs. Charles H. Hutchinson has preserved in its natural beauty a large tract of woodland. This sanctuary is widely known by its pleasing name of Wychwood, and in its confines are to be found examples of a great number of animate and inanimate inhabitants of native Wisconsin woodlands. Wychwood's treasures are constantly being added to. Each year groups of students from the University of Chicago and other nature lovers pay a visit to this sanctuary. If present plans are carried out Lake Geneva will also soon set aside a woodland refuge where descendants of its former Pottawattomi Indian residents may erect their wigwams each year without fear of being molested.

In the attractive Black River region south of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a wild life sanctuary has been set aside for nature lovers by a Milwaukee woman. At McGregor, Iowa, near Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, an energetic group of conservationists and nature lovers have set aside a tract of land near the waters of the Mississippi for use as a wild life sanctuary and, in addition, a wild life school. The wild life school idea, together with that of an outdoor museum, is also incorporated in the plans of the Lake Monona Wild Life Sanctuary Association.

The community wild life sanctuary idea is one which many Wisconsin cities might now take up with present and future benefit to their citizens.

THE Walton League advocates refuges like this in every community.

The NEW CENTURY EIGHT



First Prize at National Sportsmen's Show

No car produced in years so completely portrays the marvelous advances made recently in automobile construction, as the new Hupmobile Century Eight. Every major mechanical improvement that the Twentieth Century has evolved here finds a place in achieving new heights of luxurious performance and riding ease. In sheer beauty and distinction of body styles, the most admired of all the new season's cars.

This striking 5-passenger custom-equipped Century Eight Sedan has been selected as first prize in connection with the National Sportsmen's Show at Omaha, April 18-21. See it at the Show with other brilliant examples of Hupmobile style and beauty.

HUPMOBILE

Sensible Legislation

By Senator L. G. Bradford of Indiana

WALTONIANS every year agree that the League is strictly a non-partisan organization. Yet, true as this is, there are times when its patriotic citizens must take part in legislation. Not in a party, of course, but in a group, and all political parties are equally interested in conservation.

Of course, "education" is our motto, but all people cannot be educated. Some will not be educated because they won't. Others will not become educated because it interferes with their own selfish pursuits. So laws must necessarily be made and enforced. I don't mean a great number of laws, but certain regulations that are in true keeping with conservation. For instance, in my own state of Indiana, we found it advisable to revise our entire Game Laws, a recodification of all laws on protection of game and fish. Not to injure any one's just rights, but our laws had not been changed in some sixteen years, and we were radically out of date. We passed a reasonable anti-pollution law, as a step towards education, yet one that could be really effective. We passed laws necessary for the growing of forest nursery trees, and laws creating state and county parks. The fact is we successfully passed our entire legislation, sponsored by the Izaak Walton League, and it will have an important bearing on the future of conservation in Indiana.

Of course, conservation knows no state boundaries, and no national boundaries, but, naturally, states feel inclined to take a great interest in neighboring states. For instance, Indiana is greatly interested in conservation in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and Wisconsin. We should be, and not let our regulations break off exactly at the state lines. By general programs, our legislation should be worked out by sectional conferences that will not only be beneficial, but will create a kindly feeling between the various State organizations.

Since the automobile, distances have been greatly reduced, and states are now almost communities. There is no question of a much closer relationship. We know, for instance, that all states are not so fortunate as Indiana, in securing legislation, and Indiana is not perfect and our laws will need changes from time to time. This is true in other states. Michigan, with all its wealth of natural out doors, needs much more careful regulating, as they have very much at stake. They cannot get all they want at once, and presumably have to do some compromising with the object in view of eventually getting proper rulings and regulations put in practice. They have accomplished much, but not all. For instance, a conservation commission, which has the power to regulate and make their own laws, has rescinded the rule prohibiting the spearing of fish through the ice, and the use of dark houses. The rule was in effect for two years, and was the most important ruling ever made for the protection of fish in lower Michigan, but for some reason, this year, the spearing is permitted. These spearers are not sportsmen, because, of course, there is no real sport in murder, and spearing is murder. The game hog, who is an anti-conservationist, thinks nothing of the future, and is fishing for meat, and Michigan does not have enough fish in its lakes in the southern peninsula to be killed off just for food. And remember, these spearers take most anything they can get, for they say, "Anything that will come through the hole." This rescission is only temporary, I know, and Michigan will soon stop spearing altogether.

This is just an illustration that legislation and education come hand in hand and it takes time to educate.

Syllables Puzzle for Waltonians

From the list of the 31 syllables, shown below, make 14 words and then read the **first** letter of each word **successively downward.**

If the words are correctly composed they will produce the name of a **popular magazine.**

ad - an - ap - cat - dar - er - er - er -
fish - fle - gler - i - musk - mine - ni - ple
o - o - on - ott - poss - rang - rat - ri -

The syllables form:
re - tal - u - um - verse - vy - win - .

1.....	1. An amphibious weasel-like mammal.
2.....	2. The whole system of created things.
3.....	3. The claw of a bird of prey.
4.....	4. A Naturalist, b. 1809, d. 1882.
5.....	5. A marsupial carnivorous mammal.
6.....	6. A mountain-nymph.
7.....	7. Chief official of a forest.
8.....	8. One who fishes with rod and line.
9.....	9. A member of the rat-family.
10.....	10. A weasel-like animal.
11.....	11. A musket with the barrel spirally grooved.
12.....	12. A clinging evergreen plant.
13.....	13. A fish with a bullhead.
14.....	14. A well-known fruit.

(Solution on page 74)

"This Preserve is covered with a marvelous growth of pine and other trees."

A Forest Preserve in the Dunes

By Mary P. McVeigh

ON the outskirts of Michigan City, Indiana, is a most attractive Forest Preserve. The tract of eighty wooded acres was given in 1919 by Honorable Martin T. Krueger as a memorial to heroes of the World War, now "above life's timber line." Mr. Krueger has been called the "Patriotic Mayor of Michigan City." Of German birth he came to this country when a mere lad, and, sincerely grateful for freedom and the opportunities it affords, on all occasions shows forth its praise not only with his lips but in his life.

The land of this Preserve is beautifully located; its virgin soil never touched by spade or plow, is covered with a marvelous growth of white pine, white, red and yellow oak, maple, sycamore, poplar, cherry, elm, basswood, dogwood, and witch hazel; rolling, naturally well drained, and free from every objectionable growth or feature. It is between two improved, popular highways, and within three blocks of an electric interurban—and yet a veritable forest!

All over the country the importance of the movement for forest preservation is given official recognition and while many are larger than this Memorial Forest Preserve, none are more ideal in natural beauty or richer in historic interest. In this tract, on its western slope, is Council Grove, where the Pottawatomie tribe held meetings in the long ago, where Father Marquette, explorer, preached and dedicated a wonderful spring, whose cool waters still refresh those who pause and drink thereof.

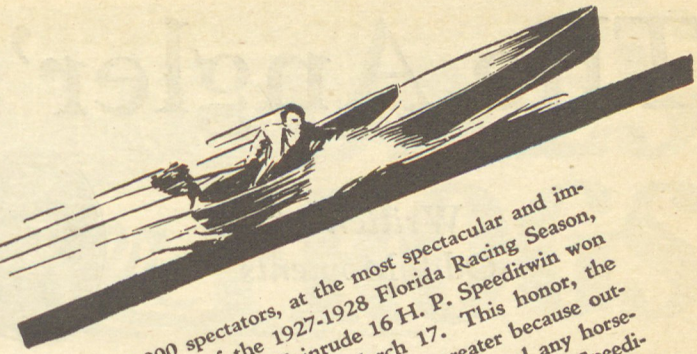
The wild flowers in abundance baffle description. The Dunes of Indiana are famous for variety and beauty of flowers, and this tract is lavishly favored, at every season of the year. The bearberry, reindeer moss, and northern willow of the North, meet the tulip tree, sassafras, and coffee-tree of the South; the beach plum, beach pea, and sea-crowfoot from the East greet the cactus from the West. We find pussy willow, anemone, violets, Jack-in-the-pulpit, wild bleeding heart, sand phlox, fringed orchids, Indian pink, lupine, a purple boneset called Joe-Pye-weed for the Chief of the Senecas, blazing star, goldenrod, aster, sunflower, wild touch-me-not, cowslip, Indian pipe, the evergreen Christmas fern, and that exceedingly rare and historic flower, the trailing arbutus, which should be put on a protected list and carefully cherished.

It is a tract of beauty and a joy forever. A living, flourishing, happy memorial to deeds of valor by men of honor.

Winner GREEN TROPHY

ANNUAL MIAMI, FLORIDA REGATTA MARCH 15-16-17

AUSPICES AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASS'N.

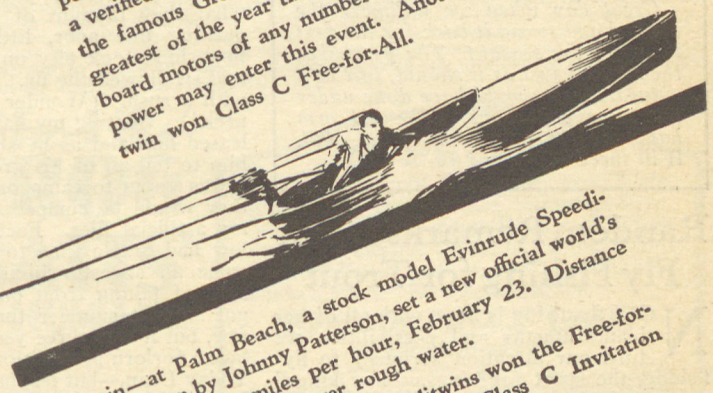


Before 25,000 spectators, at the most spectacular and important regatta of the 1927-1928 Florida Racing Season, a verified stock model Evinrude 16 H. P. Speeditwin won the famous Green Trophy, March 17. This honor, the greatest of the year thus far, is even greater because outboard motors of any number of cylinders and any horsepower may enter this event. Another Evinrude Speeditwin won Class C Free-for-All.

32.75 MILES PER HOUR NEW OFFICIAL WORLD'S RECORD

PALM BEACH, FLA. FEBRUARY 23, 1928

AUSPICES MISS. VALLEY POWER BOAT ASS'N.



Again—at Palm Beach, a stock model Evinrude Speeditwin, driven by Johnny Patterson, set a new official world's record of 32.75 miles per hour, February 23. Distance 2½ miles, two turns, over rough water.

At same regatta, Evinrude Speeditwins won the Free-for-All Trophy, Development Trophy, Class C Invitation Race and Chance Race.

226 MILES ENDURANCE RUN OAKLAND TO SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA AND RETURN—Mar. 10, 1928

And for reliability, listen to this: H. M. Barnes of Oakland, California, carrying one passenger in a 13-foot double cockpit mahogany runabout, Evinrude Speeditwin-powered, made a 226 miles endurance run from Oakland to Sacramento and return. First leg of 113 miles to Sacramento (25 miles driven in dense fog) was non-stop except for replacing a propeller pin, sheared when striking a log. Four hours and 40 minutes was the remarkable time made — exactly 24.2 miles per hour.

Write for new 1928 Evinrude Year Book showing Sportwin 2½ H. P., Fleetwin, 6 H. P., Fastwin 12 H. P., Speeditwin 16 H. P., Utility Single 2¾ H P., Twin Inboard, 4-5 H. P.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO., 915 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Blue Diamond", winner of Green Trophy, most prized of all victory cups of the 1928 Spring Florida Racing Season.

EVINRUDE

Evinrude Factory Branches—Sales and Service

512 Second Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
126 W. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.
115 E. 23rd St., New York City
259 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
117-119 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.
124 Second St., Portland, Ore.
79 Columbia St., Seattle, Wash.
6304 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
64 King St. W., Toronto, Ont., Canada

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Preliminary Cast

Great day when we unlimber the old rod and swing it back for the first throw of the season! The fly strikes the surface just as it should, just as a natural insect would have done under the same conditions. The old arm has not lost one whit of its skill. Will there be a rise?

Random Remarks Upon Fly Fishing for Trout

NOW that May is here, with all of her blandishments and possibilities, we turn our attention seriously to fly-fishing, the sport for kings. "For kings" did I say? I am an incorrigible democrat. Fly-fishing is the sport for real folk, common men and common women, ordinary, every-day mortals who push the sun around. I think Robin Hood got more out of his angling than the king. The boy with his cane-pole and cotton line is sometimes a truer angler than the wealthy man with his expensive outfit. It is not what you have nor who you are but what you are that matters. Fly-fishing is too clean and pure a sport for all save very simple or very honest men.

Time was when I thought fly-fishing was reserved for the select few, those destined by Fate for membership in the Royal Arcanum, of anglers, that is, after I came to believe that anyone actually caught fish with made flies. You see, it was on this wise, so many fishermen I knew wore flies, gaudy showy things, in their hat bands, while a suspicious protuberance indicated the presence of a worm-can. Fact! We still meet piscatorial heretics of the same stripe. Then one red-letter day I saw a young man angling with flies for trout and actually catching fish, and catching more than I could with my garden hackle. I stood fascinated and watched him. It looked easy. On the sly I tried it out, but without result. "Perhaps he has some magic dope with which he anointed the feathers," I thought, lad-like, and went my serene way, using earth worms and grasshoppers. Time sped. I took unto myself a wife, or more properly, a certain woman took unto herself a husband, and we went camping where trout were to be found. I caught just what we wanted to eat, no more, and I was put to it to do that, for the stream was low and clear. One afternoon a lady and gentleman came down the stream, whipping here and there idly, carelessly, it seemed to me, but taking trout, lots of trout. I followed, enamoured. It seemed easy. I returned to the tent and kicked my pail of worms into the river, giving the fish such a feed as they seldom had, and went at the fly-fishing seriously, then desperately, for we had to live.

I cannot continue the narrative here. How for three days I whipped that stream, not wisely but too well, until every fish with brains retired to overhanging bank and snag-infested pool. Wonder now what they thought of it all. The third evening one poor, little unsophisticated fingerling, took pity on my lack of skill, and swallowed the fly. I brought him out with a rush. (Wonder I didn't break his neck!) Wetting my hand, I carefully released him and as he slipped away I told him to tell all of his grown relatives that I was going to camp on their trails until they would be compelled to surrender to my artificial flies. Fact is, the little fellow had ample time to grow up and become an ancestor himself before I was sure of taking trout on flies. Oh yes, I got so that summer that I could take a few, but it was three years before I could face a forlorn proposition with equanimity. Today I can,—but let that pass. The spur I needed away back there was to see a woman past-mistress of the fly-rod. I just couldn't let a lady beat me.

I almost slipped up in that last paragraph. I want to enter a disclaimer to the intimation that I am skillful with flies today, that I know it all, or even a part. What I don't know about fly-fishing for trout would fill more volumes than what I do know about them. It was fortunate I published "Trout Lore" when I did, or I much fear me it would never have been written. Some wise guy admonishes us to,—"Learn one new thing every day." When it comes to fly-fishing for trout and I am afield, I find myself compelled to *un*learn and *re*learn many things each day. There is no more telling what a trout will do under given conditions than there is of prognosticating the next act of a modern flapper. Lay down no rules of procedure, never think you know absolutely, or the very next stream will knock your preconceived notions for a smashed creel.

I held forth lengthily and grandiloquently to a certain college president upon the difficulties and joys of fly-fishing for trout until I got him to consent to go with me. I warned him that he need not expect to take any fish the first day, perhaps for many a day, recounting my own experience as narrated above. I could see he did not believe me, but I waited, content to let the sly beauties convince him. The first forenoon he took thirteen as beautiful fish as man ever drew into landing-net, and he had never until that day placed a counterfeit presentment in his life! Of course it was salve to my hurt that he caught no more grown-up fish that season, but it did not compensate for my mistake. The chance and inexplicable success was the worst thing that could have happened to the college professor, not because he still has contempt for my opinions; but because he just had to go back to the primary department, and work his way up through the whole school, just as we all do. I had learned my lesson. I never say what a trout will or will not do, for no man knoweth, but you can rest assured it will be the unexpected.

The wonder of fly-fishing for trout lies in the fact that there is always room for improvement. Just the same it should be said, that the greater one's knowledge of the ways of the fish, their habits and all; the more complete his mastery of rod and skill in placing flies, the greater will be his success. Do not be above receiving suggestions from the most humble fisherman as to the habits of fish in a given stream, remembering that their ways differ markedly even in contiguous waters. There are times when ability to fish fine and far off will be the greatest of assets, but remember a controlled cast, well placed fly, will prove more successful than one pitched to great distance merely. Know where the fish are wont to lie, and place your fly there, just as a natural insect would fall if whisked down by a vagrant breeze. It is not the long cast so

"I hated to be beaten by a woman, even a past-mistress of the art of fly fishing."

The BIG ONES Prefer FROGS

There's a new treat in store for you this year. Heddon has prepared it for you—and it's ready now at your dealers. New Life-like Frog Baits in variety and sizes to coax every member of the Big Bass family out of the lily pads. Man, how you will enjoy casting one of these plump, green, floating, diving frogs right where you know the bass ought to be; and "zingo"—you find they're there, and biting, too. Dr. Henshall says, "Big Bass Prefer Frogs." You know it's true, but who wants to chase frogs for bait and hear the little fellows squeak when you impale them on the hook? You don't need to do that now to "fish with frogs." Heddon has put a new thrill into the old sport with a wonderful new line of life-like Frog Baits.

Heddon Life-Like "FROG BAITS"

CLEAN-CONVENIENT-EFFECTIVE-HUMANE

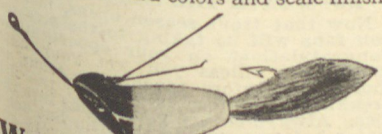
Luny Frog No. 3509-B, Green Frog; No. 3509-BB, Meadow Frog. Looks and floats just like a live frog with head just out of water. Dives and swims. Price, $1.25.

Little Luny Frog No. 3409-B, Green Frog; No. 3409-BB, Meadow Frog. A smaller size of the Luny for lighter rods. Has same action. Price, $1.25.

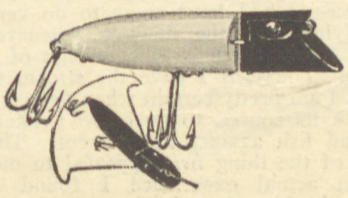
Spoon-y Frog No. 3209-B, Green Frog. A metal, spoon-shaped Frog Bait. Runs shallow or deep according to retrieving speed. Semi-weedless, excellent action—a sure hooker. Also made in gold, nickel and red-and-white. Price, $1.00.

Also "Frog" Finish

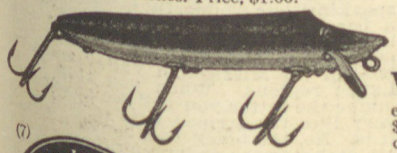
The three baits shown below are furnished in the new Heddon Frog Finish, as well as in standard colors and scale finishes.



Weedless Widow A new single hook Surface Bait with plenty of action. Absolutely weedless. Just right for the lily pads. Made in red-and-white, "Frog", and several scale finishes. Price, $1.00.



Zig-Wag A new extremely erratic and lively acting Bait. Darts here and there in unexpected angles. All standard colors, also in new "Frog" finish. Price, $1.25.



Vamp The old-reliable, famous everywhere for its consistent catches. Made in several sizes; Regular, $1.00; Jointed, $1.25; Baby, $1.00 and Muskie, $2.00 and $3.00. All standard colors.

(7)

In 16 Years of Field & Stream's Fishing Contests MORE PRIZE BASS on Heddon Baits than all other makes of wooden lures combined

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dept. A-5, Dowagiac, Mich.
Manufacturers

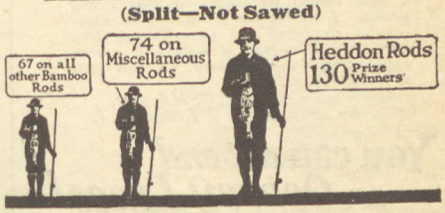
Heddon Fishing Tackle

Genuine Dowagiac

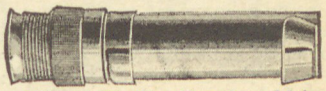
SUPREME!

The superiority of Heddon Bamboo Rods is proven by the fact that 130 prizes have been won with Heddon Rods in Field & Stream's National Contests, against 67 on all other Bamboo Rods, and 74 on miscellaneous Rods. Be sure to ask for

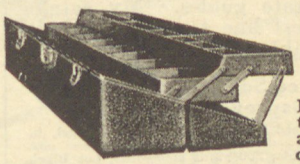
HEDDON TEMPERED BAMBOO RODS
(Split—Not Sawed)



The new Heddon "Tempering" process gives these rods all the spring-like quality of finely tempered metal without metal's weight and tiresome "weave." The beautiful brown-tone is the result of tempering and is not a surface stain.



Heddon's "Hold-Tite" Locking Seat. Makes your reel "stay put." Locks all standard reels so they can't slip or turn—yet permits of releasing them instantly. An exclusive Heddon feature—patented. Nickel silver throughout—won't rust or corrode.



Heddon-Outing Cantilever Boxes

Raising lid lifts trays and lays all your tackle out. Convenient, light, strong, water-tight. Prize Angler Model, (olive green), 16 inch, $6.00. Master Angler Model, (green crackle), 16 inch, $8.00. Both also made in 12 and 21 inch sizes. "Jiffy" Model, (one tray), olive green, 16 inch, $5.00.

James Heddon's Sons, Dept. A-5
Dowagiac, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me your complete 1928 catalog and Free Booklet "How to Catch More Fish." I am especially interested in

☐ Baits ☐ Bait Casting Rods ☐ Reels
☐ Bass Bugs ☐ Fly Rods ☐ Tackle Boxes

Name _____

Address _____

_____

"YOUR lines are not on sale around here, so please send latest catalog. "In the Summer I guide parties around northern New Jersey. We have real good Bass and Pickerel fishing.

"On one of these trips a man gave me a spool of Osprey line—black, 50-yards, 26-pound test. It is one of the best lines I have ever used.

"Enclosed is a picture of myself and 7 Bass, running 3 pounds each, caught on this Osprey Line. The largest Bass I have caught on your line was 7 3-4 pound. I seldom use a landing net while casting evenings, and your Osprey line has stood all kinds of tests and proven satisfactory in every way. I am glad to recommend it."

A. G. Milander,
Kenvil, N. J.

You can *depend* on *Osprey Lines!*

OSPREY Lines are the result of many years of painstaking experiment in trying to develop a line that would satisfy *me* as an angler.

Osprey Lines are so good that I stand back of them unqualifiedly and will cheerfully replace, without cost, any line that fails to stand up. The only stipulation I make is that the guides on your rod must be smooth. No silk line will stand sawing over rough metal, or cracked agate guides. My catalog shows what test line to use with baits of various weights.

Price Schedule of Osprey Lines

Furnished in 50-yard spools, 100 yards connected, in Black and in Mottled (white and black) colors; also in 33 1-3-yard spools, 200 yards connected, but Black only.

Pound test line	Price per 50-yd. spool	Price per 33 1-3-yd. spool
12-pound	$1.50	$1.05
15-pound	1.75	1.20
18-pound	2.00	....
20-pound	2.25	1.35
23-pound	2.50	1.50
26-pound	2.75	1.65
30-pound	3.00	1.80
35-pound	3.50	1.95

If your dealer hasn't Osprey Lines in stock, send me his name with your order and remittance and I'll send direct. Send today for catalog of lines, Osprey Dardevle lures, Nostealum Insect Hooks, Notangle Spinners and other Eppinger specialties.

Canadian Distributors:
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger
"Outfitters of Sportsmen"
Dept. W, 131-135 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

much as the understanding one which counts. Make your counterfeit presentments think.

As between wet and dry-fly, all will depend upon the condition of the stream and your skill, understanding and appreciativeness. There is no question but that the dry-fly is more attractive in the hands of a man adept in its presentment, providing the stream is at all adapted to its use. The ideal dry-fly water is broad, deep and still. Oh, I know something of the dry-fly's alluring power on fast water, for one of my prized books is George La Branch's "Dry Fly and Fast Waters"; nevertheless, as the fly was born, so to speak, on the sluggish chalk streams of England so its most successful field is in streams of the same kind.

There are times, especially early in the season, when the wet-fly may be even more successful than the dry. The dry-fly depends upon exact representation for its success, while the wet-fly wins through manipulation. I mean this: the dry-fly should copy the natural insect as closely as possible, and be handled in a manner to duplicate the actions of a living insect floating down upon the bosom of the current, gauzy wings up-raised. That's not only theory, but in the hands of an expert dry-fly purist, absolute fact. The wet-fly may or may not resemble a living insect. Whoever yet discovered an ephemera even remotely resembling the uniformly successful Royal Coachman? Yet the Royal is my most successful fly, day in and day out, in any section of the country.

The wet-fly is not always fished wet, later in the season, seldom so, unless in case of swollen waters. Watch the average wet-fly fisherman and note how often he "fishes the rise" only, how seldom he lets his counterfeit presentments sink beneath the surface. Yet that man would scorn to be thought of as dry-flying. Not all, in fact few wet-fly men these days employ two flies, and the great majority have gone to the eyed-hook. That is something the dry-fly men have done for the wet-fly group anyway. Upon the other hand many a wet-fly purist at times will let his counterfeit presentment submerge, and fish them wet. Why not? If the fish are not to be attracted on the surface and are to be reached deep down, the wise angler goes down.

One other thing. The war still wages between the up-stream fisher and those who follow the current. From my observation I am inclined to believe the up-streamers are surely winning out; a conviction born perhaps of my own practises and successes. I have come to do very little flying with the flowage, whenever and wherever there is hint or sign of a current. Today, if I have the stream to myself, I am pretty certain when descending with its course, to go below a likely pool and fish against the current. The theory of the thing first appealed to me, then in actual experience I found it easier to hook my quarries from the down-stream side. Fish are apt to rise against the current, somewhat as a fowl rises against the wind, and the angler standing below is in a better position to send the steel home. I am not a crank, at least I think I am not, still I am urging all fly-men to fish up-stream.

Today I know that fly-fishing is not a sentimental fad, I know that men do take more fish with artificials than the bait-fisher does with his allurement. I can take more trout with flies, given half right conditions, than I or any other man can with bait. Still I am not crying down the bait-fisherman. As I pointed out a month ago I think the worm or grasshopper user can be just as true a sportsman as the man who uses nothing but the dry-fly. It is the man himself, his actuating motive, which determines his status as a sportsman and not exactly his tools. But to my way o' thinking, the greatest sport in all the world is that of fly-fishing, keeping one humble and keyed up to his best all the while. Books will not teach you how to use flies. There is just one method, use flies. It is very much worth while to follow and observe the methods of some past master of the art, but observation alone will never make of you a master of the craft. I am not advising that you follow my course, kick the bait pail into the river, but I do say that if you want to become proficient, you must fish, and fish and fish.

NOTES, COMENTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BOOKS ON FLY-TYING.

W. H., Janesville, Wis. Sir:—Your good words of appreciation for my work in OUTDOOR AMERICA are sure appreciated, and I hope I will be able to be of help to you fellows. Yes, there are a number of good books on fly-tying, the best being English, and hard to procure, unfortunately. "Favorite Flies," by Mary Orvis Marbury, is very helpful, and has plates in color of some of the more popular patterns. Of course Halford's "Floating Flies" is one of the best, but is hard to get, out of print and expensive. I paid $20.00 for my copy. Ronald's "Fly Fisher's Entomology," also English, can be secured from Appletons and is very much worth while. Some of the firms getting out fly-tyer's kits publish small guides giving sufficient instructions for the beginner, such as the one in the kit gotten out by Weber Life-Like Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wisc., who will also furnish you with all supplies.—O. W.

RIPLEY'S "MODERN BAIT AND FLY CASTING."

A book by "Ozark" is always an event. Here we have the cream of his experience, a "how-to" book, of course. The advice is good and easily understood, which is one of "Ozark's" traits. For the fellow who wants to know, I highly commend this new book. Too bad we have so much compressed into so little space, a fault, if fault it is, most "practical" anglers will appreciate, I suspect. However, I am not practical, you know.

LENGTH OF CASTING ROD.

Sir: I would not get a 6½-foot casting rod if I were in your place; too long to handle such "plugs," as you say you plan to use. A far better rod for the work would be one of 5½ foot. As to material, that is largely a matter of choice; personally I prefer split-bamboo, especially in the lighter weights, but steel is fine, either the solid or tubular. Don't get too long a rod.—O. W.

OPPORTUNITY.

She (romantically)—"I think the poets are right, Oswald. It's only in the great open spaces that we find ourselves!"

He—"Well, we are twenty miles from anywhere, the sun's going down, and I've lost the map, so now's your chance!"

BOYS, SAVE THE SMALL TROUT.

Now that trout season opens, most of you fans will be taking to the streams. Congratulations on your opportunities! Remember, unless you wet your hand thoroughly before touching a trout, so breaking the protecting slime, the fish dies. Always plunge your hands into the water before touching the fish, but don't touch it until you have given it every opportunity to release itself. Always put back small fish unharmed!

THE SCIENTIFIC PLACE OF BASS.

Sir: You are very right, scientifically speaking, our wonderful black-bass is not a bass at all, but a sunfish. The true basses are salt water fish, with but a single fresh water representative, the white bass of the Mississippi Valley and Great Lakes regions. When you stop to examine the latter you will see at once how very like the striped bass of salt water it is. No, the black-bass is not a bass at all, standing, or swimming if you please, in the forefront of the sunfishes. All of which does not detract one iota from his worthwhileness or fighting ability. I am rather glad that he is in a group of "common fishes," a sort of Abraham Lincoln, as it were. There are two so-called black-basses, the large and small mouth. You have only to remember that if a specimen shows a mouth opening extending beyond an imaginary perpendicular line drawn through the eye, it is a large mouth, and if the opening only reaches to the imaginary line, or fails to do so,

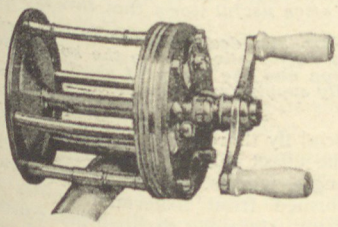
Rods....Reels and Lines *that* CATCH FISH!

KINGFISHER SILK FISHING LINES

For catching anything with the fly, from trout to mighty salmon, the Kingfisher High Quality Enamel is the outstanding popular line. Remarkably strong, free running and pliable. Price per hundred yards, 10 lb. test, $4.25—Higher tests in proportion.

IT means so much in fishing, this feeling of confidence that comes only with the right tackle. It means the difference between "the big feller" caught and the one you have to explain about. Here is tackle known to every fisherman—tackle that has earned its reputation by *catching fish.* Bristol Steel Rods, Kingfisher Silk Lines, Meek Reels. Remember these names. They go far beyond their guarantee.

MEEK REELS



If you want one reel for all purposes, that will meet all purposes with the same complete dependability, buy a Meek No. 3M. Watch nickel silver, balance handle forward, click or click and drag, screw-off oil cap. Price $30.00. With Jeweled Pivot bearings—$36.00.

BRISTOL STEEL FISHING RODS

Every keen fisherman will like the Bristol No. 38 Adjustable Telescopic Fly Rod. It is 9 feet of finely tempered strength and delicate action, with cork reversible handle. One of the most popular steel fly rods made. Price $5.50.

MEEK and Blue Grass REELS
"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

WRITE today for Bristol, Kingfisher and Meek Catalog

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.

835 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

Pacific Coast Agents: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco

Only
GEP-RODS
Have These Original Features

1. *Automatic Reel Lock*

One—two—three and it's done! Simply slip the first joint of your GEP-ROD into the handle and your reel and rod are automatically locked in place. No screws to bother with. Easy — Simple —Positive. [Pat. July 6, 1926.]

The *Automatic Reel Lock* is featured on the Combination GEP-ROD No. 400 and One-Piece GEP-RODS Nos. 450, 800, 825 and 850.

2. *Automatic Rod Lock*

Keeps your guides from twisting out of proper alignment. [Pat. applied for.]

The *Automatic Rod Lock* is featured on all One-piece GEP-RODS Nos. 450, 800, 825 and 850.

3. *Alloy Lined Joints*

No more sticking or rusting of joints. Put any GEP-ROD together or take it apart in a jiffy —the alloy lining makes it easy. [Pat. July 6, 1926.]

The *Alloy Lining* is featured on all Combination and all 3-Piece Tubular GEP-RODS.

4. *Solid Chrome Vanadium Steel Tip*

There's surprising lightness and flexibility to the GEP-ROD solid one-piece tip of chrome vanadium steel. Correct taper and temper, too, Genuine agate guides and top tip.

The *Solid Steel Tip* is featured on all combination and all One-Piece GEP-RODS.

Interesting Booklet Sent on Request

Ask your dealer to show you these exclusive GEP-ROD *features. Or write today for free booklet describing the complete line of One-piece combination and Three-piece Steel* GEP-RODS.

GEPHART MFG. CO.
222 W. Illinois Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dealers—*Write your jobber*

GEP-ROD

GET A GEP—THE ROD WITH A REP

it is a small mouth. Recently there has been discovered and described another species, known as "Kentucky bass," but more of that some other time. I trust the foregoing will be ample for your purpose.—O. W.

"TROUTS."

Sir: Thanks for your compliments on THE ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK. Never does any harm to tell a fellow you appreciate his work. Too often we never think to express ourselves until we find something to criticise. Yes, the rainbow trout is an introduced fish, coming into the Middle West from California, The trout of the Middle West was of course the brook trout, so called, which, scientifically speaking, is not a trout at all, but a char. The brown was introduced into this country from Germany, hence the name that sticks, "German brown," though it is the trout of England, the trout for which Izaak Walton angled in his day. Both the brown and rainbow are true trouts, i.e., salmon. In my opinion the rainbow is the best fly-fish we have in our streams. I had rather fish for rainbow trout with artificial flies than for any other fish that swims, even small mouth black-bass. One must be understanding, quick and resourceful in order to successfully combat a silver sides.—O. W.

CAUGHT WITHOUT BEING HOOKED.
By Alma B. Heineman.

LUCKILY, there were three other witnesses to the truth of this story, besides the guides and the family, which in this particular instance consisted of husband and myself. Otherwise I should hesitate long before recording it, although husband has recounted it repeatedly and with much joy and gusto.

We were camping on that wonderful stretch of sand beach fringing a noble stand of virgin forest on the north shore of Basswood Lake, in Quetico Park, Hunter's Island, Canada.

The great adventure happened a day or so before our never to be forgotten vacation ended. We had started out early in the day, in order to try our luck in American waters, and had spent most of the time in Superior National Park. There were three canoes, our young sportsman alone in his, his father and mother with Red in the other, and Bill, husband and I in the third.

We had taken our usual quota of wall-eyed pike, and were about to start for home because Bill, who was our cook, had decided that it was time to begin to think about supper, when husband said in his quiet way, "I am snagged, Bill." "Funny," grunted Bill, "pretty deep here for snags." But he began to paddle back toward the spot where the snag seemed to be lurking.

Husband began to reel in very slowly, remarking that he had had a strike, but that immediately afterward the feeling of dead weight had made him decide that it was a snag. As we back paddled to the spot, we saw to our amazement, about thirty feet away, the back of a huge Great Northern Pike appear on the surface. Then as husband reeled up a little, ever so slowly, we were able to get a good look at the head of the fish and saw that he had crosswise in his mouth a wall-eyed pike about sixteen inches long. The wall-eyed pike, which was undoubtedly the strike before referred to, had husband's hook in his mouth.

Luckily my tried fisherman took in the situation at a glance and gave the big fellow as much line as he wanted, but taking up the slack very carefully after each run so as to keep G. N. P. interested. "Oh, if I only had a gun," sighed Bill. "You have," I whispered and handed him a small haversack in which we carried a pistol. Bill's eyes fairly popped. But paddling, with one hand fumbling for bullets, and keeping his eye on the fish all at one and the same time was no mean job.

I need not try to describe to an audience of fishermen the awful suspense of those moments that seemed years. After a century or so had slowly dragged by, Bill handed the haversack back to me and I managed to find the shells and load the gun. In the meantime the manoeuvering by means of paddle and line to bring the fish into proper position for the shot is a story in itself, because we had to keep in mind the possibility of the shot's ricocheting toward one or the other of the two boats that were on either side of us, and naturally close enough to see the sport.

Well, the thirty-pound 45-inch Great Northern Pike has the place of honor in the dining porch of our Wisconsin camp, and we will always be happy to show it to "unbelievers." Caught in deep water with rod and line without being hooked.

Fishin' Worms

By William R. Walton

WILLIAM R. WALTON of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology is an internationally known scientist. He is a member of many entomological societies both in the United States and Europe.

Judging from the list of his studies and degrees, we think there could be very little worth knowing about the humble but often useful worm that this specialist does not know.

Solely for his own enjoyment Mr. Walton has designed and constructed a practical and efficient worm box that keeps worms alive during the hottest days of summer. The material is galvanized iron and the lining of sheet cork. To any readers interested Mr. Walton will gladly supply further information by mail.

EDITOR.

"A man may fish with the worm
that hath eat of a king, and eat of
the fish that hath fed of that
worm."

Hamlet.

NOW of course, Shakespeare here had reference not to our familiar angle worm but to what dear old Izaak called a "gentle"; viz., the maggot of a blowfly and regarding which he goes into somewhat unsavory detail. The word "worm," however, used in connection with fishing conveys to the minds of most people the image of our common earthworm.

Memories of the severe temblor in piscatoria recently provoked by the temerity of an exalted personage in substituting a common "garden hackle" for the usual Parmachene Belle in his maiden effort to lift a few trout from the turbulent waters of the Black Hills, affords amusing memories as I pen these lines. With all due respect for the fly fishing fraternity of which I am a member, all honest anglers know and acknowledge, that there exists no more generally effective, popular or more readily available lure for the freshwater fishes than the humble and homely but certainly not to be despised, "fishin' worm." During the hullabaloo raised by the hyper-meticulous devotees of the artificial fly there was much foolish clatter to the effect that "trout would not feed on angle worms," whereas every well informed trout fisherman knows that in many streams, earthworms constitute a large proportion of the natural food of the brook trout. In such streams even the most wily old "squaretail" cannot resist the appeal of a big, juicy night crawler hooked so as to leave the greater part of its length to wriggle freely in the current. In point of fact, Honest Izaak spake never more truly than when he said regarding worms: "Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes; but for the Trout, the Dew-worm which some also call the Lob-worm and the Brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less." Be it known to all men, however, that I am not advocating the use of worms in angling for trout where it is possible to use flies to advantage but there are many good, small trout streams in which it is physically impossible to cast a fly but where the good old worm will and does bring the squaretail to the desired terminus in the skillet. Furthermore a similar statement may be made with verity in the case of the small mouth black bass.

These indubitable facts encourage me to confess my debasing penchant for the un-

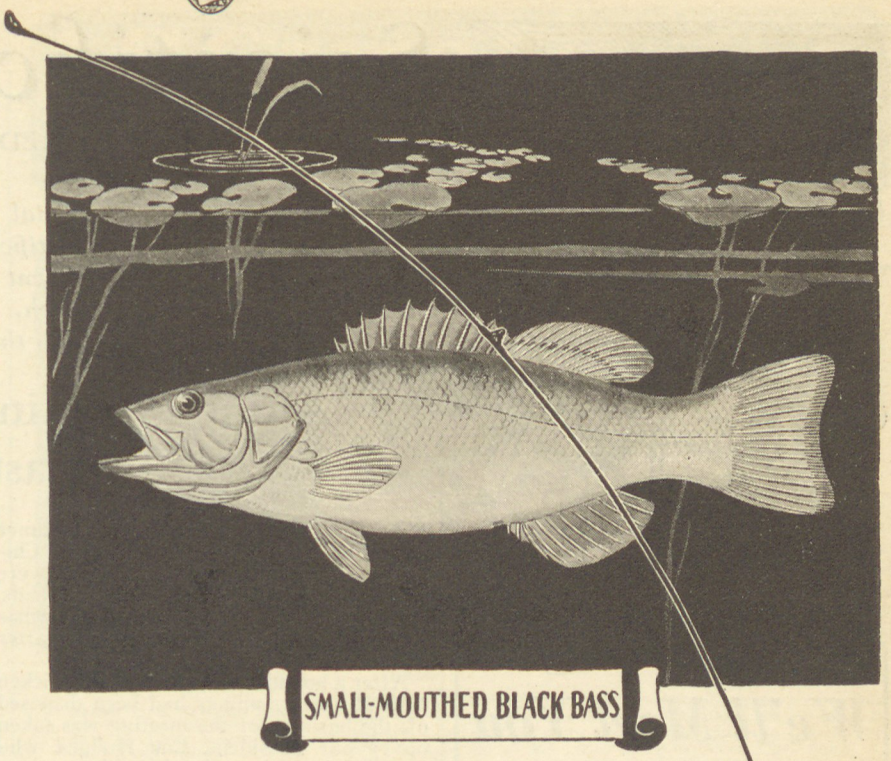
comely earthworm and to divulge the following details regarding its family affairs. Earthworms, angle worms, dew worms or "rain worms" as the Germans very appropriately term them, are found in nearly all parts of the world. The only exceptions being such unlovely and arid spots as Death Valley in California where it is said they have to build sheet iron fences to prevent the hot winds from scorching the hair off the cattle and where no self-respecting angle worm would tarry. Although these worms are commonly known to inhabit the soil not everyone knows that many kinds can live either in the earth or in the water and a large number of kinds are entirely aquatic. Earthworms are hatched from eggs which are laid in the soil. Each worm is both male and female and each produces eggs but they mate just as most other animals do. It will be readily appreciated therefore that since both Mr. and Mrs. worm produce numerous young, the subject of race suicide need not be mentioned. Although the earthworm has no eyes and no ears or feet, it is not by any means the "dumbbell" that these deficiencies would seem to suggest. The absence of sight is compensated in part at least by a sensitivity to light located in the forward part of the body sufficient to enable the worm to distinguish daylight from dark, and it is readily frightened at night when a bright light is flashed upon it. I have found, however, that the worms apparently do not perceive red light even when this is quite intense.

When an angle worm wishes to grasp any small object such as a blade of grass or a twig, it thrusts from its mouth an appendage which corresponds roughly to the tongue of a human being. This is used to oppose the snout of the worm just as one presses his thumb against his index finger, enabling it to grasp firmly any slender object. If the desired object be convex and of considerable bulk, this same tongue-like "dingus" forms itself into a sucker which by atmospheric pressure sticks to any smooth surface, thus enabling the worm to move objects such as pebbles weighing even as much as two ounces. At least one kind of large tropical earthworm is able to use this sucking organ in assisting it to climb trees! Though why any earthworm should wish to climb a tree seems as inexplicable as the riddle of why some folks insist on fishing for carp.

Although Charles Darwin of evolutionary fame, showed that these worms swallow vast quantities of earth and that they may excavate as much as ten tons of earth per acre in a year, they do not by any means dine solely upon such unappetizing fare. The worms eat many kinds of vegetable and animal matter including the half decayed leaves of trees and other plants. They have a sweet tooth for sugar, will eat either raw or cooked meat and when they are compelled by starvation, will eat each other. I have found finely chopped raw beef suet to be a very satisfactory food for the worms that I frequently keep for use in certain sacred rites the nature of which it is unnecessary to mention.

It is claimed that earthworms are deaf to all ordinary sounds but the tests upon which this statement is based were made before the days of the phonograph and the radio. On the other hand, its sense of smell is fairly good as it can distinguish onions from celery but as a worm has no "breath" in the human sense, it makes no difference which vegetable it prefers. In general the earthworm depends almost entirely upon its exquisitely developed sense of touch in its contact with nature. It certainly finds its vegetable food in this

(Continued on page 65)



SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS

"Right by those Lily Pads, Bill!"

Someday in June you'll hear it. "There's a big one lying there." Just drop your bait in easy and keep it on the move. About the second cast he'll strike and then—you'll have more sport and satisfaction with a True Temper than with any other rod you ever saw.

Because this is the greatest rod ever made for fishing. Its sensitive resiliency and balance and finish have never been equaled. Made in one piece, of rapier steel with a clock spring temper and hand ground to a taper that gives perfect action. Its guides can't come loose; there are no joints to slip and you needn't worry about its breaking.

Made and guaranteed by a company that has spent a hundred years in learning all there is to know about working and tempering steel.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: Cleveland, O. *Factory:* Geneva, O.

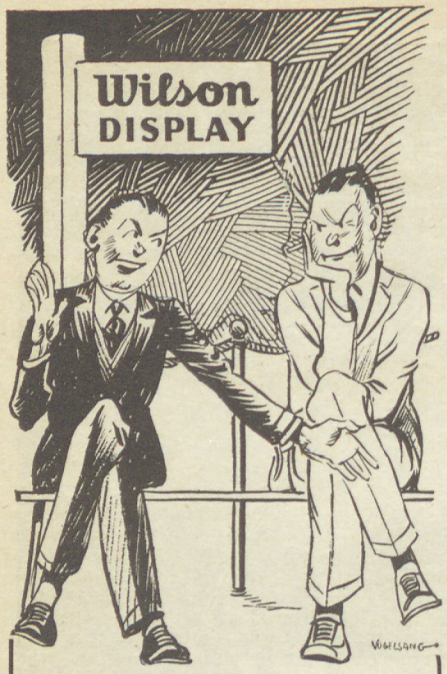
TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

[1] One piece; no joints or stiff spots; guides can't come loose; no ferrules to slip or turn.

[2] Hand ground taper and perfect temper give strength and action never before equaled.

[3] Offset reel seat gives perfect balance. Reel can't come loose or turn

[4] Superb casting action requires only one-third the usual effort. Made in lengths from 3½ to 5 ft., 4 degrees of stiffness and 5 different finishes with 4 styles of reel seats and 5 styles of guides. For the veteran or the beginner.



We'll Meet You in Omaha

We'll be there, Mr. Delegate, to greet you at the Izaak Walton show. Stop at our booth to say "hello" and acquaint yourself with this line of fishing tackle that is Wilson's. You'll find much that is interesting.

Heading the list of items that we'll have on display is a pure white, waterproof silk line. Yes, Sir, we've got it. Fishermen have wished and waited for pure white, waterproof line for a long time and we're justly proud to be the first to produce it. Wilson Peerless Processed Pure White Waterproof Line is all that we claim and it's fully guaranteed. Oh man! It's a dandy.

The L. B. Icely Combination Bamboo—steel two piece casting rod and the Powell level winding reel with its easy takedown feature are additional items that will be on display and they're both guaranteed to stir up the fishing germs.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Wilson
FISHING TACKLE

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Annual Meeting of the Chicago Fly Casting Club

AT the thirty-sixth annual Dinner and Business Meeting of the Chicago Fly Casting Club there were present 130 members and friends, including Messrs. Fred N. Peet, Thomas Ambrose and Dr. Zabokrtsky, Charter members of the Club.

After a bountiful supply of fried chicken with all the trimmings had been disposed of, the business of the meeting was taken up by our President, Lou Hodges, who presided in his usual inimitable manner. The following named were elected to serve as officers for the coming season:

Robert B. Clarkson, President.
Louis H. Kuester, Vice President.
Morris H. Greenberg, Secretary-Treasurer.
B. F. O'Neill, Captain.

To Mr. Jos. R. Brown and Dr. O'Dell, members of the Chicago Fly as well as of the Chanters of Medinah Temple, we are indebted for the presence at our Dinner of 65 members of that famous organization of Chanters, who entertained us for half an hour with their splendid voices and made the Hotel ring with their rollicking songs.

Following the vocal entertainment, Thomas Ambrose gave a talk, as only he can, on the two greatest mysteries which time and science have as yet left unsolved; namely, "The Ways of a Maid with a Man" and "The Ways of a Trout with a Fly." Mr. Ambrose also informed us as to the best places to fish and the best time to go fishing; but as this information was furnished in confidence, we are not at liberty to divulge the same here. However, the writer will be pleased to furnish the information upon receipt of application with stamped self-addressed envelope.

Through the courtesy of the W. J. Jamison Co., who furnished the projector, we were enabled to enjoy a number of fine motion pictures. The W. J. Jamison pictures were of fishing in Southern waters, by our late member Wm. J. Jamison. Two reels of the South Bend Bait Company of musky fishing in Northern waters, were also shown and were followed by seven reels of Salmon fishing on the Cains River, in New Brunswick, by Fred Peet. Being among those present, Fred was able to explain many of the scenes shown and he incidentally gave us a number of good pointers on salmon fishing. Without a doubt Mr. Peet is the greatest fly-rod fisherman of the day. In his salmon fishing he uses only a 5-¾ ounce fly-rod and it is a real treat to see the excellent manner in which he plays and lands salmon up to 25 lbs. with this light rod. As scene after scene came into view, we judge, from the exclamations heard, such as "atta boy" and "hold him, Fred," that the audience were enjoying almost as great a thrill at seeing these wonderful catches as Fred did in the actual landing of the fish. Those of you who have enjoyed fishing with a fly rod can appreciate the thrill Fred must get when he hooks onto one of those large salmon. While we do not wish to appear boastful, we are mighty proud to point to Mr. Peet as one of the oldest members of the oldest casting club in Chicago—the Chicago Fly Casting Club.

But to return to our dinner, the entertainment throughout was the best we have ever had and all of us felt that we had spent a most enjoyable evening. From the outlook and talk of the members, 1928 will be the banner season of the C. F. C. C.

"The Grumbler."

San Francisco's Mid-Winter Meet

THIRTY-SIX casters reported for the Mid-Winter Casting Tournament and in spite of the wind the scores were excellent as the appended results show. Among the contestants were Colonel Young who has scored eighty-three years, a charter member of the Club and who has never missed a Mid-Winter Tournament. In sharp contrast Chummy Keating, fifteen years old, and the youngest member, was again on the platform after a year's absence. Without even a preliminary cast he made a score of only five demerits in the dry fly accuracy, taking second place in that event.

E. S. Hodges, a beginner of last season, won the delicacy and accuracy event, one of the most difficult of all the fly games and which only the experts of San Francisco attempt to play.

The high scores for the contests are:

ACCURACY FLY

J. P. Cuenin	99-12
O. L. Edtl	99-10
F. A. Webster	99- 4
Chandler Smith	99- 4
E. S. Hodges	99- 4
C. H. Kewell	99-

DELICACY AND ACCURACY FLY

E. S. Hodges	99- 3
J. P. Cuenin	99- 2
T. C. Kieruff	99- 1

DRY FLY ACCURACY

J. P. Cuenin	99-12
Chummy Keating	99-10
L. F. Geurin	99- 8
O. L. Edtl	99- 8

⅝ OZ. ACCURACY

J. P. Cuenin	99-3
L. F. Geurin	99-1
E. S. Hodges	99
G. Stockley, Jr.	99

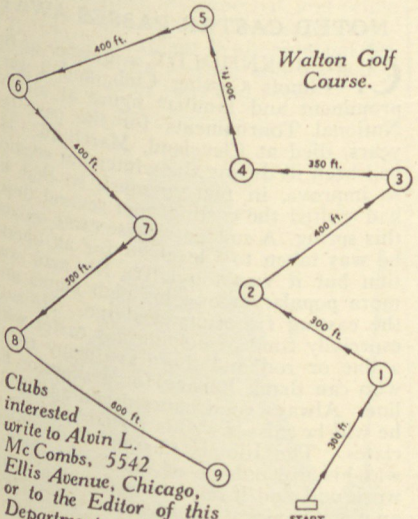
Walton Golf

TO give some idea of the possible scores in this new game there are listed here the score cards of Mr. McCombs who devised this attractive departure in casting. Mr. McCombs does not consider himself an expert distance caster, so the average caster need not fear to try the game himself.

Please note that these scores were cast during the winter.

	DATES				
	1-14	1-21	2-10	2-17	2-25
Ring 1....	3	4	3	4	3
Ring 2....	4	3	5	4	4
Ring 3....	3	5	4	3	3
Ring 4....	3	4	5	3	3
Ring 5....	4	4	3	6	3
Ring 6....	9	8	11	10	8
Ring 7....	6	7	6	6	5
Ring 8....	4	3	3	4	3
Ring 9....	3	3	4	3	3
Total ...	39	41	44	43	35

During these five games the player had one break and two backlashes.



Walton Golf Course.

Clubs interested write to Alvin L. McCombs, 5542 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, or to the Editor of this Department, care of Outdoor America.

My Favorite Fly—And Why

THE editor, casting about for a noted trout devotée, by a most lucky chance hooked into Frank Leach, National Secretary of the N. A. S. A. C.

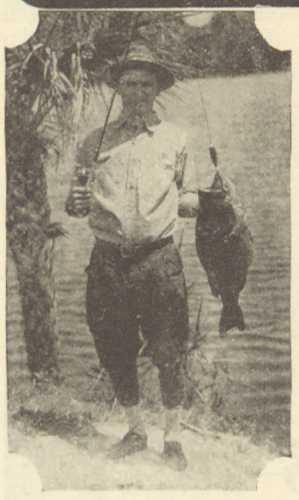
Despite his bulk, Frank is a clever wader of streams, especially of white water, and scarcely a river of Wisconsin has yet to be honored by his skilful footsteps.

At the recent National Tournament, he won the 5/8 ounce Accuracy Bait Event with almost a perfect score and his ability with the fly rod has often brought to him the championship of his Club. So, eminently qualified to give an opinion and always eager to impart information, Frank became extremely loquacious. "You want to know what I consider my favorite fly?

"Let me tell you first with what flies I am the favorite. Without any doubt, the deer flies have me picked for the favored one and they have never been backward in showing their delicate affection. But just to satisfy your curiosity I can tell you that the COACHMAN is my best bet; however, I have always leaned toward the PARMACHENE BELLE, though not on account of its feminine characteristics. If you want real 'dope' on the fly question, whenever you are fishing for trout and clover is near by, use all the MC GINTY flies in your box. You'll get as many trout as I have signed up members for the Chicago Chapter. That ought to last you for a full day."

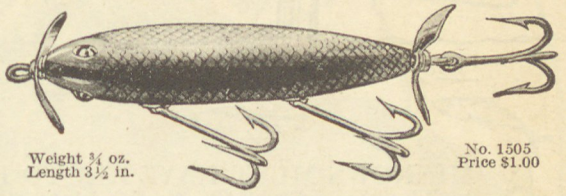
FREDERICK J. LANE.

All Game Fish — STRIKE-TO KILL IT!



Archie Boyd, New Port Richey, Fla., caught this 15 lb. 12½ oz. Large Mouth Bass on his old reliable Injured Minnow, No. 1505.

THE ORIGINAL INJURED MINNOW



Weight ¾ oz. Length 3½ in. — No. 1505 Price $1.00

This Bass getting wonder, which for years, has proven to be one of the greatest lures ever created by Creek Chub, is so true-to-nature and life-like that it is only natural to expect inferior imitations to appear on the market very so often! But there can be only one original, genuine, natural, life-like and most effective Injured Minnow—and Creek Chub makes it!

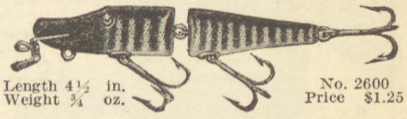
By retrieving in slow jerks, this lure accurately represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—but able to make a little fuss on the surface! And you get more of a real thrill because you can both see and hear the strike! Also made in Silver Flash finish, No. 1518—and the new Luminous day and night finish, No. 1521!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight ¾ oz. Length 4½ in. — No. 700 Price $1.00

The greatest all around lure made—for salt water or fresh! It represents a natural Pikie Minnow in size, shape, color and natural swimming movements! By all means, don't go to Canada or the northern waters without a supply of Pikies! Get a few with the new Silver Flash Finish No. 718. It's also a killer.

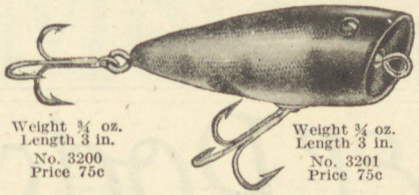
Jointed Pikie Minnow



Length 4½ in. Weight ¾ oz. — No. 2600 Price $1.25

A real running mate to the Famous Pikie Minnow! With a fast swimming, life-like movement—a superior lure for Bass, Pike and Muskie! With Silver Flash Finish it closely resembles a silver side minnow—very flashy and attractive in dark or cloudy water!

New Plunker

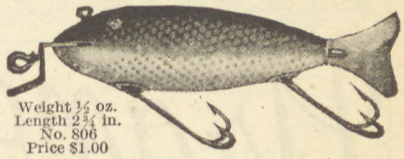


Weight ¾ oz. Length 3 in. No. 3200 Price 75c

Weight ¾ oz. Length 3 in. No. 3201 Price 75c

With a series of short jerks—this tempting, teasing, tantalizing lure stands up on its hind legs and yells—"Plunk-Ker-Plunk," meaning "Come On, Old Top! I Dare You To Strike Me!" And old Mr. Bass gets so mad, watching it bobbing, dancing, fussing, and "Ker-Plunking" along—that he rushes and strikes it hard—to kill it! With the Plunker—you'll get 'em even when you least expect it!

De Luxe Wagtail



Weight ½ oz. Length 2¾ in. No. 806 Price $1.00

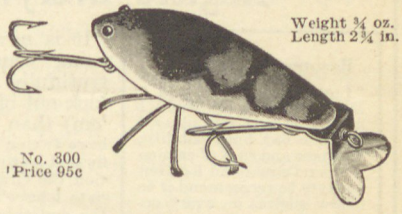
Here's a real fish getter! Apparently swims with its tail! Looks and swims like a live minnow! By pointing double hooks up, it is practically weedless! A great lure for lakes and streams.

Weed Frog

No. 2819 Length 2 in. Weight ¾ oz. Price $1.00

Absolutely weedless! Goes back into weeds and pads and comes back splashing and skimming along with the fish! A splendid lure for dark nights, too!

The Crawdad



Weight ¾ oz. Length 2¾ in. No. 300 Price 95c

Natural in shape and moves backwards with wiggle mostly in tail! Floats until started! A splendid deep running lure for trolling! Also casts like a bullet! No other lure like it!

Every Creek Chub Lure is sold with a guarantee to Catch Fish—or money back! Get them at your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful New Colored Catalogues sent FREE upon request!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY

325 So. Randolph St. GARRETT, IND.

Manufactured in Canada by Allcock, Laight & Westwood, Toronto, Ont., for Creek Chub Bait Company

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

DID you swear softly(?) the last time you arrived at lake or stream and opened your minnow bucket only to find your "live" bait floating on the surface, belly up?

It's no fun, either, to have minnows die just when the day's sport is best.—And no fresh minnows for miles around.

This can't happen again—not if you get the Air-Fed minnow bucket that is delighting anglers throughout the U. S. and Canada. It keeps minnows alive and frisky *all* day —for many days, in fact.

MINNOWS MUST HAVE AIR TO LIVE

"Air" is vital to a minnow's life. The Air-Fed bucket "feeds 'em air." This simple little trick makes all the difference—no other bucket can supply air automatically. Minnows live indefinitely, even in hottest weather and when carried over rough roads.

Amazing Results from Simple Device

The Air-Fed patented minnow bucket is no novelty. Based on a proven scientific theory. From a needle valve in pressure tank at bottom of bucket, the Air-Fed gives a constant bubbling supply of air. Works automatically. Just pump it once a day or so, with tire pump or small hand pump we furnish. Sturdy, rust-resisting galvanized iron, handsomely painted. Actual tests are amazing. Costs little more than common bucket—price..... $3.50
(West of Rockies and Canada $4.00)
Pump 35c extra

It "Keeps 'em Alive"

Only Live Minnows Are Fish Bait

Air-Fed

Air-Fed Mfg. & Stamping Co.
Quincy, Illinois
(on the Mississippi River)

At your dealer's - or - MAIL COUPON

AIR-FED FISH TANKS —for bait dealers

Also for transporting fish. Ideal for hatcheries, clubs, and bait dealers. Same principle as Air-Fed Minnow Bucket. Large capacity. Write for description and prices.

Air-Fed Mfg. and Stamping Co.,
419 S. 7th St., Dept. OA5, Quincy, Ill.

Send me one Air-Fed Minnow Bucket for $3.50 C. O. D. (West of Rockies and Canada, $4.00). (Postpaid if remittance accompanies order), and pump for 35c.

Name .....

Address .....
(Write your dealer's name in margin)

Granger Rods

FOR FLY AND BAIT FISHING

Anglers Everywhere Praise Their Quality

Recommends Granger

"Last year I purchased a Denver Special Fly Rod. I have been very well pleased with this rod. For flexibility, lightness and ease of casting it has no equal and I do not hesitate to recommend it to fellow anglers on every occasion."

JOHN B. CHRIST,
1940 Grand Ave., Racine, Wis.

"It is now three years since using your rods and I can truthfully say that I get more kick out of my Grangers (3 of 'em) than anything I own. I have twelve highest grade American fly and bait rods . . . . without exception the Granger is the only rod to date I have found that combines all the desirable features—action, material, workmanship and finish."

HOWARD J. MOORE,
Charlestown, Maryland

"Backbone to Spare"

"I fish for bass, using floating bass bugs and English standard size C line to overcome air resistance, which requires rod with lots of backbone. Your Colorado Special 1062 has power, backbone and action to spare. Thanking you for making so fine a rod for so small cost."

JOHN BROOK,
623 W. New York Ave., Sebring, Ohio.

GRANGER Rod prices range from $10 to $50—Send Today for Catalog in colors

GOODWIN GRANGER COMPANY
CORNER BROADWAY AND VIRGINIA DENVER, COLORADO

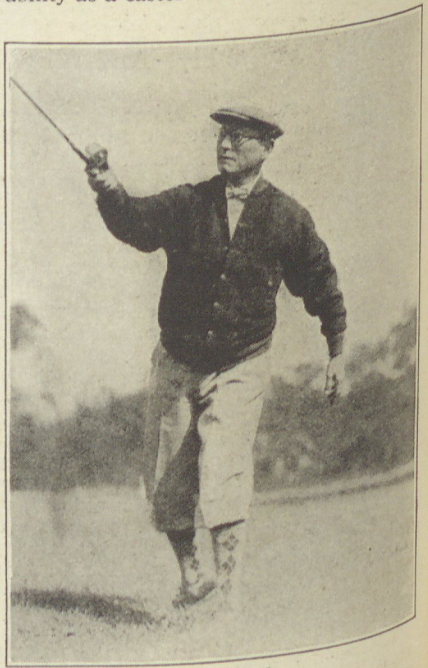
All genuine GRANGER Rods have the name "Granger" on the Reel Seat.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE—If your Dealer cannot supply you—we will.

THE NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW, April 18, 19, 20 and 21, 1928,
OMAHA AUDITORIUM, OMAHA, NEBR.,
will be of great interest to all sportsmen and lovers of the outdoors.

C. H. Bornholdt.

NOTED CASTER PASSES AWAY

C. H. BORNHOLDT, a member of the Illinois Casting Club, and a very prominent and familiar figure at all the National Tournaments for the past ten years, died at Cleveland, March 16. He had been ill during the winter but seemed to improve, in fact so much so that he had visited the casting pool several times this spring. A sudden relapse came on and he was taken to Cleveland for an operation but it was too late. No man was more popular among his club mates and the casting fraternity at large. He was especially fond of helping any caster with a line or rod and there are many today who can thank Barney for a superior fly line. Always good natured and agreeable he will be missed by his friends and associates. The Illinois Casting Club which was his life outside of his home and his work will find it hard to replace him with another as loyal and enthusiastic. His ability as a caster was rated highly.



J. Dwight Palmer.

AKRON'S LEADING OPTIMIST

J. DWIGHT PALMER, one of the N. A. S. A. C.'s Vice-Presidents, and the "Sunny Jim" of the casting field, has become distinguished for two very good

reasons according to an editorial in an Akron newspaper, the *Beacon Journal*, which is authority for the fact that J. Dwight was born on Washington's Birthday, only several years later; to be exact, in 1867. Any one who has ever seen this young man perform, and he does it well, sometimes, on the distance field, will agree that age has nothing to do with agility.

He is a product of Akron and has grown with the town, at present being Treasurer of the Burt Manufacturing Company. He says that he is not a politician, yet he has been an alderman from the second ward of Akron and having been born in Ohio has hopes of being President.

He says that whereas the Indian believes that his spirit will inhabit the happy hunting ground, his own belief is that there are beautiful trout streams in the hereafter, and all good fishermen who do not prevaricate about their catches will go there. He is fond of music and says that there is much music in his soul, therefore he expects to join that angelic choir where all good fishermen are expected, and being one of them, he will not be disappointed. J. Dwight is an ardent Waltonian but his passion is scientific angling and his hobby is the collection of rods and reels.

"Chief Dowagiac" Coller, Trick Caster

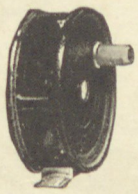
"CHIEF DOWAGIAC" COLLER, in Indian costume, will demonstrate his remarkable ability in bait and fly casting at the Izaak Walton League's National Sportsmen's Show to be held in Omaha in connection with the League's Sixth National Convention. He will give both afternoon and evening performances and will offer free instruction in the art of casting to all visitors at the Show.

New

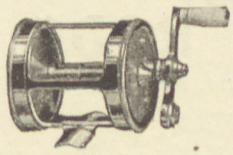
Bull's-Eye Casting

Meisselbach

Level Wind



The Meisselbach Rainbow—America's popular flyrod reel. Capacity 50 yards. $5.50.



The long popular Meisselbach Takapart bait casting and trolling reel. Capacity 100 yards. Price $7.00.

STRAIGHT to the exact spot where you saw him swirl—and BANG! It is your prompt, accurate casting and neat handling of the bait with this new Meisselbach Bull's-eye Casting Reel, that gets you those gallant strikes. And how they do count on your stringer!

Forty years of Meisselbach reelmaking—always in the lead, constantly better and better—are back of this newest Meisselbach. Assuring you unending satisfaction. Price only $5, including leather case.

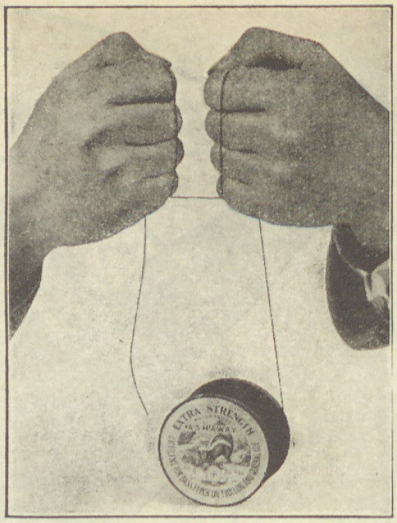
The same fine precision workmanship, excellent materials and originality of design for which Meisselbach Reels are famous. Balanced to a hair, runs like a watch, good for years of fine casting. A prize in the daytime—a blessing for night fishing. Get it from your dealer. Accept no substitute—please write to us. Complete Catalog of all famous Meisselbach Fishing Reels sent FREE.

The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co., *Division of* **The General Industries Co.**
2823 Taylor Street **Elyria, Ohio**

Always Carry a Spare Fishing Line

Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line. America's first and greatest success in a soft finish line.

Ashaway Extra Strength Bait-casting Line. The biggest favorite of the great Ashaway Big 4 leaders. Be sure you get the line with a polecat on the label.



ASHAWAY

Every Ashaway Line is Guaranteed satisfactory to you or your money back.

Fishing Lines

WHEN buying a bait-casting line, look beyond mere strength at the tackle counter. For *lasting* strength—for a line you can fish to a frazzle and still depend on to land the Big One—buy an Ashaway Extra Strength.

Hard-braided best Japan black silk, and soft waterproofed with Ashaway's exclusive formula. Safe from mildew and rot, a fine caster and a famous laster. All sizes for bait casting and trolling. Made for fresh water, but used in salt water too.

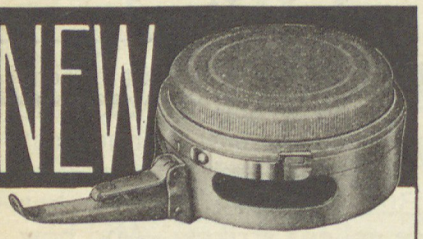
Ask your dealer for Ashaway Fishing Lines. If he does not supply you, please write to us.

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Box 635, Ashaway, Rhode Island

For every kind of fishing—used around the World. Made in Ashaway since 1824.

Send for a free copy of "Ashaway Fish Stories."

NEW



MARTIN FLY-WATE

Here is one of the sportiest reels that has ever been put on the market. Every fly-caster really needs one.

Quick as lightning, sturdy and powerful—yet it weighs only 6 ounces.

The Fly-Wate gives a perfect balance to the Fly-rod. Holds 90 feet of "G" line or a full H. F. H. double tapered line. Each reel comes enclosed in neat leather pouch and equipped with hardened steel line guide. Price only $10.00. Standard models with a "G" line capacity of 75 to 250 feet, price $4.50 to $10.00

Ask your dealer or write us direct for prices. Free illustrated circular on request.

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REEL CO., INC.
400 Main Street, Mohawk, N. Y.

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REELS

Divine RODS

Eye, Hand, Mind and Rod

How infinitely swift and keen is the response of your nerves to every action in the fine sport of outwitting your game fish.
Too bad to dull that keen edge of pleasure with an instrument too insensitive to conduct the action to your hand.
Those moments of rare outdoor sport are all too few. Make the most of them! Experience the *greatest* thrills fishing holds for you!

Get a Divine Rod

It is the nearest thing to another "nerve" leading out to the fighting game itself.

Write for Catalog

THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.
522 Roberts Street Utica, New York
Rods to order if you wish

Guess the Weight

THIS Great Northern Pike was caught by W. E. Lutz of Warren, Pennsylvania, in northern waters. You will note the size of the fish to be quite large. To the correct guesser of the weight of the fish, Mr. Lutz will give a free membership in the Izaak Walton League, regardless of where they live.

Fishing in the Rain

(With apologies to J. G. Saxe)

TRAMPING through the forests, hiking over ridges,
Wading through the marshes, climbing under bridges,
Scaling hill and mountain, down into the plain—
Bless me! this is pleasant, fishing in the rain.

MEN of every station in the eye of fame,
Here are very hopeful, doing just the same,
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a constant level, fishing here together.

GENTLEMEN in hip boots, gentlemen in shoes,
Gentlemen in brogans, wading through the ooze,
Gentlemen with steel rods, greenheart or cane—
Bless me! this is pleasant, fishing in the rain.

GENTLEMAN in alder brush, with a tangled line,
Saying complimentary things, sounding very fine,
Says that Massachusetts can't compare with Maine—
Bless me! this is pleasant, fishing in the rain.

BUTCHER tries to light a pipe, matches all are wet,
Baker has a nibble, not a strike as yet,
Candle-maker gets a fall and an ankle sprain—
Bless me! this is pleasant, fishing in the rain.

GAME warden comes along, looking very wise,
Has to do his duty, gets a big surprise,
Finds the baskets empty, inspection is in vain—
Bless me! this is pleasant, fishing in the rain.

GENTLEMAN next morning, stays a while in bed,
Has a chilly feeling, throbbing in his head,
Voice a little husky, in his chest a pain—
Doctor says "pneumonia," fishing in the rain.

A. W. SYLVESTER, M. D.,
President Pittsfield Chapter,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Fishin' Worms

(Continued from page 59)

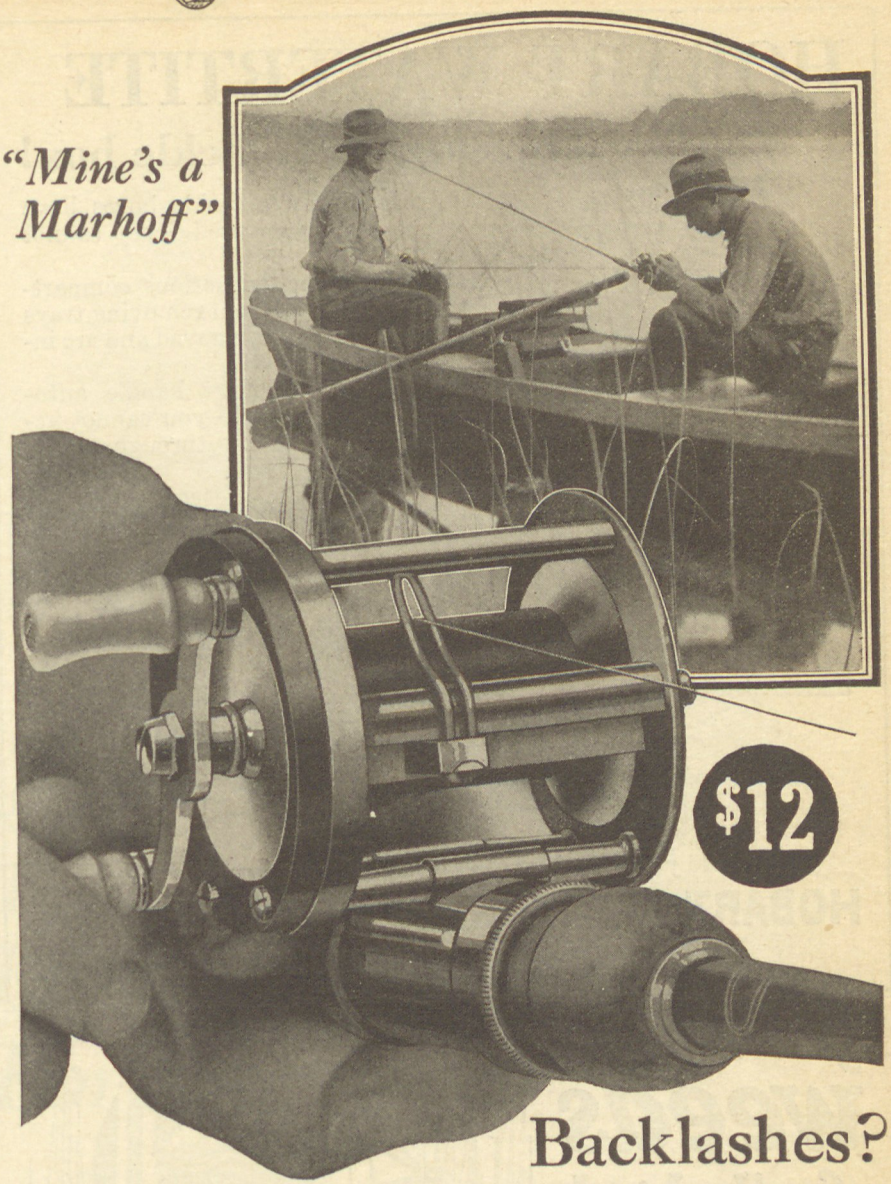
way and may be seen at night with tail firmly fixed in its burrow groping about over or near the surface of the ground nibbling at this or that and gently touching with its sensitive snout any object within its reach. The slightest tremor of the soil or of any object in contact with its body, however, sends it scuttling into its burrow like a flash of light.

The largest angle worms found in the eastern part of the United States are immigrants from Europe and seldom are to be found more than twelve inches long. In India, Ceylon and in South America, however, giant earthworms are found that are several feet in length and more than an inch in diameter. It is stated as a scientific fact that these big worms are eaten by the natives and that some of our California Indians have a similar habit. Hot dog!—Can you blame the trout for their plebeian proclivities?

It has been discovered recently that our common, large earthworms make a faint clicking or snapping sound at times and naturalists have been quite exercised in trying to discover how and why they do it. Since it apparently has been shown that these worms are entirely deaf, the possibility that they were discussing the amazing appetite of the American robin for earthworms or Will Rogers' latest joke seems to be eliminated. Science vouches for the fact, however, that in Java there is a monstrous earthworm several feet in length called Perichaeta musica which makes during the night, a sharp, interrupted sound apparently by rubbing the bristles on its body against a stone. This explanation of the sound does not seem mechanically plausible, but the following interesting narrative furnished by Mr. Frederick J. Davies, of Jacksonville, Florida, a correspondent of known veracity and character, corroborates the fact that a loud sound is produced by such earthworms.

"In 1905, I was in Mindanao, Philippines, engaged in raising four gunboats from the bottom of Lake Lanao. Many times whilst there I heard very loud and shrill sounds, but could not determine their source. These noises were at times almost painful to the ears. On evenings when there was a drizzling rain they were so loud as to become annoying. I had heard similar sounds before on the west coast of Africa and again in Cuba, not of such intensity, but unmistakably of the same character and had concluded that they were made by some member of the locust tribe.

"One evening in August when I had a boy named Cairmore in whom I was interested, and to whom I was imparting what knowledge I possessed of natural history and other themes, the din became almost unbearable on account of its prolonged intensity. The night was dark, it was raining a very fine rain and the air was very still. I thought as this boy was a native, he could tell me from what kind of animal these sounds came. I asked him and he told me the name in the native dialect. As I did not know what he meant I asked him if he could get me one so that I could see what it was like. He said 'I will try' and was going outside when I said 'Take the lantern.' He said, 'No, no, no catch if I do.' So he went out and I noticed very soon that some of the sounds ceased but others continued in the distance. He had been gone perhaps twenty minutes when he knocked at the door and in his hand was an earthworm two feet long, sometimes more, sometimes



Backlashes?

Not with a *Marhoff* Reel!

With a Marhoff level-winding reel you can cast time and time again, hour after hour and yet your line will run out as smooth and free as it did the first cast. Man! That's where you get real pleasure and satisfaction in fishing. Every time your line is wound in, it is laid onto the spool smooth and even—ready for the next cast without a backlash.

The compact arrangement of gears in the Marhoff has made it possible to incorporate the level-winding mechanism so that you can enjoy its many advantages without sacrificing in the least the attractive appearance of the reel.

Accuracy to a precision of less than one thousandth of an inch in all its working parts characterizes the Marhoff as the reel which is "Built like a watch."

The Shakespeare Marhoff is sold by all first-class sporting goods stores. Ask your dealer about this and other Shakespeare models.

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

312 N. Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Shakespeare

HONOR BUILT HONOR SOLD

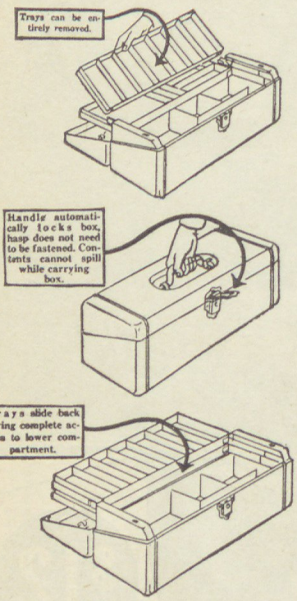
RODS-REELS LINES-BAITS

FINE FISHING TACKLE

HOBART WATERTITE

the *improved* tackle box!

Notice these features, you will find them in no other tackle box.

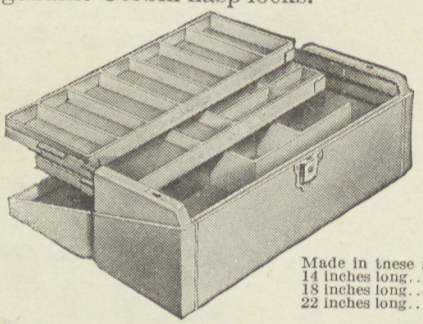


Hobart Watertite tackle boxes have all seams tightly soldered—they cannot leak.

Sliding trays make various compartments accessible without removing trays—yet they are easily removed and are interchangeable.

The patented Hobart handle automatically locks the lid—you cannot accidentally spill contents through failure to close the hasp.

All Hobart boxes are equipped with genuine Corbin hasp locks.



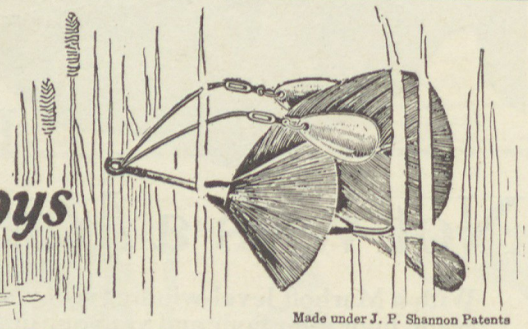
Made in these sizes:
14 inches long.... $5.00
18 inches long.... 6.00
22 inches long.... 7.00

At your dealer or—by parcel post prepaid

HOBART METAL MANUFACTURING CO.

805 16th AVE., S. E., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

get in the weeds for the big boys



Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

DEEP in the weeds—that's where the big boys hide. Any old-timer will tell you that. He'll tell you, too, the best way to get at 'em is with a Shannon Twin Spinner. It's absolutely weedless and snagless. For attractiveness nothing can beat it. Fish where the fish are, deep water or shallow; cast or troll with it—the Shannon's a fish-getter any way you use it.

Made with Red, Yellow and White Feather Fly; Natural, Red, Yellow and Black Bucktail Fly; Red or Gray Squirrel Tail. *Price, each, 90c.* Barbless Hook style same price. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct.

THE W. J. JAMISON COMPANY
739 S. California Avenue Dept. 55 Chicago, Illinois

The Barbless Holds 'em

Sharp, needle-like point goes in deeper and quicker.

"Hump," instead of a barb, holds 'em securely. Do not fail to try them for all kinds of fishing.

JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS

TRADE MARK

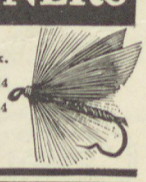
SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

Weedless Coaxer
Now made in natural frog color.
EACH - 85c

Barbless Hook Flies

Trout Flies—24 patterns, No. 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 hook. Each, **20c**, or **$2.40** a dozen.
Dry Flies—No snell. 12 patterns. No. 8, 10, 12 and 14 hook. Each, **25c**, or **$2.80** a dozen.
Inverted Bass Flies—No. 1-0 Ringd Hook, no snell. 14 patterns. Each, **40c**, or **$4.60** a dozen.

Send for beautiful catalog of Jamison Fish-Getting Lures



less, as it contracted or lengthened. I said 'Surely this is not the thing that makes such a noise.' He replied, 'Yes, sir, but he sings here but sounds there,' indicating the opposite direction with his hands. I asked him how he managed to catch them in the dark, he told me he had to go very slowly and quietly, looking very intently on the ground to see the worms lying on the top, or rather a large portion of them, as they always leave their tail ends in their burrows. In his own words the boy said, 'You see, sir, they make love on top of the ground, and when I see them I stamp on the ground where the tail part is, this makes the hole too tight for him to get down, so I catch him by the head-part and pull, pull, not hard but until his tail lets go, but sometimes they break if I pull too hard.' When asked how he could see them in the dark, he said 'Rain make earth black, but worm shine a little, and you know, sir, Filipino see in the dark better than American man.' In my own mind, I have not the slightest doubt that the shrill sounds came from these worms, but from what part of them I have no knowledge."

Angle worms are apple pie a la mode to the finny denizens of lake and stream. This fact is appreciated by most fishermen but the reasons for the almost universal popularity of this food among the fresh water fishes are not so generally known. If man were compelled to imbibe his wonted modicum of peanuts without removing the shells, it is a safe bet that the weird and ghastly voice of the goober roaster would vanish from the land overnight. Something very like this form of gastronomic hari-kari, however, is perforce committed with discouraging frequency by the game fishes in their attempts to obtain nourishing food. In this way they gobble caddis-fly larvae incased in castles of twigs and pebbles or craw-fish and insects clothed in boiler plate armor which for indigestibility would make a boarding house "sinker" look like a poached egg on toast. Is it any wonder then that even the aristocratic trout and bass are forced to descend to cannibalism in their attempts to assuage the pains of hunger? Right here is where the humble earthworm steps into the spotlight and glistens all resplendent with iridescent hues. He or she, I should say "it," is composed of just one bunch of lean and juicy nitrogenous pabulum which needs to be but engulfed and forgotten to fill the aching void sans qualm and sans remorse.

MILLIONS of fish can be saved annually by proper screening devices in all irrigation ditches in the West. Senate Bill 3437 and House Bill 11796 now pending in Congress will appropriate $25,000 to the Bureau of Fisheries for a special study and development of workable screens.

Write your Senator and Congressman to support this measure.

Sand Dabbing in Arizona

(Continued from page 46)

"Now, you leave all such trivialities to me. You be ready at nine tonight. I'll be at your apartment at that time. Better rig your casting rod with a good heavy line and have that bedding-roll ready with several blankets because it's cold before morning. Bye! Bye!" With that George dumped us before our quarters and left us with our thoughts.

Nine o'clock! Darkest night! Bedding-roll! Oh, well, George always did know his stuff, so why should I question?

Promptly at nine bells George arrived and we answered his Honk! Honk! by rushing our tackle and bedding to the street. Now, I have always had implicit faith in George. We have been friends for some time and I have never doubted my friend's veracity or good judgment but that night, I swear I was doubtful. In the rear seat of the car, and very much too close to where I was to sit, was absolutely the meanest outlaw looking half-breed Mexican and Yaqui Indian with whom I have ever had the displeasure of touring.

George said, "This is Nick," and the introduction was at an end. I immediately began to think of all the unfortunate humans of whom I had ever read whose young lives had been cut short by an untimely stiletto. Oh, how I wished I might be in Chicago where I could be shot down on a main street and where there might be some chance of my body being found. It later proved that "Nick" was the handyman. He spread our blankets and was supposed to bait the hooks, attend our lines while we slept, if any, and in many little ways be useful in this sport of "Sand Dabbing." I didn't see much of "Nick", in fact the night was so inky black I didn't see anything. When we arrived at the fishing place I knew we were on a bridge because I could feel the concrete walls with my hands and the floor beneath my feet but that's all I knew. I could see no water and I could smell no fish, but anyway I was out to do this new sport and I eagerly awaited some new thrill.

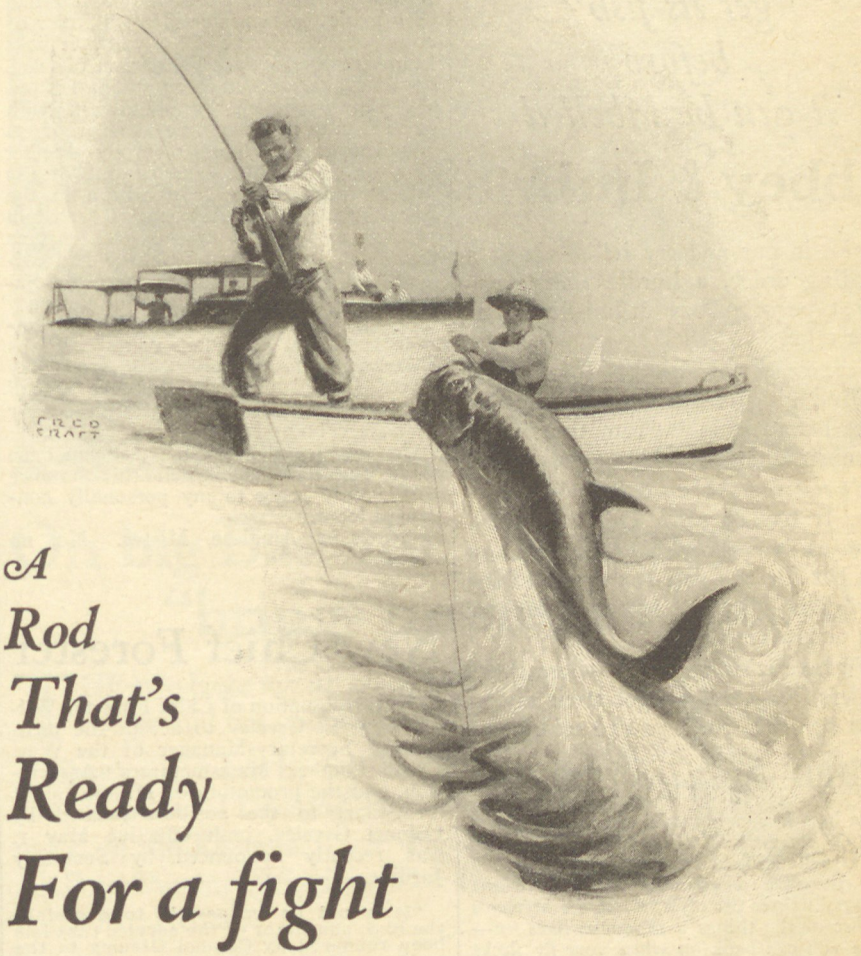
It's a nice clean game, this Sand Dab fishing. "Nick" puts the bait on the hook, whatever it may be, I do not to this day know. You cast from a comfortable position on a smooth concrete footing and what expectancy and anticipation rests on every cast as your line sails out through a hole in the pitch-black night and maybe —ah, yes, who knows, maybe you will reel in a dragon or some other demon of the night.

"Why, George, my line isn't wet when I reel it in, what's the matter?" I called through the Arizona night. Old wise George, he knew everything. "Sure, don't you know the air is so dry down here that before you can reel it in, it becomes dry?"

To be sure. What a dunce I was. "Dry air!" Why I knew that. "Oh, I see," I replied and cast for another cyclops 'er something.

I cast and I cast and I cast, but no luck. George didn't get any strikes or bites or kicks, or whatever a Sand Dab does when he is hungry or mad, so at a little after three o'clock on that eventful morning George suggested that we find the bedding-rolls and sleep until just before daybreak. "Nick" would awaken us. We set the poles and turned in for a nap.

When I awakened in all the glory of



A Rod That's Ready For a fight

TARPON! A hundred and twenty or more pounds of fighting demon giving you the battle of your life—*you and the craftsmen who fashioned your rod!* Bullet-like rushes that sweep two or three hundred feet of line off your screeching reel. Glorious battles lasting for hours . . . it's for such hectic strain on thin bamboo that the skilled handiwork of Montague craftsmen —and their decades of experience—are needed.

Because these craftsmen have labored so well, *The Montague Trail* now stretches more than half-way 'round the world. Montague makes more than half of the entire world's supply of split bamboo fishing rods.

FEATURED BY BEST SPORT GOODS STORES EVERYWHERE

Write to Dept. "K" for Descriptive Booklet

MONTAGUE RED WING TARPON RODS—a series of highest quality one-piece, 6-strip bamboo—3 tip weights, 6 ounce; 9 ounce; 12 ounce. . . . . Price $27.50.

MONTAGUE MANITOU—the supreme achievement of many years experience in building fine tarpon rods. Six-strip, most carefully selected butt cut Tonkin cane, aged and heat treated. 3 tip weights, 6 ounce; 9 ounce; 12 ounce. . . . . Price $35.

MONTAGUE IMPERIAL heavy game reel —massive proportions, beautiful finish— performance and appearance unsurpassed at many times the price. Line tension always under control. . . . . Price $65.

Other sturdy hard service tarpon and heavy game fishing reels ranging in size from 150 to 300 yard capacity and in price from $3.25 to $45.00

MONTAGUE
ROD AND REEL COMPANY
MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS

It has to "get its fish" before it can be labelled

Abbey & Imbrie

"Take it out and try it!"—that's a standing order, a hurdle that every new type of Abbey & Imbrie tackle must take.

Yes, every new kind of hook, reel, rod and plug is first put through its paces before it is put into the Abbey & Imbrie line.

It's *tested* by Abbey & Imbrie fishermen. It has to *catch fish*. It has to show us *in actual fishing* that it's the best bet for the fish it's intended for—whether it's trout or tarpon tackle, bass or muskie tackle.

We take it right out to where these battlers live—and we get their say-so for it before we ask you to take ours!

FREE—*128 pages of tackle!*

The bass season is sneaking up on us—and our 1928 catalog ought to be right handy to your favorite arm chair! Somewhere, in its 128 pages, there's a rod you can pet, a reel whose song you'll never tire of, a veritable fisherman's paradise of the things a fisherman lives for—tackle you can bank on when your fly flecks the water, and your line whips taut in a swirl of greased lightning!—*rods from 30c to $30—128 pages of tackle.* Write to—

Abbey & Imbrie
Fishing tackle division of
A. G. Spalding & Bros
Dept. A-5
105 Nassau Street, New York
© 1928, A. G. S. & B.

AL WILSON
Fisherman and Inventor of
Famous Wilson Trolling Spoons and Spinners
SUPERIOR TARPON LURE
WON BY MERIT
High class tackle for all game fish.
New Catalog sent upon request.
Manufactured exclusively by
AL WILSON CO.
1539 Folsom St., San Francisco

Patronize Our Advertisers

an Arizona sun, well up in the heavens, I found that I had been "Sand Dabbed" without question. Completely and unreservedly and unequivocally "Sand Dabbed." George and his bolshevik friend were gone. I presume they departed soon after we lay down to untroubled dreams. I looked around me and although I had been made the Supreme Exalted Ruler of Nuts of the Great Southwest, it was funny, really funny. There was my rod, expectantly extended at an angle of about 67⅞ degrees north by southwest, with some twenty yards of fine waterproof, 24 pound test, silk line gracefully dipping into the pure white sand of one of the driest rivers that ever dried up in the Sovereign State of Arizona. I reeled in my line and folded my bed-roll, just as George's car appeared. George had evidently gone to his daily labors—the Satanic liar—for "Nick" was chauffeuring.

"Say, you black mustached fool, whoever gave you the idea, you—" and as I warmed up to my subject, my vocabulary increased and what I told that "Mex" would have been a masterpiece for "Whose Who and Why."

George proved himself a tactician once more for he had chosen this hombre whose only reply to my personally conducted lecture was—

"No sabe Ainglese, Mister. No, no sabe!"

New Chief Forester

THE resignation of Chief Forester William B. Greeley to accept the position of Secretary-Manager of the West Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and the promotion of Major Robert Y. Stuart to the position vacated by Colonel Greeley, both effective May 1, was recently announced by Secretary Jardine.

"It would be impossible to overstate the high character of the service that has been rendered by Colonel Greeley to the welfare of the American people," said Secretary Jardine in accepting Colonel Greeley's resignation. "He has been a wise and careful, but a fearless and vigorous administrator and leader. His public service has been continuous over a period of more than 23 years, his entire working life up to the present time. He has risen because of his outstanding ability and competent performance from a beginner's place to the head of the organization which administers more than 150,000,000 acres of Federal land, and during his 8 years as chief of the Forest Service he has uniformly commanded the respect of his subordinates, enjoyed the confidence of those over him, and won unreserved approval from the public as a constructive, well-balanced, eminently fair and always far-sighted counselor and maker of policies. His record during the World War as organizer, leader, and administrator was likewise notable, but it is first of all as the director of the forest work of this department and the leader of the general forestry movement of the country during a period that has presented many problems of exceptional difficulty that he has made a permanent place for himself in the public esteem and in history."

Colonel Greeley's return to private life on the west coast, where he began his remarkable forestry career, is a distinct loss to the forest movement. On the other hand it quite definitely presages a new day in the lumber industry itself. When the lumbermen appreciate their plight sufficiently to employ the Chief Forester of the United States to guide them toward the coveted goal of sustained yield, it is indeed a far cry from the old days when their policy was to cut the timber as fast as possible and abandon the wreckage left in their wake.

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Good Quality Split Bamboo
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These rods are not "junk" but are well balanced and good value. Made in—
8¼ feet for Brook Trout
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Price Only $12.50

This Rod is finished up in the popular brown color, now so much in vogue.

You'll find a new thrill in fishing, and catch more fish with a Richardson Steel Rod. You'll cast "plug" or spinner where you want it—and can cast all day. See this leading line now. A variety of styles at a price for every purse. At your dealer's, or write us if he can't supply you.

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The outstanding Rod in the low priced field. Fancy double grip cork handle. Extra wide crystal agate guides. Detachable finger hook and reel lock. Lengths, 3 to 5½ feet. Price, $2.60.

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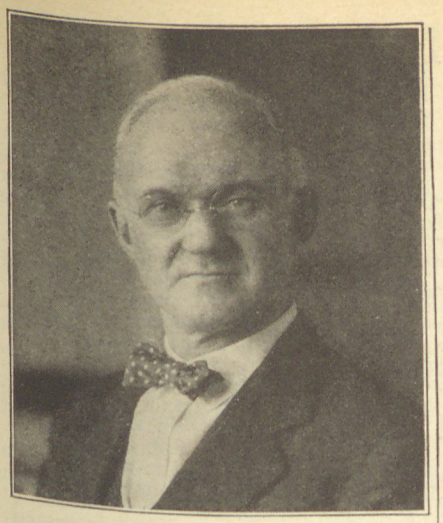


Major Robert Y. Stuart, New U. S. Chief Forester

The promotion of Major Stuart to head the Forest Service is a recognition of his wide range of forestry training and experience. He was born near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, 45 years ago, was educated in the public schools of Harrisburg and Carlisle and graduated from Dickinson College. In 1904 he entered the Yale Forest School, receiving the degree of Master of Forestry in 1908.

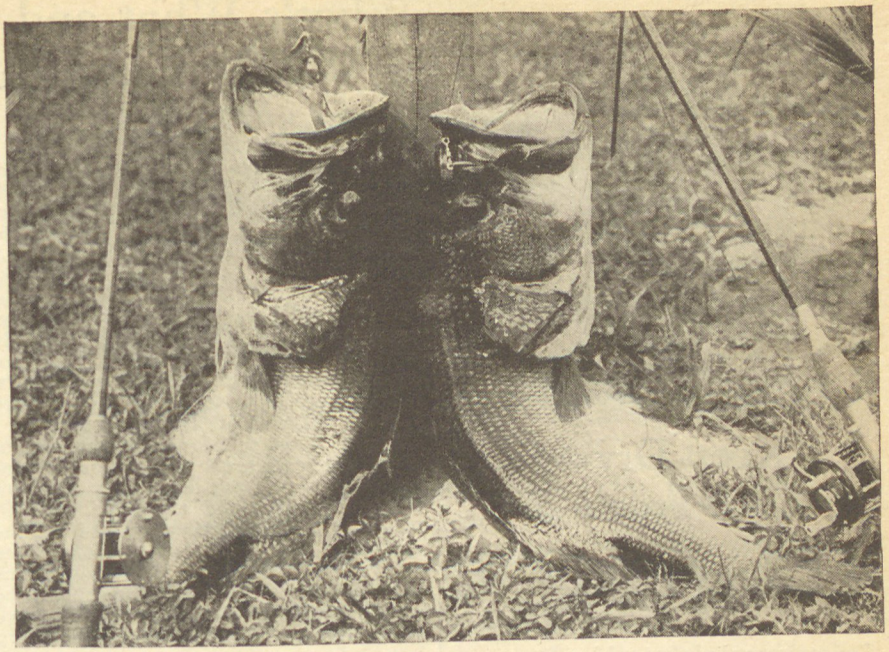
Upon leaving Yale he was appointed Forest Assistant in the United States Forest Service and assigned to Forest Management work in Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. Upon the formation of district organizations he was assigned to the Missoula, Montana, District where he gained much valuable experience. In 1912 he was transferred to Washington, D. C., and made Forest Inspector in the Branch of Management, which includes all timber and planting work on the National Forests, and similar projects undertaken in cooperation with other departments and agencies.

In September, 1917, Major Stuart was commissioned Captain in the Engineer Reserve Corps for service overseas in the Forest Regiment. He was sent to France immediately and assigned to the A. E. F. headquarters at Paris, and later, Tours, to assist in the acquisition of timber. He was promoted to Major in October, 1918, and assigned to General Headquarters at Chaumont to assist in the project of producing cordwood for the A. E. F. In February, 1919, he was made Commanding Officer of the 5th Battalion, 20th Engineers, and District Commander of forest troops of the Gien District, returning to the states with his battalion in June.

Major Stuart is a member of the Executive Council of the Society of American Foresters and various other organizations.

He was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Forestry in Pennsylvania by Governor William C. Sproul in 1920, succeeding Gifford Pinchot as Commissioner of Forestry in 1922, and was reappointed by Governor Pinchot. On June 15, 1923, upon the reorganization of the State Government, he was appointed Secretary of Forests and Waters in which office he served until shortly prior to his return to the U. S. Forest Service, February, 1927, as Chief of the Branch of Public Relations.

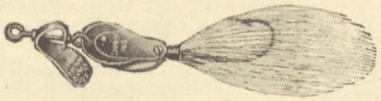
Waltonians can rejoice in the fact that this important branch of the government continues in the hands of a trained capable man who has worked his way up through the ranks. This promotion is directly in line with the Walton League's preachments urging that fitness and not politics govern the selection of men to head conservation activities.



On big Bass the "Shimmy" "brings home the bacon!"

THE two large mouth black bass shown weigh twelve and ten pounds respectively.

They were taken by Dr. Jack Benton and Mr. T. L. Hendrix, of Lakeland, Florida, at Grape Hammock on the Kissimee River, Florida, both using Al Foss Shimmy Wigglers. The twelve-pounder fell to Mr. Hendrix.



This is the Shimmy Wiggler that "brought home the bacon" for Mr. Hendrix. Made in ½ and ⅝ oz. $1.00.

These Bass were prize winners in the local fishing contest of the Pearson's Sporting Goods Company, Lakeland, Florida.

Mr. Hendrix writes:—
"My boys and I use nothing else but your bait."

It is not hard to understand after looking over his catch.

Don't fail to include at least one of each of the Foss Pork Rind Minnows in your kit when you shove off for your good old lake this season. See them at your dealers.

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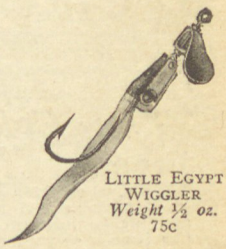

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Weight ½ oz.
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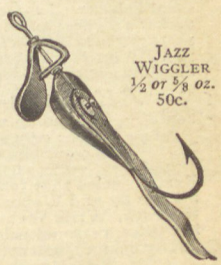

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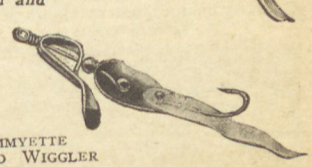

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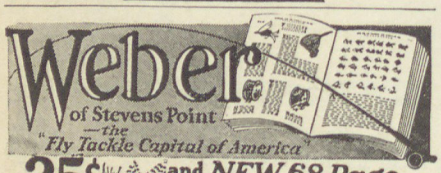

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What's What and How— in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon

Increasing Bobwhites

1. Bobwhite quail are scarcer in this locality than for many years. Other parts of the state report more birds left over than for years. How do you account for it? What do you advise? G. W., Indiana.

WITHOUT making a study on the ground it is pretty hard to answer your questions. The passing of the old worm fences and hedges with their protecting corners harboring a mass of briars, sumac, grapevines, etc., has been a hard blow to Bob and his family.

Draining every little swamp, cutting out every patch of brush and briars and intensive farming have done as much, if not more, to reduce the supply of quail in many parts of the country as have the sportsmen, but it is hard to make some folk see it that way. Bad snowstorms have periodically taken a heavy toll, to be sure, and in some places game hogs have systematically hunted out and killed every last bird.

In some sections the farmers who have been most diligent in cutting down every vestige of cover are also the ones who have tried in vain to increase quail on their farms by stopping all shooting. With favorable cover, a liberal winter food supply, feeding shelters where needed, and protection against fourfooted and winged destroyers, quail will produce a far better annual increase if hunted within reason, and the covies broken up and intermixed, than if not hunted at all. Can cite many specific cases to prove this.

Seasons closed on quail over a term of years, except on properly administered refuges, have never proved a success unless the covies were systematically trapped up and the birds paired off and well scattered in the springtime. They can be scattered with bird dogs just before the mating season, provided your game law allows it, but who wants to keep quail dogs in a country where reasonable hunting for these birds is not allowed. Without some lawful hunting each season quail lose the interest of their best friends, the real sportsmen.

Many states and sportsmen are now buying Mexican bobwhites at prices ranging from $21.00 to $27.00 per dozen in even pairs. If caught and shipped at a time so they may be safely released upon arrival they do very well. Mexican bobwhites should be shipped north only during the latter part of February, March and April. Importations run from 30,000 to 60,000 birds annually.

Get your farmers to leave more cover. Provide more shelter. If necessary pay farmers to plant patches of sorghum, broom corn, sudan grass and similar seed bearing crops near quail cover. Then clean up the stray dogs, especially during the hatching season, the stray cats and other destroyers—give the birds a fifty-fifty chance. A number of League chapters are doing great work along the lines suggested.

Commercial Fishing

2. How can we stop the commercial fishermen who have been gutting our waters for many years? The fish traps at the mouths of our bays and rivers have trapped the migratory fishes by the boatloads. They don't let enough escape for breeders. E. S., Washington.

ANGLERS can't expect everybody else to step out of the picture entirely. Commercial fishing has its place, if properly regulated. If in certain waters there isn't room for both, then stop the market fishing in those waters and be done with it.

Not all commercial fishermen are pirates, but everybody knows that some of them are thieves of the worst type. Many of them are seriously concerned about the future of their business and will meet you half way on any reasonable proposition. In many cases properly regulated commercial fishing is a decided advantage to the angler, especially in the removal of carp and other rough fish.

Pollution has done far more harm to both commercial and game fishing than has over fishing. Get your neighboring chapters to join hands with you, organize a strong committee representing the entire group, confer with your state department in charge, and the leaders among the commercial fishermen, and see whether you can't agree upon a constructive plan of action. But don't start with a mere handful of members in your chapters. Get some real strength first. This is a real problem to buck and numbers count mightily.

Killing Crows

3. Should we wage war on the crow? He is one terrible menace to all nesting birds. R. L. S., Ohio.

IF people liked to eat crow as well as they do game birds you wouldn't need to ask this question. The crow has practically everything to himself. Even though his food habits are in part quite beneficial, he is one of the worst nest robbers and must be controlled where too plentiful. Don't encourage any nationwide crow killing campaigns, as irresponsible people now have too many excuses for carrying guns at all seasons of the year.

A campaign to reduce these black marauders, conducted by your chapter members, should be helpful. The wintertime, when they congregate in large flocks, is the best time to get them in large numbers, both by trapping and shooting. Jack Miner's crow trap, even though somewhat expensive to build it right, gets them in wholesale lots, and a crow shoot is much more sport than hunting game birds. Just try it!

The worst damage by crows is done during the spring nesting season. Young crows in the nest eat more than their own weight daily. The crow call and a good decoy owl is then the best bet. Hunting their nests is also good fun. Try a springtime crow contest. Divide the chapter into two teams. It's lots of sport and will save thousands of game and song birds. Make the losing side "eat crow" by paying for the prizes or a supper.

Pheasants Pulling Corn

4. We have been told that ringneck pheasants pull corn faster than crows and are a nuisance to farmers. What about it? If we decide to try them in our section where can we get birds or eggs? W. E. B., Iowa.

I'LL answer your second question first. Ringneck pheasants have done better in the northern part of your state than elsewhere. Your State Game Warden has trapped and transferred hundreds of birds and literally thousands of eggs; probably he can supply your wants.

If not, purchasing birds in the springtime in large numbers is almost out of the question. The price in the fall is from $2.75 to $3.50 per bird; in the spring

from $4.00 to $6.00 each, and the supply is then very limited.

Eggs are available in the springtime and cost from $20.00 to $30.00 per hundred. Advertisers in OUTDOOR AMERICA can supply your wants.

My investigations satisfy me that ringnecks are far more beneficial than they are injurious to the farmers' crops. They are great insect destroyers. A flock around your potato patch will be better than poison. The cocks sometimes pull corn, but this can be stopped, at least materially lessened, by soaking whole corn several days, then scatter it around that part of the field where the birds usually enter.

A number of states have decided in favor of the ringnecks, and to the best of my knowledge none has condemned them. South Dakota has been going through the throes of a real war on this question. Dr. Ferd Brown, an active Waltonian of Sioux Falls, is my authority for the following:

"Last spring, just about the time the new corn was showing itself above the ground, a farmer near Watertown telephoned a hurryup call to one of the wardens. The farmer wanted the warden to come out to his place at once and witness first hand the destruction that was being done to his corn by the pheasants.

"On arriving at the field of action, the farmer began raving about these birds and said that they should all be exterminated, and if the state didn't do something he would kill every one he could. 'How do you know that it is the pheasant that is taking your corn?' asked the warden. 'Don't you know that other birds and bugs eat corn too?' 'Heck, I've seen them out there in my field by the dozens, seen 'em picking away around the corn. Can't tell me it's anything else that's eating it.'

"Convinced that argument would accomplish nothing, the warden asked the farmer what he would suggest by way of finding out for a surety if the pheasant was guilty. 'Take your gun and kill two or three that are in that corn field and if you don't find corn in their crops, then I'm a liar.' So the warden reluctantly proceeded to the corn field and had no trouble killing two cock pheasants. The birds were taken to the garage and the necessary arrangements made for the post mortem. When the warden was getting his knife ready to operate, he said under his breath, 'Well, old cockie, here's where you get a black eye, and you place me in a bad position, what.'

"When the crop was opened, not only the one bird but both, imagine what a surprised look came upon the faces of the warden and the farmer when instead of finding the crops full of corn, they were full of nice fresh cutworms. Now it was the warden's inning. 'There,' he countered, 'what did I tell you, not a kernel of corn, and look at those worms. Why man, you couldn't raise any corn or anything else if you didn't have these wonderful birds on your place.' The farmer was nonplussed. He had nothing to say. Finally when the warden was about to leave, he asked him if he could come to a farmers' meeting that afternoon to verify what he would tell his neighbors about the good points of the pheasant. The warden agreed to be there.

"A goodly number of farmers were in attendance. After other business was taken care of, our friend the farmer got the floor and proceeded to tell the other members of the group just what happened that morning, and asked the chair to call on Mr. Warden for a detailed report. This was done, and the warden, full of confidence, came to the defense of the pheasant, citing this case and others, and in closing gave this game bird a clean bill of health. Prior to this statement, nearly all the farmers were against the pheasant, but when confronted with this evidence they were at a loss to know what to say.

"Finally one farmer got up and said that he would bet $25 that he could go out and not be gone over a

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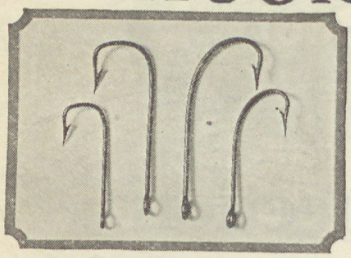

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half hour and bring in pheasants with corn in their crops, and if the warden would give him a permit, he would do it, regardless of whether anyone wanted to bet or not. A permit was granted and the anti-pheasant farmer departed for his corn-eating birds. Sure enough he was back in the allotted time with his two birds. Again the stage was set for the post mortem, and again the warden's knife got into action. Although he was confident that cutworms and not corn would be found, he was rather nervous when he took the crop out. Again imagine the surprise when corn began coming out of the first pheasant's crop, and lots of it. The second bird's crop showed the same after examination.

"This started the battle all over again, and those present were taking turns coming to the table and examining the birds and corn. Finally, one old farmer came up and after a hasty examination, dug down in his pockets for his specks for further examination. He took several kernels of the corn and examined them carefully, when he put his hand up as if calling for order and said, 'Hell, men, that ain't seed corn, that's dry shelled corn. That's never been planted and wouldn't grow if it had.'

"The meeting was adjourned, the warden and the two farmers going out arm in arm, chuckling to themselves."

Ringneck pheasants have never done well in the far south. Why I don't know, but why bother with ringnecks where bobwhite reigns supreme?

Small Stream Clam Digging

5. I read Commissoiner O'Malley's article on the shell-fishing industry in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Have my own opinions about it but probably have a purely local slant on the subject. Does the Izaak Walton League mean to defend the clam digging renegades who are actually destroying some of our local bass streams? F. B., Ohio.*

EMPHATICALLY not! They should be stopped at once on every comparatively small clear water stream, and in all other waters they should be compelled to observe such regulations as to seasons, closed areas, etc., as may be necessary to safeguard the rights of the anglers and all other users of the stream so they will best serve the most people.

Your State Conservation Department does not have the law to stop "the renegades," as I assume it does not, or else it would have been done. Build enough Walton strength and sentiment by getting the neighboring chapters to join you in an injunction proceeding. First try to persuade the buyers to discontinue purchases of shells from your stream. If they won't

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Waltonians:
OUTDOOR AMERICA

A Fairyland in the Marshes

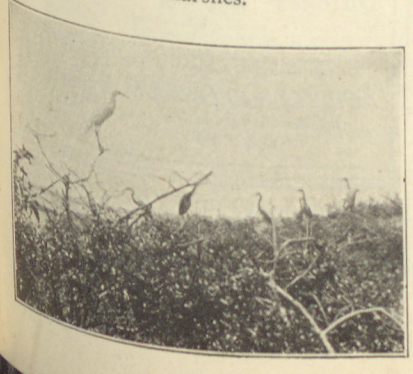
(Continued from page 48)

much wanted commodity was more than twice its weight in gold, there were many who followed this nefarious trade. At last the Federal Government stepped in, and declared it illegal to wear the plumes, which put an end to the market, and the hunters slowly became less numerous, and the herons were left in peace. We may be thankful that there was enough remaining to start another generation. This they have done to a surprising extent.

Retracing their steps, the two bird lovers procured their camera where they had left it at first alighting from their boat, and they set to work. Many of the old birds showed surprising tameness, and allowed close approach, many exposures being made of them, the nests, eggs and young.

During the photographic operations, the bedlam of sound had decreased to some extent, many of the adult birds had departed into the marshes, on fishing expeditions, while others had retreated to the oaks at the other end of the island, where they sat alertly watching the invaded area. The young, except the very recently hatched, kept up a continual clicking noise, the general effect being that of a multitude of large alarm clocks all ticking away at top speed. Several pairs of the little blue herons in immature plumage were noted breeding. This species is pure white for a year or two following hatching, after which the adult plumage begins to make its appearance in patches, giving the birds a curiously mottled look; they are then known locally as "calico birds," or "calico cranes." They are, in the white phase, often confused with the Snowy Heron, but may always be known by their greenish yellow legs and feet, while the more beautiful Snowy has black legs, and bright yellow feet.

The studies and photographing at length over, the two bird lovers turned toward the boat, and, pushing and pulling it toward the creek edge over the black, clinging mud, climbed in, and lingered awhile to watch the herons returning to their homes. Bands and squadrons of the graceful birds kept coming in, those from the marshes joining them, as the slanting rays of the sun warned them to cease their fishing. Some idea of the populous condition of the spot may be gained when it was estimated by the two that fully 2,500 pairs of all species were nesting on the island. The hammock faded slowly into the afternoon haze, a few whirling specks above it the last indication of the busy life which was going on in the myrtles and palmettos of this fairyland in the marshes.



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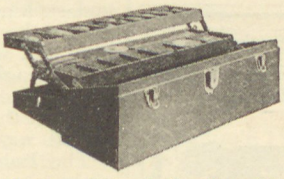
Tackle is protected and in order in a Kennedy Kit. Waterproof and spillproof. Holds hooks, sinkers, lines, reels, and bait. Double seamed—electric spot welded. Finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Nine styles.



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Lift the lid and see how the trays swing out of the box. Yet it's the most compact Tackle Box you have ever seen. Everything accessible. Top tray divided for plugs.

All good hardware and sporting goods stores have Kennedy Kits. Reasonably priced.

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TRADE MARK

Swish!

And the Fight Is On

Don't let a stiff-running reel cause you to lose fish, when all it needs is

3-in-One Oil

Keeps all your tackle in "catching" condition. A great gun oil, too.

The Sportsmen's oil for 33 years. Sold everywhere.

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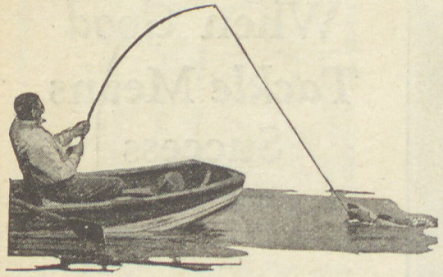
Thrills hookin' a 48½ lb. Tyee Salmon

Mansfield Line beaches big fish



"He thrashed the water like mad!

"Down, down he went. Our stout 36-lb-test Mansfield line sizzled over the reel at dizzy speed. If the big Tyee should sound much farther, he surely would snap the line. Sixty minutes of thrills!

"After a mighty final splash, he was captured—48½ lbs. of grace, symmetry and food. Walter Miller's comment was 'Yes, sir, the right tackle is half the battle'."

(Signed) M. A. Dalby, Seattle, Wash.

Play safe and sure by buying Mansfield's Fishing Lines. Write for SAMPLE CARD of Lines, showing colors, sizes and weights, and folder, "True Fishing Stories."

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MANSFIELD'S FISHING LINES For Fish That Fight

Hunting & Fishing is a 52-page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine.

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DEVIL BUG—Hair Minnow

Finest trolling lure on the market, for bass, pike, pickerel and lake trout. Six patterns.

Two sizes—6/0 $1.00 each.
No. 4 hook, for trout, 75c each.

Send for catalog

O. C. TUTTLE DEVIL BUG, INC.
30 Tuttle Bldg.
Old Forge New York

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

(Continued from page 36)

things—after him. I don't know where they would have stopped if the sleigh had not tipped over. That stopped them. But nothing stopped the eagle in his mad flight after the snowshoe rabbit. A few swift flaps of his wings, and he was above him. The eagle rose into the air. The snowshoe stopped and sat up and looked at the eagle. The eagle turned a sort of somersault and dropped down at the snowshoe. I held my breath, for I did not want to see the snowshoe killed by the eagle. All I could see was a black ball falling down into the snow where the rabbit was and then the rabbit flying through the air, ten or fifteen feet from the eagle.

Jack the snowshoe dodged the onslaught of the eagle and saved his life, then made for the timber with leaps and bounds. The eagle was in the air again and over the snowshoe. The rabbit stopped and looked up at his enemy of the air, and again the eagle made the somersault and dropped down on the snowshoe as before. Once more the rabbit dodged by leaping sideways from under his foe, and made for the timber. The eagle struck the ground where the rabbit had sat, but launched into the air again and after him. The rabbit stopped and watched, and the eagle turned over and dropped on him. I thought the eagle had him, so close did he come to making a capture, but the snowshoe was too quick for him. He slipped from under and was off like a streak for the cover.

This jumping and dodging and rising and striking was done six or seven times before the rabbit got into a clump of willows and was safe.

The eagle soared around and around, higher and higher, till he looked like a speck in the blue sky. Proudly he sailed, but he was disappointed.

The Indians said the hare would stay under cover till dark, after which he would venture out for supper, when he might meet the great horned owl of the north, also looking for supper; and a rabbit is just what a horned owl wants. When he sees the horned owl, the rabbit tries to dodge, but the owl is not like the eagle; he does not rise and strike down, as the eagle does, but follows the rabbit close to the ground, catches him, then pulls him over on the ground and kills him.

The snowshoe closely resembles his cousin of the Western plains and deserts, and can stand all kinds of hardships as to food and weather, but is easily killed by its enemies.

The owl is not particular if he swallows the hide, hair, feet, and all of the rabbit, afterward throwing up the indigestible parts in round balls. You can tell where the horned owls have their nests by seeing these balls on the ground.

(To be continued in June)

Solution for Syllables Puzzle on Page 52 "OUTDOOR AMERICA"

The words are:

1. Otter
2. Universe
3. Talon
4. Darwin
5. Opossum
6. Oread
7. Ranger
8. Angler
9. Muskrat
10. Ermine
11. Rifle
12. Ivy
13. Catfish
14. Apple.

Got 'Em with Hildebrandt Spinners

"Weather or kind of wind or water's got nothin' to do with it. By changing flies and spinners around I allus get fish. There's no fishless days fer me," says Slim Eli.

Slim's been using Hildebrandt Spinners for bait-casting, fly-fishing, trolling, or still-fishing with live bait, for more than 30 years, and he KNOWS!

"Hildebrandt's Hints" is a book chock full of good fishing dope—tells how to go after 'em and GET 'EM—shows you the kinds of baits to use and how to use them. Your copy is free for the asking.

Tell us how and for what you fish and we'll be glad to make some definite recommendations.

The John J. Hildebrandt Co.
855 High St., Logansport, Ind.

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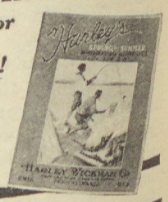
SPRING and SUMMER 1928

Write for it to-day!



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Biological survey and scientific study of trout streams enabled us to design the **A. L. & W. SELECTED SIX.** *Striker, Black Witch Mink, Kingfisher, Blue Heron, A. L. & W. Favorite*—proven to be the best assortment for American waters after years of experience and testing. Exclusive designs

Sizes 8-10-12—T.D. eyed flies to gut Send $1.00 for sample set of six along with free literature on

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Also authentic fishing and hunting information on request

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With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

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Quickest Drying Line Made

Prize winners in accuracy, bait casting contests, use "Pussy willow" for ease and distance. You can win too.
Write for samples and prices.
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It is mutually helpful
I. W. L. A. members own OUTDOOR AMERICA

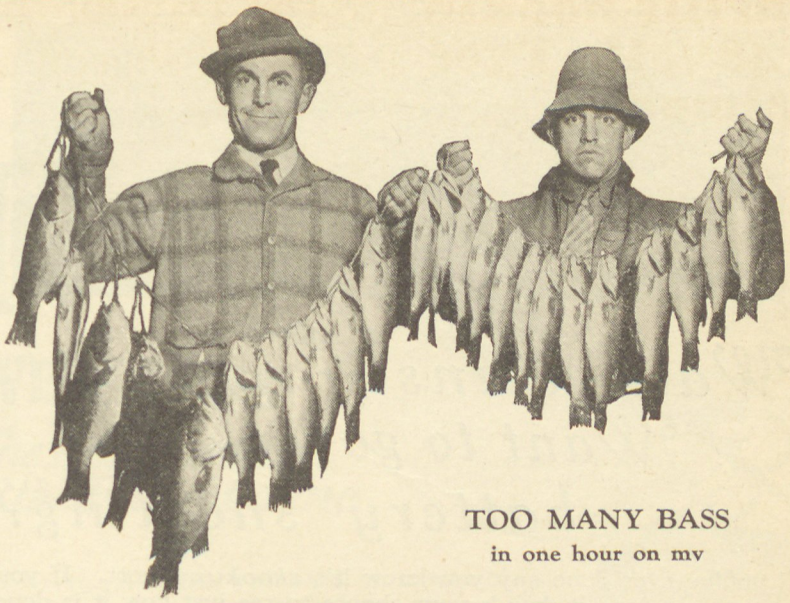
Camp Clothing

COMMON sense is the foe of extremes. The real outdoorsman as a rule is a philosopher who strives not for the rose-pink or the dirty drab in attiring himself to attend the Grand Opera of nature. He, in keeping with his ability to sift the chaff from the wheat, unconsciously shuffles the extremes of his every problem and by cancellation he produces only that which has practical merit.

In no other way is this sterling quality so exemplified as in real outdoor man's wearing apparel. Once the nimrod has chosen a wool shirt, a good coat or a pair of boots and his judgment is substantiated with a complimentary remark by a respected woodsman, therein lies about the height of satisfactory possession. After such garments have been worn on a few trips into the open country, there is not money enough to make him part with them without a feeling of regret. If you have had the experience, you know how heavy the heart when, at the opening of the season you call to the good wife inquiring about your heavy flannel shirt and receive this reply: "You don't mean that old blue shirt that the moths got into a couple of years ago?" "Yes," you anxiously answer; "where is it?" "I'm surprised at your wanting that old rag. I gave it away."—Oh, boy—just like losing your best dog. Isn't it?

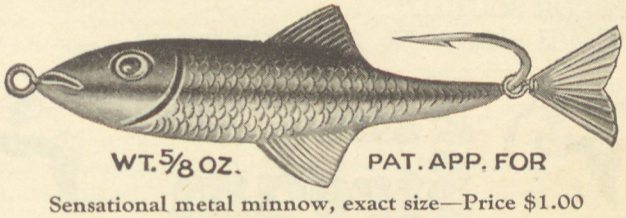
There are untidy motor campers and camps, which denote one extreme. Also there are campers who, through inexperience, have followed the advice of a theoretical haberdasher camper and presented themselves with their honest but misguided conception that their attire represents the last word in what is being worn this year by the best outdoors-men. In giving most attention to style and fit, they disregard the thought of comfort under all but the most favorable weather and traveling conditions. Sad and disillusioned is such a camper who finds himself with hat, boots and binding knickers that will not withstand with comfort the rigors of the road or camp in inclement weather. So take heed, you who are planning, lest you suffer the penalties of a dude or dub camper. Let your common sense assert itself over your metropolitan pride by buying only comfortable and practical clothing of good quality.

Motor camping with fishing, hunting, hiking or canoeing objectives, each require somewhat different kinds of clothing. The season of the year, the altitude and the district also should govern your choice of clothing. There are, however, a few fundamental rules to follow in making the choice of apparel regardless of the time or place. Every one of you seasoned outdoor-men know that we owe a debt of gratitude to the wool producing sheep. Any season requires certain wool clothing. For example, light woolen underwear is more practical even in warm weather. In cooler weather two suits of light woolen underwear are warmer than one heavy suit. If you should become soaked from above or below, you will be able to keep comfortably warm in wet woolen underwear with a little exercise whereas with cotton you would have to be much more active to be comfortable. A soft light weight felt hat serves well in rain or sun, provides a depository for fish hooks, flies and leaders, not to mention its use as a pinch hit water receptacle. Light or heavy weight woolen shirts should be worn. Khaki and wool knickers, depend-



TOO MANY BASS
in one hour on my

TIN LIZ



WT. 5/8 OZ. PAT. APP. FOR

Sensational metal minnow, exact size—Price $1.00

Natural lookin' cripple! Layin' over on her side—wobblin' along—that tail spinner workin'! Natural iridescent scales, too.

Bass can't help pickin' on this "easy meat" and that single hook is designed to jes' naturally slay 'em!

(Catches too many Bass, where the legal limit is as high as Ohio's! I have advocated a lower one, but folks always said no one could catch the limit anymore, anyway. My Tin Liz has changed that!)

Me and Hank Werner got them 24 Bass in less'n 1 hr. at Pine Lake, O., and we got witnesses! In hard-fished waters like this, Bass get wise to clumsy, old-fashioned plugs, but jes' try my Tin Liz!

FRED ARBOGAST
(World's Champion Bait Caster)
Barwell St. AKRON, O.

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The best Black W. P. Silk line made. Strength, yardage and prompt delivery guaranteed. Write for our catalogue of lines for every purpose. We do not claim to make the cheapest, but we do claim to make the best.

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No.	Test	Price per 100 Yds.
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Postage 10c Extra

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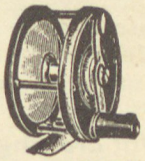

Many an experienced angler has been deceived by an outfit which on the surface did not reveal slipshod workmanship. With an inferior rod or reel, angling loses many of its delights—but you'll miss none of these delights if you concentrate upon Edw. vom Hofe tackle, made for over 60 years by experienced anglers—for experienced anglers the world over. On the tarpon and tuna grounds, in the Tropics, wherever the big catch run—there Edw. vom Hofe reputation is a watchword. Yet our prices are no higher than for tackle less satisfactory.

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and all Metal Cases for Repairmen, Machinists, and Tool Makers. Ask for booklet. Salesmen wanted.
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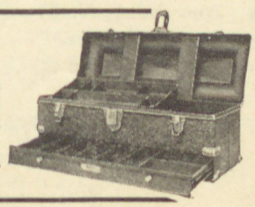

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1928 CALENDAR
BETTER THAN EVER
Tells When You Can Catch Fish
PRICE 25¢ 5 FOR $1.00
O.F. CALENDAR
BOX 505 HIGH. STA.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Waltonians— Want to go battery shooting?

If you've ever done any you know it's *skookum* sport. If you never have done it, here's your chance to see just how it is done and how enjoyable it is—and all the while sitting in an easy chair in a room with a lot of good fellows. Just get the man who is running your next meeting to get "BATTERY SHOOTING ON CURRYTUCK SOUND."

It's the newest release—No. 36—of the famous

Field & Stream

MOTION PICTURES OF HUNTING AND FISHING

36,000 feet showing the taking and hunting of practically every kind of game fish and furred and feathered game in North America, from brook trout to tarpon and from quail to Kodiak Grizzly. Every foot genuine; every foot a "close-up"; every reel packed with excitement; the most valuable teacher possible to have next to actual experience.

Rare treats for the modern Izaak

Disciples of the immortal Walton will find great enjoyment in the thirteen fishing pictures, showing thrilling battles with muskies, tarpon, salmon and other great fighters, as well as some of the most wonderful fly-casting one could ever hope to see. Two of these pictures, "*Bonefish of the Bahamas*" and "*Taking Game Fish in the Florida Gulf Stream*" are the only motion pictures ever made, in our knowledge, of the taking of bonefish and sailfish. Both are very remarkable action pictures.

We offer these pictures to Izaak Walton League Chapters on terms amounting to free loan

Not one cent need be taken from the Chapter's treasury to obtain these films; the cost of showing them is negligible.

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A trial will prove that these pictures are the greatest means of getting the crowd together you can possibly find. "Attendance 672; new members 72" writes one Protective Association. We have hundreds of such voluntary testimonials.

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Send me complete information about your motion pictures.

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O.A.May'28

ing upon the weather, are best and they should be well reinforced at the knees with an extra thickness of cloth or leather, for the wear and strain will first show there. If you intend to hunt in brushy cover, you will need knickers made of a briar-proof material such as moleskin cloth. It is advisable to take three pairs of knickers as well as shirts; for sudden showers and few rain shelters make a reserve supply necessary.

Your foot wear and style of trousers will govern the kind of stockings or socks. In either case again it is wool. If you wear knickers and spend the greater part of your time motoring or camping in open country, golf socks are the best. If you are out in bad weather or in brushy country, then leather, or the good old army wrap puttees or canvas leggins are better and should be worn with light wool socks. Take three pairs of light socks and two pairs of golf stockings along if you wear knickers. Long trousers, of course, call for the light wool socks, unless weather conditions demand heavier shoes and high top boots, in which case heavy woolen socks should always be worn with heavy stiff boots.

For ordinary motor camping two pairs of shoes should be sufficient. Break in your new shoes or boots before starting on a trip. Wear them around home while working in the garden or cleaning out the basement even if friend wife does get a little laugh out of your pre-vacation activities. Maybe she should or will follow the same precautionary measures. I would advise one pair of rubber soled shoes for climbing or damp weather. If you intend to do much hiking, canvas top shoes that lace from the toe to the top are better for the reason that the evaporation of perspiration from your feet will not only keep your feet dry but cool as well. Of course winter hiking calls for different equipment for the pedal extremities and Murdo Gibson will give you his practical advice on this matter next season. If you intend to fish some of the likely looking streams or lakes, you will need a pair of waders.

The choosing of a coat is best decided by yourself. A hunting coat will be useful if you intend to hunt or fish and furthermore it is waterproof. One or more rain coats should be included in the equipment for a camping party. The rubber poncho is perhaps the best choice owing to its general utility. This rain garment is designed to serve as a rubber blanket as well as a rain cape. It is rectangular in shape having slits provided for head and arms.

It is not wise to overstock and crowd yourself with clothing. Make a selection of good, practical and comfortable clothing that you know will be worn. The road or wilderness is one place that the modern adage BE YOURSELF must be felt and lived if you expect a return on your camping investment. Motor camping and kindred sports are the best and surest methods of character analysis. So beware of the bug of artificiality in dress, actions and speech when you sojourn with pupils of Nature's guileless, upright school of being, that you may be judged by what you really are down deep in your heart.

Salmon—To Be or Not To Be

(Continued from page 15)

tation of the salmon of Alaska was put into effect. He obtained generous funds from Congress, and with these installed

racks in certain streams, through openings in which all salmon were compelled to swim so they could be counted, so that in time it would be possible to tell how many would be required to keep up the supply; the number of traps fished were radically reduced; the length and depth of purse seines were cut down; the number of gill nets cut down; the length of the commercial fishing season materially reduced; while the distance from the mouth of a salmon stream in which no fishing gear may be operated has been greatly expanded, the distance varying in the different sections. Scientific studies of the migrations, etc., of the salmon were also inaugurated.

These radical measures have been in operation less than an average life cycle of the salmon so it is not reasonable to expect any decided results to be visible as yet, but there are good grounds for believing that the Bureau is on the right track, and that in time beneficial results will be observable. It is much easier to tear down than it is to build up. A long period of time was required to sink our salmon supply to the depths it had reached three or four years ago, and probably as long a time, possibly longer, will be required to bring the supply back to its pristine vigor.

A very favorable sign is that other sections are rapidly copying the Bureau's Alaska policy, in part at least, and it is to be hoped that their operations will be expanded in time to cover the field as broadly. The one great fact for us all to keep in mind is this: *If a sufficient number of salmon are annually permitted to reach and spawn on their natural spawning grounds there need be no worry about the perpetuation of these great fishes.*

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

Reprint Chicago Daily News.

THE MORAL SPORT

Mr. Hoover, whose wisdom is past any doubt,
Believes that the surfeit of crooks
Is due to a shortage of catfish and trout
Which once filled our murmuring brooks.

For a youth who can spend with a rod and a reel
His superabundance of time
Is very unlikely to forge or to steal
Or to follow more rough forms of crime.

This quiets a conscience which many a night
Has called me a thief and a shirk,
Declaring it never is honest or right
To fish when one should be at work.

If I hadn't spent Tuesday alone in a boat
Where the bass lie above the old mill,
I might have been passing a spurious note
Or possibly robbing a till.

No more I regret all the mornings I spent,
Though I had to play hookey from school;
While the song of the stream brought me peace and content,
Pulling perch from a wind-riffled pool.

If I hadn't been sure I could make a good catch
With my hand-fashioned hickory pole
I might have been raiding a cantaloupe patch
And blasting my innocent soul.

FISH AND FEEL FIT

TWO LIVELY ONES

The Dart-Oreno and the Flash-Oreno

FLASHY, metal bodies, with a wobble irresistible to fighting fish—these two lively lures are favorites with anglers who crave action.

The *Dart-Oreno*, full of pep and motion, is a single-hook pork-rind bait. Weighs 5/8 ounce—in nickel, copper or brass finish with several gay combinations of hackle and buck-tail. Pork strip wiggles above the masked hook. It hooks 'em—and the fight's on up near the surface.

Flash-Oreno, is a wobbling metal spoon with treble hook. Finished in nickel, copper, gold-plate and enameled red head, white body. Gets most any species of game-fish, trolling or casting.

Have your dealer show you the Dart-Oreno and Flash-Oreno. They've proved their fish-getting merits as thousands of sportsmen will tell you.

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
1358 High Street, South Bend, Indiana
Manufacturers of the Most Complete Line of Fishing Tackle.

If You Fish,
You Want This Book

"Fishing—What Tackle—and When" our new 120 page book illustrates and describes over 3000 tackle items. Contains eight feature stories by nationally known anglers, 78 action photos. Full of fishing tips, helps and suggestions. Send for your FREE copy now!

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Fishing Tackle of all kinds ››› Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits

CAREFREE Vacations

Why let your vacation be spoiled by bruises, cuts, bites, stings, scalds, itching skin, eczema, prickly heat, rashes or poison ivy? ZEMO prevents—relieves. Reliable antiseptic. Healing lotion. *Fine for mosquito bites!* ZEMO kills germs, prevents infection, keeps your skin clean, clear, healthy. Take ZEMO with you. At all druggists—35c for the trial bottle; $1.00 for extra large size.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Rush Tango Minnow

The Bait that Gets the Big Fish

Baits may come and baits may go, but for muskies, bass, pickerel and pike there's nothing like the Rush Tango. A sure killer for all kinds of game fish. At your dealers, or postpaid insured. Money order or stamps. Price 75c. Illustrated catalogue FREE.

J. K. Rush, 3520 South Salina, Syracuse, N. Y.

A BROAD CASTING INVITATION -TO MEET-
TOM THUMB
A TRUE SPORTSMANS BAIT
IN HIS NEW STRIPED RAINBOW DRESS SUIT
BABY-TOM "THE BASS BAIT"
LITTLE-TOM 2½ INCH FOR ANY GAME FISH
PIKE-TOM FOR WALL EYE PIKE
SURFACE-TOM THE TOP WATER WIGGLER
AT DEALERS-75¢ OR DIRECT
FRED C. KEELING-ROCKFORD, ILL.

Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

In camp, Lake of the Woods, Ontario.
March 1st, 1928.

DEAR Waltonians:

It becomes increasingly apparent that this woodsy, smoke-tanned department gives solace and heart balm to a host of long-suffering martyrs. In every mail, we find their expressions of gratitude and appreciation.

Wearied by the vexations and constraints inevitably associated with conventional life in town, the writers of these "I wish I were with you" epistles long for the personal freedom of semi-savagery in a wilderness camp.

Victims of an over-civilized era, they have our sincere sympathy and we are tempted to write each and every one of them an urgent invitation to come and pitch their tents close beside ours. Not too close, but in the vicinity.

To be quite fair, we must confess there is evidence to show that, in some cases, our influence is "not so good." A complaint recently reached us to the effect that "our entrancing descriptions of wilderness, camp life"—she probably meant, our descriptions of entrancing camp-life—"cause some young men to become dissatisfied with their present"—and, presumably, proper—"environment and tempt them to squander, on frivolous journeys and equipment, time and money that should be used for other purposes."

If arraigned on that charge, we choose to be tried in the court of Waltonian opinion or before Judge Wood, of Iowa. For the defense, we would submit some rather convincing testimony. For instance: we spent yesterday forenoon scraping kinnickinick for Bert Brown, the St. Paul photographer, whose outdoor pictures are the envy and despair of every ambitious bulb-squeezer.

Chained to his studio by Puritanical sense of duty, this poor slave craved a whiff of real kinnickinick. To him, it symbolized the spirit of his beloved, northwoods playground and, when the passionate longing finally overcome his natural shyness, he begged us, with tears on the paper, to send him "just one pipeful" of inner bark from the red dogwood. We promptly dispatched enough to fumigate, if not disinfect, either of the great political parties.

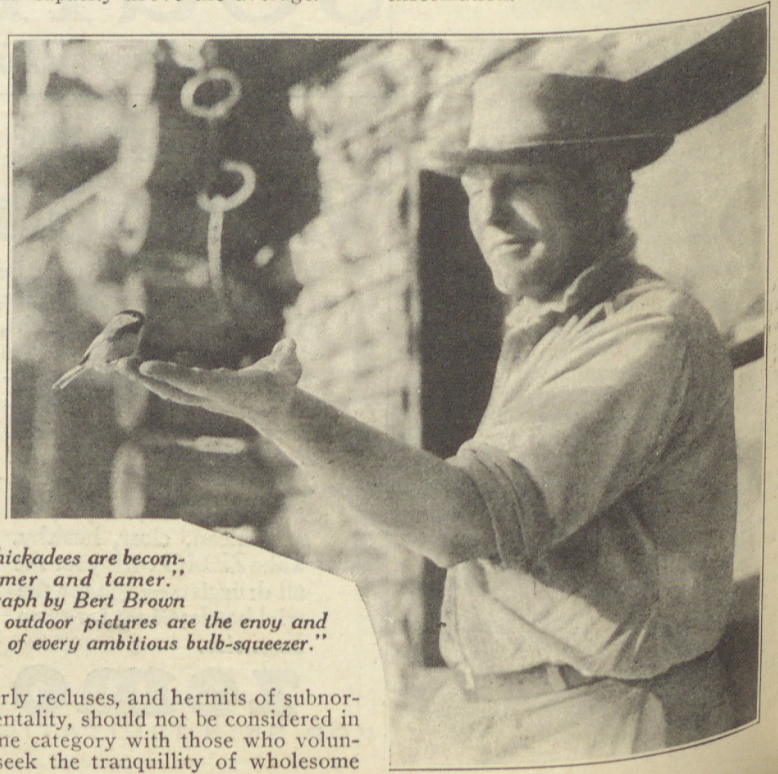
We could produce still other witnesses to testify in our behalf. Among our most cherished correspondents are sun-cured veterans of the snowshoe and paddle, who were born seventy-five, eighty and even eighty-three years ago and who have camped from Point Barrow to Cape Horn. When such trail-hardened sourdoughs take the trouble to write us letters of enthusiastic approval, we fairly tingle with virtuous self-satisfaction. From long experience, we know that these past masters of camp and trail craft are not given to flattery so, when one of them "pats us on the back," we understand that something we have written touched a responsive chord in a heart that (so he wants us to think) is very, very hard and tough.

After a careful summary of the testimony on both sides, we are forced to the conclusion that, should the recording angel take a trial balance of our account, he would be astonished to find us, at least, solvent.

> *FISHING, hunting and gypsying have their rightfully important place in American life. But, that they should occupy a dominant position in the program of the Izaak Walton League, I emphatically deny. The "Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life" in my opinion has a higher destiny than the re-stocking of our streams and game covers, or even the eradication of vandalism. These are but means to an end. As I see it, the great mission of the Izaak Walton League is to "Save Outdoor America" in order that outdoor America may save outdoor* Americans. *That, I think, is a goal worthy of the best efforts of our most eloquent orators, our most talented writers and our most patriotic leaders.*
>
> MURDO GIBSON.

In the letter of one worry-worn seclusion-seeker, we detect a slightly apologetic note; as if he were confessing a weakness or folly. This, of course, is absurd. In very backward, rural communities, the yokels may look askance at one who prefers his own society to theirs, but persons of even moderate intelligence and culture have no such prejudices.

The yearning for solitude requires no apology. Those philosophers with whose writings I am familiar, agree that a desire for, and delight in, solitude, generally indicates mental resources and intellectual capacity above the average.



"Our chickadees are becoming tamer and tamer."
Photograph by Bert Brown
"whose outdoor pictures are the envy and despair of every ambitious bulb-squeezer."

Miserly recluses, and hermits of subnormal mentality, should not be considered in the same category with those who voluntarily seek the tranquillity of wholesome solitude. The former shun human society from motives of fear and greedy selfishness; the latter, in all likelihood, were driven to their lonely mode of living by the persistent persecutions of boorish associates.

Savages, morons and habitual criminals abhor solitude, but the greatest and noblest characters in all history sought, and found, in wilderness solitude, the strength, courage and inspiration necessary for their titanic labors and epochal accomplishments.

When one's burden of troubles threatens to become unbearable, and the mind seems to be travelling in a deeply grooved circle—or in a narrowing spiral whose center is a padded cell—a lone campfire in a forested wilderness provides opportunity for the calm reflection and clear thinking that is essential to moral, mental and physical regeneration.

We think it lamentable that none of our present-day prophets have fathomed the true, fundamental nature of this fast-growing urge to "camp out." That it is so generally considered a superficiality, a mere holiday lark, is a serious reflection on our national intelligence. As a theme, worthy of a first-class essayist, we would suggest: "The Call of the Wild"; why we feel it; what it really means and what should we do about it?

FOR some obscure reason, our letter in the March issue called forth an unusually large number of responses. We could keep a good-looking secretary busy for quite awhile. As a friendly tip to perplexed editors seeking to read their public's mind, let us offer a morsel of free information. Not one of last month's

letters made any reference to either fishing or hunting, but nearly all asked for more chickadee chat. To me, this means that the average Waltonian is more interested in wilderness *life*, with its simpler pleasures, than in wilderness *sports* of a more exciting nature. I can scarcely credit it, but it seems to be the truth.

What a pity it is we can't make the birds understand about these expressions of friendliness and get them to tell us all their domestic and economic problems. But perhaps it is better as it is. Nothing like a touch of mystery to arouse and sustain interest.

These chickadees of ours are beginning to show some effects of their close association with mankind. Formerly, they were very particular about their food. Although they relished both meat and fish, they cared nothing for "groceries." Even pancakes—good ones too—were disdained as long as there was any scrap of meat in sight. They surely were pernickity.

Feeling that a better balanced ration would be beneficial to the birds and less trouble to ourself, we undertook to train their tastes to a closer conformity with ours. This result was accomplished by mixing a gradually increased proportion of oatmeal, cornmeal, Cream of Wheat, beans, peas or desiccated pancakes with their daily allowance of melted fat. After a few weeks of this insidious propaganda, they have become almost omnivorous and seem to enjoy amalgamated table-scraps as well as they formerly did a generously upholstered bacon rind.

Like the rest of us, chickadees are not perfectly angelic in either character or deportment. In fact they are testy, irascible, malicious and pugnacious little gluttons. And they steal from each other and from us, without scruple.

Never yet have we seen two of them eating, or resting, side by side. The only one that can occupy the feeding-dish with any sense of security, is the boss, we call him Mickey McGuire. The others have to be constantly on the alert to avoid the onslaughts that all of them are continually making at each other. Seldom do they engage in close combat, as sparrows do, but they dart viciously at one another, almost without ceasing, from sunrise till noon and from noon till dusk.

Why the flock doesn't disband, and the individuals live peaceably by themselves, we don't know. Perhaps they are like some human family groups that cannot "get along" with, nor without, each other, and have become calloused to their habits of contentious strife. As a matter of fact, our chickadees are inseparable. Where one is, there, or thereabout, are all the others.

But, in spite of all their faults, we love and admire the spunky little rascals, and would miss them dreadfully, were they not here. When the rising sun finds the mercury hiding in the bulb, and the trees are snapping and the lake ice cracking explosively, the cheery songs and sprightly twittering of our plucky little chickadees would warm the heart and stifle the whines of a shivering Sam McGee.

BY the time this appears in print, the vernal season will be well on its way toward the "Miniontarlakes" (that word was constructed from portions of the rather unwieldy Minnesota-Ontario Lake Region, but it found little favor with the family, so I haven't used it often) but, as yet, there is no evidence that winter is losing its grip on Lake of the Woods.

Except in a few spots, where rays from the mid-day sun are sharply deflected, there has been no melting, and but little settling, of the snow. As seen from here, the world is as beautifully clean and white as the imagination could picture it. Tem-

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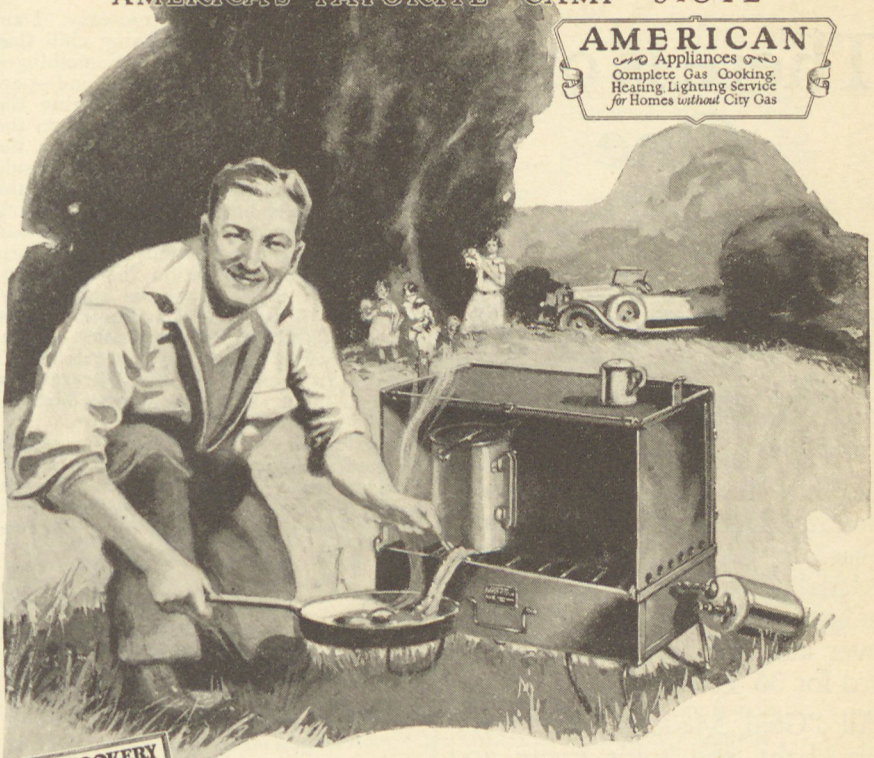
AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE



Kampkookery is an interesting hand book on motor camping, containing many helpful hints you won't find elsewhere. Sent free on request.

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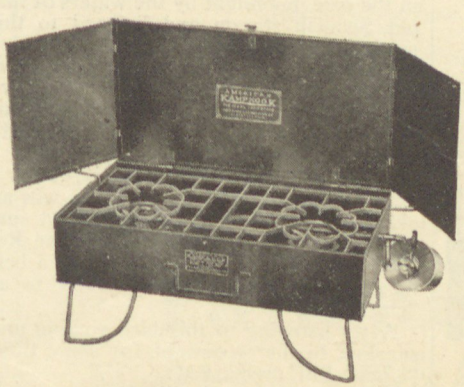

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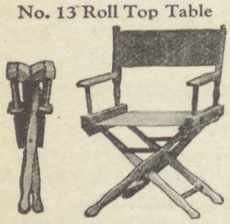
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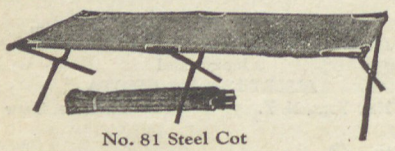
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peratures range from the freezing point to a few degrees below zero. The sun climbs higher every day and glorifies the landscape to the limit of optical endurance. For winter camping, all local conditions approximate perfection.

Housekeeping is almost too easy. I am spared even the early morning chill that "first-ups" seldom escape. Something—it may be my sub-conscious mind—permits me to sleep peacefully during the hours the night-wood lies dormant in the big stove and the atmosphere within the tent is but little warmer than the outside air. But, when daybreak comes, and the somnolent fuel bursts into tent-warming activity, this psychological watchman rouses me to a blissful semi-consciousness and a dreamy realization that the temperature of my bedroom is rapidly approaching the point of cozy luxuriousness. Presently, the delicious fragrance of simmering coffee assails my nostrils and I emerge from my nocturnal chrysalis to greet, without shock, the smiling birth of a new day. A tough life!

The month of March seldom passes the Boundary Region without spilling a blizzard or two. We had a "near-one" yesterday but over this sheltered campsite, it passed quite harmlessly. During the four months I have been here, no wind has even fluttered the door-flap, so I anticipate no discomfort from any future tempest. The old tent has proved adequate to my needs and I am not at all anxious to remove its comfortable furniture and "fixings," to the new one. If, during my absence, a heavy snow were to fall on this debilitated old roof, collapse would be practically certain and I would have to seek shelter under the new one. But I shall await, with perfect composure, that dire calamity.

I hope, and half expect to finish the winter without moving the stove from its present position. Where the stove is, there shall I be also. The balsam bed has been a great comfort. One hundred and twenty days and nights of service have failed to alter either its level smoothness or its resilient stamina. It has required no repairs. Not a single branch has been added to, nor subtracted from, it since the day it was built. In fact, the oil cloth cover, on which the blankets rest, has never been lifted from this, my longest-used, bough bed. To all appearances its usefulness will be unimpaired a month hence, when I expect to move to another camp site.

SUNSET—By Dr. F. W. Briggs

Ever watch the colors play
In the sky at close of day,
Silver, yellow, gold and red
Flashing signals overhead?

Birds a'twitter,
Sun sinks low.
Camp fires burning,
Night returning.

Have you watched the shadows grow
Purpling hills and darkening dales,
Spreading o'er them midnight veils,
As the day departs?

Perfect picture,
Artist, Nature,
Colors run,
By the sun.

There is not a beam of light,
Not a sound or cloud in sight,
Not a ripple or a shade
That disturbs the picture made.

Colors vie,
In the sky,
With reflections
In the lake.

As softly, swiftly, here and there
From her unseen daylight lair
Steals the night.

Stars are lighted,
Moon is shining,
Day asleep
In night's entwining.

A Texas Nightingale

By Eugene Sherrod

A NUMBER of years ago while engaged in geological work for one of the major oil companies, I had occasion to spend the summer in Texas—this being my first visit to the Lone Star State.

One sultry night in June, while camped upon the banks of the San Saba River with a party of engineers, I had the pleasure of listening to my first mockingbird serenade. I had often read of this wonderful bird, which it was claimed could imitate the songs and calls of the various denizens of the forest, but I had always regarded these stories with more or less skepticism. However, tonight, as I sat in the pale moonlight by the waters of that old Spanish stream and listened to this particular mockingbird as it whistled "Col-o-rado" and "Bob White"—in perfect imitation of the call of the redbird and quail, as well as the calls of numerous other of God's feathered children with which I was familiar, I realized that I had done the mockingbird an injustice.

In our party upon this occasion was an old gentleman who had been a land surveyor in Texas since the days of the Republic, and whom, for the want of a better pseudonym, I shall here refer to as "Uncle Bill."

After listening to this bird singing and caroling in the moonlight for some time, "Uncle Bill" remarked:

"I don't suppose that you gentlemen ever heard of the Englishman up near Abilene, who sent back to the old country and imported two nightingales, because there weren't any birds in this country that knew how to sing."

We assured him that while we had heard of their importing the English sparrow to eat up our gardens, we had never heard of their importing any song birds.

"Uncle Bill" continued: "It is a long, sad story, but I think the moral of it is worth repeating. There was an English syndicate which owned several leagues of land in Taylor County and was doing an extensive ranching business. They had a young man by the name of Jack McCourtney in charge of their properties. Jack was a fine young fellow and a good cowman, but, like most Englishmen, he thought that when the Creator completed England, that He commenced loafing on the job and the rest of creation did not amount to much. No matter what the subject was under discussion, Mack contended that England produced finer ones. Wild-flowers or buffaloes, it was all the same. I truly believe that if someone had mentioned doodlebugs, that Mack would have contended that the American species was not in the class with its European cousin. Furthermore, it wasn't

just talk—he was honest in his conviction. He strenuously contended that the prairie flowers of Texas did not compare with the wild-flowers of England; that our birds could not sing so well as the birds of Europe; and that our frogs could not croak so well as the frogs across the waters. Just to demonstrate to the native Texans that he knew what he was talking about, he had a pair of nightingales shipped from the old country to entertain him in the twilight hours and remind him of home. The birds arrived in due course of time, but for some unknown reason they refused to sing a note so long as they were confined in captivity. When it looked as though his experiment were going to prove a failure, Mack opened the cage door and let them out into the sunlight. Liberty seemed to be the very thing they were pining for, and it was but a short time until they were singing their European lullabys at twilight with the same zest that they had done in Merrie England. No child with a new toy was ever half as elated as Mack. Any time that you met him, whether at camp-meeting or round-up, he commenced bragging about how his two imported birds could lay it over our native birds singing. As no one else seemed to be as enthusiastic over the matter as he, he decided to give an entertainment and have everybody in Jones and Taylor Counties come out to his ranch and hear these famous warblers warble. Entertainments were scarce in that thinly settled country, and when the time for the party arrived Mack's ranch headquarters looked like an old time camp-meeting—they were all there, cowboys and nesters. With the exception of being a little over-enthusiastic on the subject of England, Mack was a good scout and we were all glad to accept his hospitality.

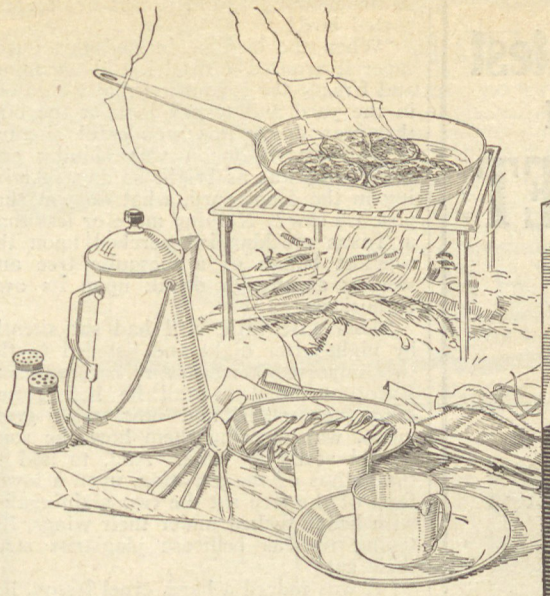
"He had notified us in his invitations that the concert would not commence until ten o'clock. We therefore sat around and discussed birds and bunnies and bees until the appointed hour.

"To our amazement and Mack's delight, as the clock on the mantel commenced striking ten, from a mesquite tree near the ranch house one of the birds began to sing—soft and low at first, as if it were not quite sure of itself—and then, louder and louder as the song progressed, until finally, the air was literally charged with melody.

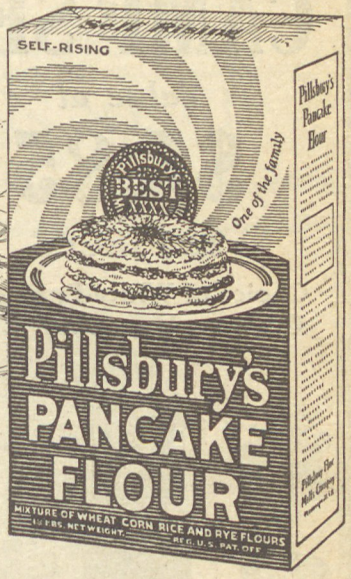
"While I lay no claims to being an authority on bird music, it required no connoisseur to tell that this imported linnet knew his okra. I have never listened to such singing before nor since. I have never seen anything that quite equaled Mack's enthusiasm over the way his birds were performing. He went around slapping everyone on the shoulder and inquiring if we thought we had any birds on this side that could equal it. We all frankly admitted that we did not, for truly it was great.

"Mack informed us that these birds were improving all the time, and that they were singing better tonight than he had ever heard them before—seemed to appreciate that they had a large and appreciative audience.

"While sitting off in one corner to myself enjoying the music, I heard this bird do something that I had never read of a nightingale doing. It left the mesquite tree in which it had been perched and rose high in the air, turning somersaults and singing as it flew, finally returning to the topmost bough of the mesquite tree from whence it had commenced its idiotic flight. In my brief experience I had never known of but one bird that made a practice of looping the loop and singing



One of the family



A bear of a breakfast!

Pine-scented air fetching the fragrance of sizzling bacon and bubbling coffee—the aroma of a stack of "wheats" browning in the pan. Wham!—that's when the old appetite rises like a "pink-eye" leaping for a Dusty Miller.

WHEN belts are slipped a notch and pipes are drawing sweet, outdoor men hand it to Pillsbury's pancakes! Packed to rough it, Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is the champion "chow" for quick, satisfying meals in the open. Every ingredient for perfect pancakes is right in every package. Simply add water or milk—and bake in any frying pan. You can do the whole job in six minutes flat!

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in the moonlight, and it was not an imported bird!

"When the bird performed this queer caper it aroused a suspicion in my mind, and I made the suggestion that we go out in the yard and take a look at the bird that was doing this wonderful singing. A full prairie moon was shining and everything was as bright as day. Arriving in the front yard, what do you suppose we saw? Nothing more or less than a Texas mockingbird perched upon the topmost bough of a mesquite tree and singing as though drunk upon its own enthusiasm.

"This wise little bird had sat silently by night after night and listened to the two imported songsters rehearsing their European lullabys until he had gotten onto their slant, and now, with great gusto, was showing them how the song should really be sung. And, to add to the pathos of the situation, upon a lower limb of the tree sat the two nightingales, with heads tucked under their wings, listening to this bellicose plagiarist strut their sutff.

"It was indeed a hard, cruel lesson, but from that day to this no one ever heard McCourtney make one disparaging remark about the flora or fauna upon this side of the pond."

When "Uncle Bill" had finished his narrative—sitting there by the waters of the San Saba, listening to the mockingbird singing and turning hand-springs in the moonlight—I could but marvel at the greatness of the Creator.

A Notice from Jack Miner

DEAR Friends:

The birds have arrived at sanctuary. The best time to see them is during the first ten days of April, any day, except Sunday. Real early in the morning is the best time, the earlier the better. We will look for all our friends to drop in around April second or third, or as near as possible to those dates. Several birds can be seen now, with field glasses, which have our tag on, indicating that they have been here before and been tagged by us.

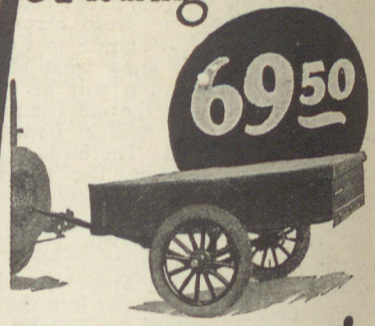
Jack Miner.

Reforesting the Middle West

By J. J. Scholer

I FIND when talking to people about planting trees, the first thing they say is—"I am too old to plant trees. It will take seventy-five years to grow Spruce and Pine trees large enough to make lumber." This is true, but let us look at both sides of the question. I also find people who say, "Iowa and Illinois are not adapted to Coniferous trees or they would be growing wild as other trees do." This is all wrong, as the reason they do not grow wild in Iowa and Illinois is that Spruce and Pine trees must be grown in part shade for the first two years, as our sun gets too hot at times, but after two years they will stand our climate and grow very well. As every one seems to be after money these days I will try and show that there is real money in planting Norway Spruce trees in Iowa and Illinois.

Think of it? A Touring Trailer for 69.50



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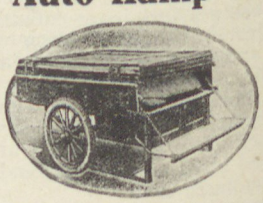

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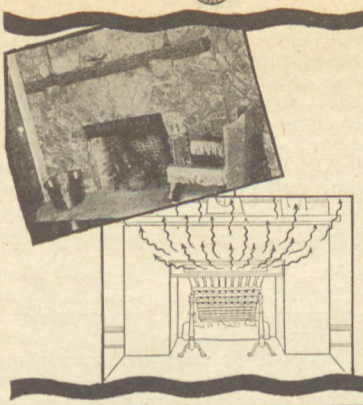
"First by planting our trees three and one half feet apart each way we can get about three thousand trees on one acre. In eight or nine years you will be sixteen years old. At that time our trees should be just about the right size to make fine Christmas trees and nursery stock to sell to people who want to beautify their yards and there should be a ready sale for them at $1.50 each.

"By removing every other row and every other tree in the permanent tree row we should get about two thousand Christmas trees at $1.50 each or three thousand dollars. About that time you should be ready for college and this amount will see you through, and we will still have our one thousand permanent trees left. From that time on there should be very little work, as the trees will be about seven feet apart each way, and will grow straight and tall and shut out all sunlight from the ground so there will not be a blade of grass growing around. So about all the work involved will be to keep the branches picked up when the lower ones die off as the tree grows taller. When these trees get 65 to 75 years old they should be 18 to 24 inches in diameter at the base, and there should be 500 feet of lumber in each tree or a total of 500,000 feet for the thousand trees. With the freight rates on lumber to the Middle West, lumber should sell at $30.00 per thousand feet mill run, which would make fifteen thousand dollars. All from one acre of ground, or a yearly return of $200 per acre for the seventy-five years it has taken to grow the trees. Pretty nice pocket money when you are old. And if you should need it before that time you have an asset that you can sell at any time."

"That is good enough for me, Dad."

"Wait until I tell you some more of the benefits you will get from this wood lot. Do you remember when we were in those grand old forests in Switzerland? How cool it was on the hot summer days, and how almost dark in the forest when the sun was shining over head? What a



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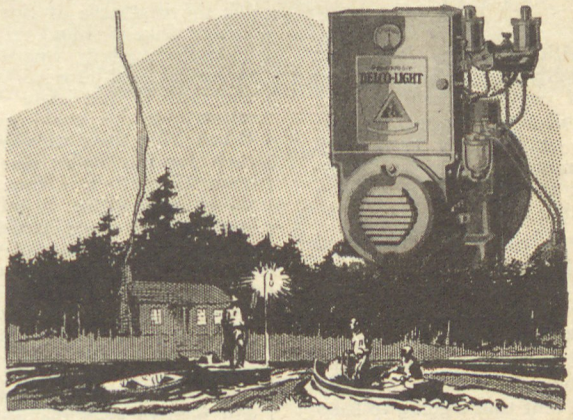

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grand and glorious feeling it was to walk under those trees and breathe the air from the spruce boughs. And we will have birds of all kinds as these trees make ideal places for them to nest."

"How about game? Will that come to our forest?"

"Will it? Well, you just wait until the cold winds and the snow come next winter. All the quail and pheasants and rabbits on Billy Jones' farm will be in our forest out of the cold winds."

"Say, Dad, I think Billy Jones will plant a forest next year. You know, last year he raised a prize calf, but he complained about having to stay home so much and feed it. When he sees me hoeing my trees he will say I have a snap, as I can hoe my trees every few weeks and be gone the rest of the time, and he has to be home every evening to feed the calf. I wish the county agents would offer prizes for the best acre of Spruce trees as they do for prize pigs and calves. Billy wanted his father to buy some trees this year, but his father said he would wait another year and see if the state wouldn't start a nursery so he could get cheaper trees. When Billy finds we pay only three cents each for our little trees he'll be able to coax his father. Now, Dad, you have shown me where I am to get a great benefit from these trees, but where will you get any good out of them?"

"Well, my boy, first you see that apple orchard over there? It needs protection from the heavy winds in summer as well as in the winter, and the Spruce trees will make a wind break and will do the trick. Second, there will be a great many birds staying around the trees, and they will help to keep the insects down so we can raise better fruit. Third, these Norway Spruce trees will make an ideal wind break for the feeding lot, and will save me hundreds of bushels of grain, also tons of coal at the house. We will have a more pleasant place to live in winter as well as a cool place to take a walk in summer. So you see we will all benefit greatly. All we must do is to stay on the job and make this acre wood lot one hundred per cent, and we have plenty of proof that it can be done all around us, as you can see Norway Spruce trees growing in our city parks that are from fourteen to eighteen inches through, at the age of thirty years and have not had any cultivation."

Don't plant trees on some washed out hillside and expect to raise good trees. Plant them on the best ground you have and where they will take the place of windbreaks for your home and feed lot.

Leaping Leukanani

(Continued from page 27)

"man-eating" fish, Charley thrust a stick as thick as a pencil into the open mouth of the perai and had the satisfaction of seeing the twig crushed between the heavy front teeth.

The end of a perfect day feeling that we carried with us to camp through the darkness was but enhanced by the native "swizzles" with which we felt called upon to celebrate the beginning of what promised to be rare sport; and a lengthy discussion of ways, means, and possibilities took place and ended in our deciding to descend to the river with the first light of the morning in order to avoid the full heat of the day.

It was then that we learned the real difficulties of catching leukanani. Although they could be seen feeding on minnows, our lures were unnoticed for the

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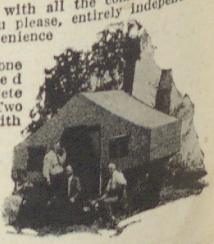

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most part; and then there would be a strike, a thrilling rush, a leap from the water—and another fish would be lost. Occasionally the lure, too, would be lost; for so quick and strong are the rushes of the leukanani that at times good, 22-pound test line would be broken, and on one occasion a thin, steel connecting link was pulled apart. When we quit for breakfast, I counted myself lucky to have landed the only catch made—a two and a half pound fish.

Other days, other luck. The Demerara, Essequibo, Mazaruni, and Cuyuni Rivers, as well as the Potaro, are inhabited by the leukanani, and several of these formed backgrounds for enjoyable sessions in which the advantage most distinctly was *not* with the angler; but the one which will linger longest in my memory is a certain evening on the Essequibo when the fish seemed to be in a particularly voracious mood. Strike after strike, battle after battle, and several lost baits gave me a thrilling hour—and one leukanani which struck, missed, and was hooked deep in the back. His subsequent tactics felt much like those of a bronc under a saddle for the first time, and when finally landed and the truth apparent, Cy was moved to yell: "That's right! Ride 'em, cowboy, ride 'em!"

Always the catch was small compared with the number of strikes, but even when only slightly successful we could not but feel that we were having glorious sport; for when one seeks a fish that puts up a real tackle-smashing battle and is particularly difficult to "set" a hook into, there is borne home the realization that what happens after the fish is hooked is the least important part of the story.

Attendant on fishing in the Guianas are conditions that are not particularly pleasant, to say the least. The irritating *bete rouge* and true chiggers find an opportunity to attach themselves and start operations, mosquitoes do their sometimes malarial bit, poisonous snakes are plentiful, the heat is terrific, and as the dusk falls fruit-bats hover about. Later, vampire bats will fasten on one if not protected by a sleeping-net.

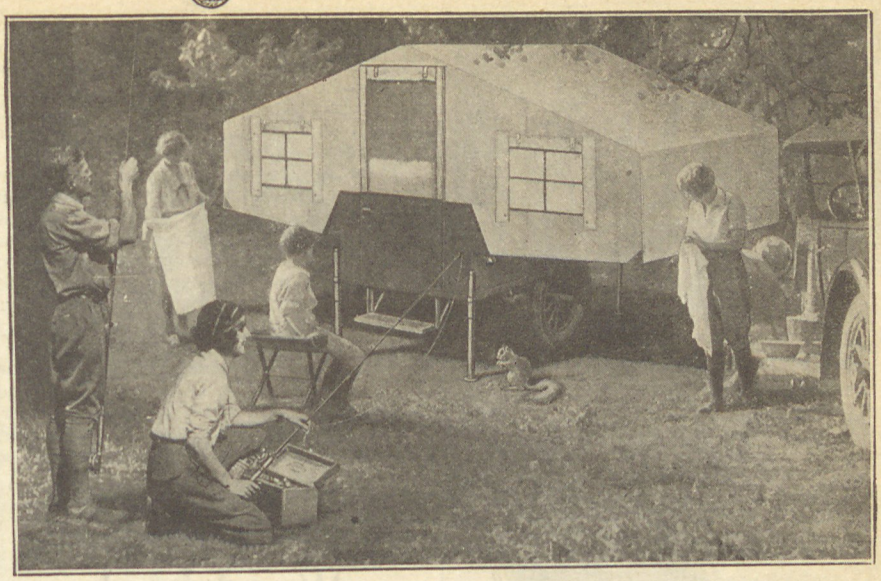
These are the things that are responsible for the bad reputation borne by the tropics, and while these features are much exaggerated in the popular mind, much of this reputation is deserved. The penetration of the jungle merely for purposes of sport is not apt to prove a good investment, and the writer feels that he will hardly make a pilgrimage to these regions for the sole purpose of angling; but in retrospect he will ever value the experience and hold a high regard for the gaminess of the leaping leukanani.

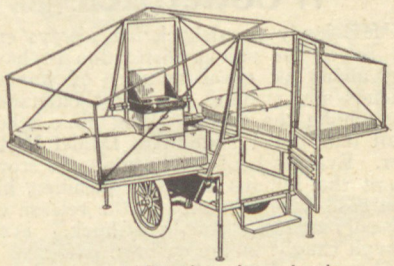
The Monarch of Moose Lake

(Continued from page 21)

in to crowd out the others. Never forsake a friend. I was Jean's friend—and the old moose was Jean's friend. Was not the right thing, after all, for me to save my friend's friend? Yet before I decided, I considered two facts: first, that there was no other possible way out of it than to shoot one or the other; and second, that, as Jean had said, "The Big Fellow" was bad and might come for me after I had dispatched his adversary.

Again the rifle came to my shoulder—but this time with more decision than before. Again my eye fell along the sights—just as the young bull, finding himself





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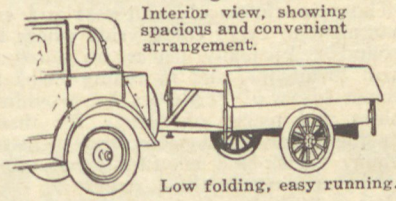

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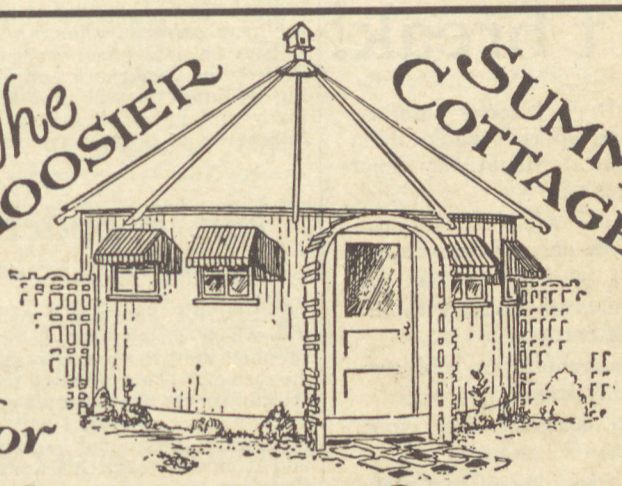

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at last in the right position for it, was starting a terrible charge from the side of the missing antler. The finish might have come soon thereafter—but I pulled the trigger and the deadly charge was never completed. The young bull fell in his tracks within five feet of his mark.

Then I waited to see if Old One-Antler would make for me—and for a minute it seemed that this was exactly what he was going to do. He was an ugly sight as he came forward a few steps, blood-covered and with a wicked eye. I resolved to wait until the very last minute before sending him also, to save myself, the way of his late adversary.

When I felt the time had almost come for me to act, "The Big Fellow" stopped in his tracks and stood looking me over, but he turned finally and staggered off into the forest—still Monarch of Moose Lake.

Two Views of the Woodchuck

THE lowly woodchuck has always enjoyed the unique distinction of having about an equal number of human friends and enemies, the most outstanding among the former being none other than that noted statesman, Daniel Webster. Every school child knows the story about the famous barrister pleading his first case which resulted in the release of the defendant, "Johnny Chuck," even though caught in the cabbage patch.

The woodchuck adds interest and enchantment to every countryside where he abounds. In many places he does no harm to anyone, and in reality helps to protect his wild neighbors by providing homes and places of refuge for them. On the other hand when too plentiful Johnny Chuck and his family become a serious nuisance to the farmer.

Woodchuck hunting is good fun, and so long as conducted in a sportsmanlike manner, and not carried to excess, should be encouraged.

Some states have made attempts to restrict such hunting to a special season instead of allowing men and boys with firearms to roam about the countryside with shotguns and rifles at all seasons of the year *ostensibly hunting woodchucks.* Others have in effect made an effort to destroy the woodchuck entirely. A clashing of interests will always follow this lowly and mostly harmless little fellow. Whenever in doubt, save him!

EDITOR.

Mr. Woodchuck

By H. H. Evans

A SHORT time ago I read an article which stated that "Prophet or no prophet, the ground hog is just a pest to the farmer." The author of that statement probably never made a study of the animal. For a number of years I have made investigation of the ground hog and his habits and from this research I am frank to say that from a conservationist's viewpoint the ground hog is the most important of all other wild animals used for fur or food in the middle west, for he builds the homes in which the others live.

The proper name of the animal is Woodchuck, and what I would call his nickname is "ground hog." His technical name is Arctomys Monax. He is a specie of marmot, and inhabits North America from Hudson Bay to South Carolina. He is a strict vegetarian and digs deep holes in the side of hills, under rocks, along creek

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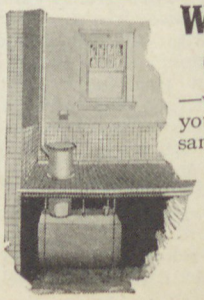

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banks, in the woods, along fence rows, and generally in other places not suited for cultivation. His burrow slants upward so that the water can not enter, and within are many compartments. With his strong forepaws he digs so rapidly that a man with a spade has difficulty in overtaking him. He seems to dig just for the fun of it, and if he is run out of his home (as usually happens) he excavates another in a very short time. He is a worker and a builder. He is almost as cunning as the fox and so full of determination to live and let live that he will build a new home today and abandon it tomorrow.

There is no animal that will build with such determination as he, and during the spring, summer and fall months we find him busy constructing homes that other animals and birds live in and use for shelter during the long winter. He is very susceptible to cold, and with the first appearance of winter, curls up far below the frost line for a three months' sleep. He is up with the first dawn of spring, and about the time of the first Blue Bird or Robin we find this little builder aglow with the spirit of construction and aggressiveness.

I don't know whether the ground hog is a prophet or not, as I have never seen one on the second day of February, and doubt if anyone else in Indiana has. But I believe as much in the legend of Ground Hog Day as I do in the legend of his third cousin, the muskrat, that builds his home high and thick when the winter is to be long and severe, and low and thin when the winter is to be short and mild.

Let us examine the facts and see why the ground hog is a great benefit to us all from the viewpoint of conservation.

He digs his home, or hole, for his own use, and along comes the skunk, or the fox, or mink, or raccoon, or opossum, and runs him out. These animals don't dig holes. They only clean out and adjust the holes made by ground hogs and there they live during the frozen weather. I have found the ground hog and the skunk in different compartments of the same hole, but very seldom. The fox won't live with any other animal; neither will the raccoon. But we know that the fox is a burrowing animal, while the raccoon is a tree animal.

In this section of the country, Indiana, where there are but few den trees, the raccoon lives in the ground in the holes made by the ground hog. The fox digs but little—just enough to fix up an abandoned ground hog hole to suit his own convenience. The opossum does the same when he can not find a hollow tree, or stump, or log, in which to make his home. The mink and weasel use the ground hog holes, too, for places of refuge. Strange as it may seem, I have found many different kinds of squirrel, especially the fox squirrel and the red squirrel, in ground hog holes in severe weather. And I have concluded it was because it was warmer for them underground than in the trees.

I have often found a covey of quail and many of our smaller birds sheltered in a ground hog hole in the dead of winter. In these days of lack of cover and protection for our birds and our game and fur-bearing animals, the ground hog holes have been their salvation. What will become of them if the ground hog is exterminated is only conjecture, but I think it means extinction. Two years ago in Indiana a project was put on foot to exterminate the ground hog by placing chemicals in his habitations, and what happened? Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of fur-bearing animals were killed because they were using the ground hog holes as their own places of abode. Last year the fur-bearing market

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in Indiana amounted to nearly two millions of dollars. This year it will be still more, and to me this is a natural resource worth protecting. When the chemicals were put into the holes they were stopped up and nothing could get in or out. The result was terrible slaughter. Since then the farmers who have become educated (and the conservation movement is one of education) have stopped this ruthless killing, and a farmer said to me the other day: "I would prosecute a man for killing a ground hog on my farm quicker than I would if he shot one of my domestic animals." That conduct of destruction was, in my opinion, a new fangled idea based on sheer ignorance.

I believe the farmer has enough of the spirit of conservation in his being to save the birds and animals when he knows they are a direct benefit to him and his husbandry. We Americans are prone to jump at too many conclusions without knowing just why we are jumping. We follow too many "wild-eyed" ideas and strange notions. Some one comes along with a lot of propaganda and many of us follow him, to find when too late that we have damaged our position rather than helped it.

Such was the case with the ground hog of Indiana and I am glad to sing his praises. If you who read will investigate what I say you will find it true, and so why should we declare war on as good a friend and helpmate in conservation as we have in the ground hog or woodchuck?

More About the 'Chucks'

By Blaine Wright

THE average man has finished hunting for the year when he returns from his annual trip into the game country. He fills his rifle with grease and puts it away in the closet, where it stays until the next shooting season.

If you ventured to mention wood chuck shooting to him then, just after he had provided himself with a fifteen-point head or a bearskin rug, he would have snorted in high, very high, disdain. Some months later, however, in July or August there may come a hankering to get out the old blunderbuss and shoot something. He wants to see if his shootin' eye is still in trim and if Betsy Jane is still putting 'em where she is pointed. That is all very well and good, you may say, and there is nothing to stop him. But he is confronted by the question of what to shoot at. Being a hunter and, therefore, a naturally blood-thirsty and merciless brute, or so we are told by the various homes for blind mice and anti-hunting fanatics, he requires something more inspiring for a target than a paper tacked to a board or a tin can on a fence-post.

For such a person the wood chuck, or ground hog, must have been made to order, and the same animal offers great possibilities to the lover of a hair-splitting small-bore. The 'chuck may be found in almost any country district of the northeastern part of the United States and southeastern Canada. The varmints are exceedingly numerous; in fact, almost any farmer will tell you that they are too darn numerous. Their holes are a constant menace to his horses and they themselves damage his grain. There is usually no difficulty in persuading him to let you rid his farm of a few of the pests. At the same time he will urge you to take

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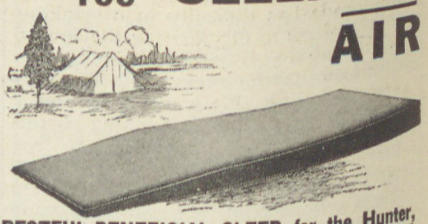

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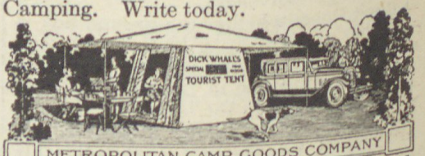

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care not to puncture any of his stock.

Right over there in the clover the hunter sees a brown, bobbing spot. He rests his rifle on a fence-post. He sights *very* carefully at that brown spot. It's surprising how small that animal can get when looked at over the sights. He gets 'em lined up properly and Betsy roars. After that, to use the remark made by a certain ammunition firm, everything "depends on the cartridge." If he misses he may say that the sights were set too high, and that it was only a measly wood chuck anyway, or he may be a very exceptional exception and not make any alibi at all.

If he wishes he can select a chuck-inhabited field, seat himself under a nice, shady tree on the edge of the field, and pick off anywhere up to half a dozen 'chucks in an afternoon, without moving from his place. I once shot seven in three hours by waiting for them to come out to feed in a field a couple of acres in extent. This method requires a chronic case of concentrated laziness combined with a little patience.

An entirely different proposition is presented to the small-bore huntsman. 'Chuck hunting to him usually means a careful stalk and a clean head shot. He has one advantage at any rate over the user of a larger calibre rifle. The small bore bullet does not possess, to as great a degree, the tendency to wander a mile or so farther than it is supposed to.

A 'chuck may be killed by a body shot from a light rifle, but the number killed by such shots can not compare with the number that escape to die a lingering death in the holes. If a 'chuck isn't the toughest thing of its size on earth, I have never seen the animal which exceeds it. I once (believe it or not) put two bullets from a .250-3000 Savage through one and he rolled over eleven times and disappeared down his hole.

A very familiar action of the 'chucks, and one which makes me exceedingly angry, is the impudent flirt he gives his tail as he escapes into his hole. He probably means it as a salute.

The man with the little rifle must take great care to place his small pellet where it will do the most good, for, as in fishing, the big one that got away doesn't count in the day's total. A shot through the neck seems to have a particularly paralyzing effect. Last summer a friend and I spent part of our spare time in shooting wood chucks, and always shooting for the head. We collected fifty in two months, using twenty-twos.

A 'chuck when feeding, with his head hidden, is a rather difficult mark. A sharp, shrill whistle will usually bring him to his haunches, offering a fine opportunity for a shot.

I once read an article in a hunting magazine which advised approaching a 'chuck up wind. I have never noticed that the wind made a great deal of difference, and I believe that the wood chuck depends more upon hearing and sight than on scent.

Before ending my piece, let me put my oar into the old argument as to whether or not 'chucks climb trees. I am firmly convinced that they do, as I once shot one out of a three-inch sapling. He was up about fifteen feet, chewing the bark. No, I had not had anything to drink, nor was it a porcupine, as you may imagine. On two other occasions, when fishing, I have seen them in trees, but never higher than fifteen feet.

Humble sport though 'chuck hunting is, when summer rolls around give it a trial. You can get quite a kick out of it, and I'll guarantee that you will like it.

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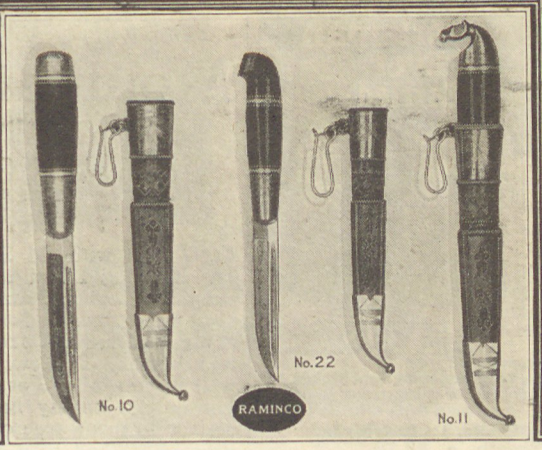

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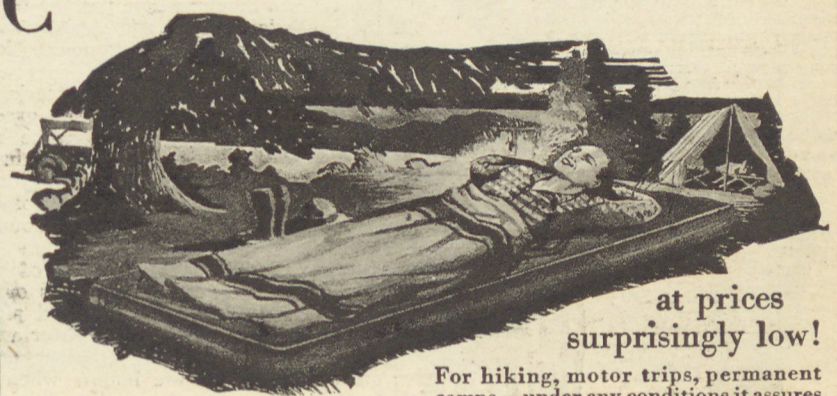

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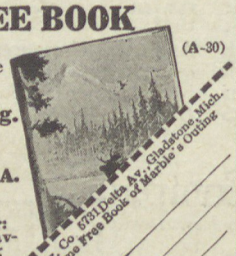

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Recollections of a Mountain Man

By A. P. Sweigart

TO hunt with old Seth Burling of the Blacklog I had followed one of the roughest mountain roads in the ranges, a road weedgrown and at times verging into a mere path. But from past experience and hearsay I knew that the trip was well worthwhile. For, you see, Seth was not only a mighty hunter, but rather it seemed to me, a true chronicler of a great drama that had been in the making since the days when as a boy he had toted his father's old muzzle-loader into the timber, then teeming with squirrels, black and grey fox—the drama of the passing of many species of game and the thinning of others. Even to the remote brush-bordered fringes of his poorly cleared back-woods fields, had the wave of destruction held its course—now heralded by the echo of the deer-driver's horn, again by the crash of shotguns when the squirrel hunters held sway. To him these omens marked the passage of the age he had known and they saddened him, made him reticent to associate with his fellows. So that when after a chance meeting on Blacklog's rugged crest he asked me to spend a week with him, I considered the invitation a privilege.

I found him seated on the doorstep of his weather-beaten shanty—the customary chew of tobacco bulging his left cheek. He rose languidly to greet me, and the litheness of that movement alone suggested the veteran hunter whose passage through the brush is as silent and stealthy as that of the great-pawed catamount, killer-supreme.

"Tarnation, but you've struck fine turkey weather," said Seth in greeting. "I've roosted a big flock on the north knob, and there's a gobbler in it that I'd have been proud to down in my younger days." His every word seemed somehow to have the very tang of the mountains in it.

That evening Seth told me of many things that are not in the annals of conservation. Of the vanished wild pigeons that had broken off by the sheer weight of their numbers great branches on the giant hickories in the hollow when they had come to roost, of a mighty albino buck—eight points to the side that had fallen to his rifle in the 'seventies. He spoke of trout in countless numbers that swirled the surface of Blacklog run when the May-flies were on. And he seemed to live again these things as he told them. Not once did he mention the present—in fact, he appeared to avoid it purposely, and I knew then that each year of the great slaughter had hurt him incalculably, made a recluse of him. Never had he killed save when necessity prompted, but he had seen men from beyond the ranges, and for that matter men of the mountains, down game for the lust of it. He was old now, well in his seventies, and happy that his life had been lived in the Blacklog at its best.

Presently from far up the mountain slope there drifted a sound that sent a

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shiver up and down my spine. Intensify the squall of a wounded rabbit when the hunter picks it up, say to about ten times its volume, and you have a fair idea of that cry. I had expected to see Seth, used as he was to the sounds of the mountains, pass over the wail in a casual manner. But to my surprise he started. Then he settled back in his chair and for a moment or two was silent.

"What was that, Seth?" I asked.

"Catamount," was the brief answer. "And every time I hear one it brings to mind the black killer. I was never superstitious before I tried to run down that devil bobcat, but I was afterwards. Might as well tell you about him.

"Fifty years ago I did considerable trapping hereabout. Mostly deadfalls, although I had about fifty steel traps, ones, twos and threes. My catches were good. A lot of mink in the creek about that time, coon for the taking, and foxes aplenty. Well, to get back to the big cat, I first glimpsed him on the knob where we're going for turkey in the morning. Just a glimpse of black on the snow and he was gone. When I saw the tracks of his pads in the snow I could hardly believe my eyes. Then his color too made me certain that I must have been dreaming, for a black catamount isn't in the standard line of color at all, for you know they're tawny and spotted.

"I figured that he must have wandered from another range and then and there I decided that the Blacklog wasn't big enough for both of us.

"Bobcats as a rule hunt in pairs, and in the winter when the snow is deep it isn't unusual for them to pull down a fair sized deer. Their big pads make it easy for them to run on a light crust of snow and as the deer flounders through the drifts they come at it from both sides. Just slash in and away like a streak, and finally after its struggles get weaker they finish the job. They're bloodthirsty varmints.

"But the black cat hunted alone. Three days later I found a three point buck partly eaten, and the killer had made only one lunge, straight to the throat, ripped it open and waited for the buck to die.

"I'd see my bait sets untouched night after night, see his great tracks circling the trap, even see where he had squatted in the snow, and then it came to me that he only took the meat he had pulled down himself. And he only touched a kill once before starting on another.

"I had a couple good-sized shoats in the pen out back, and pork's a mighty valuable thing here in the mountains. About midnight one night, I heard a rumpus in the pen, and got to the window just in time to see the black bobcat bounding away through the clearing. He had killed one of the hogs as neatly as he had killed the buck. It was moonlight and I knew then how big he was. I generally counted myself a fair running shot with a rifle and he made a good mark but I was sore and a bit unnerved and I missed him.

"Then I strung out poison bait, for the fight between that critter and me had gone too far. He was thinning down the deer and it seemed that his coming marked the beginning of the end for game in the Blacklog. It may sound foolish but I still feel that he was the omen of slaughter to come.

"And in the end he didn't die by my hand, though the Lord knows I tried hard enough to finish him off. My hound wouldn't trail him, but I followed him two days myself and always he kept just out of range. He seemed to toy with me in a way that was uncanny.

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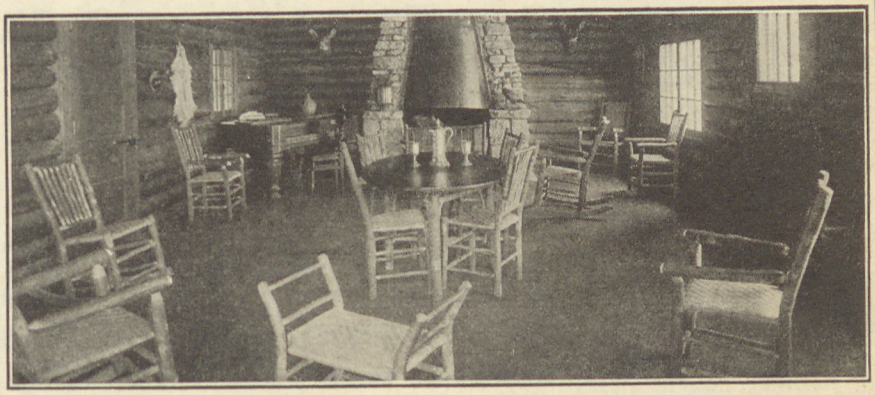

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"As I said deer were getting scarce, and one night his squalls came to an end. Three years he was away, and then, when the deer seemed to get plenty, back he came. But even the devil in the form of a catamount will meet his master. By accident one day he cornered the great buck of the north range in a blind gully. There was about a foot of snow on the ground. I had always noticed that the big buck ran in company with a spike, and more than once when I thought I'd get a shot at him the spike lined into my sights. Well, I still figure that the black killer had only the spike in mind that night but for once he miscalculated in his leap, and struck the big ten-pointer instead. From the tracks it must have been a great fight, and the buck lost some blood in it, but all he left of the catamount was a mangled bloody mass. A little doe can do a lot of damage with her sharp hooves but figure two hundred pounds of muscle above hooves like that. I measured the remains of the black catamount, and stretched out he went a little over seven feet. I had shots at the big buck after that but I always felt so plumb grateful to him that the gun just wouldn't line up. And that's the story of the black catamount. I can figure every time I hear one squall that his spirit has come back and ranges the Blacklog once more."

Seth yawned.

"Guess we'd better hit the hay," he said, "if you want a shot at those turkey in the morning."

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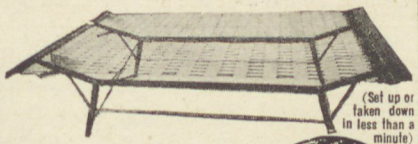

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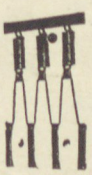

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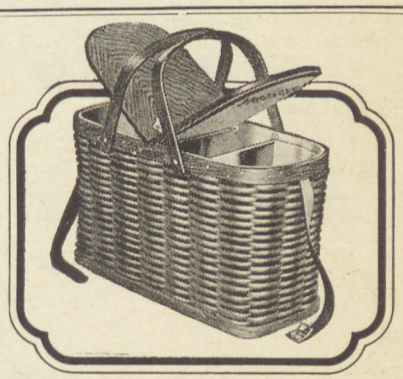

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You can now serve appetizing meals and ice cold drinks, fresh fish or meat, fresh milk, cream, butter and eggs, delicious sandwiches, crisp salads, iced fruits and berries, home baked pies and cakes.

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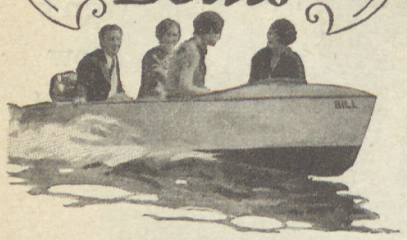

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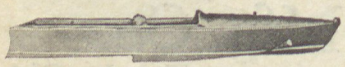

The Imperial. A 14 ft. mahogany step plane runabout. Kapok upholstered seats. For 6 to 8 h. p. outboard power. Speed 20 to 29 m. p. h.

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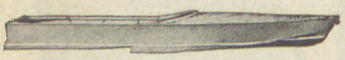

The Falcon. A new double concave bottom 14 ft. Baby Stepper. Beautifully designed. Speedy. A world record step plane.

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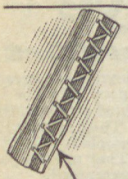


Toss onto shoulder. Carry on running board. Transport enormous loads. Strong, yet very light. Won't snag, tear or leak. Thousands have seen 10 to 20 years' hard service. Great with outboard motors. In government use here and abroad. Boat builders since 1890. Many models. Satisfaction or money back. Write today for latest literature and New Low Prices.

From this to this in 8 Minutes

ACME BOAT CO.
52 Pike St. Miamisburg, Ohio

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by PAUL BURRESS

Build a Boat

WHAT you have a right to expect of your boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Contact with the out-of-doors produces a thoroughly manly, straight and upright boy. The effect that that boy can have upon his companions and the welfare of home, city and nation is incalculable. By providing our young folks with a better means of gaining contact with Nature we can gain the confidence and strength of character that the outdoors instills into its children.

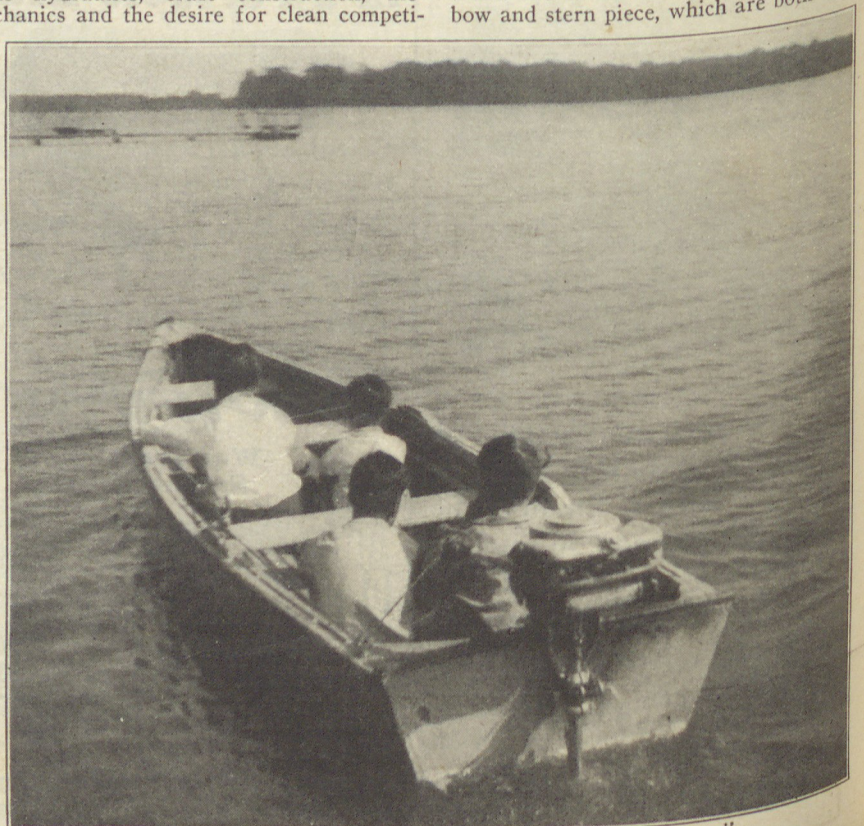
Spring heralds the opening of Nature's school and instinct will lead your boy willingly into the presence of the instructor whose practical examples of all the admirable qualities of man will be clearly demonstrated and practiced by all wild things.

Perhaps your boy's best method of transportation to Nature's school is by boat. The tiller handle or the canoe paddle are better instruments than the steering wheel for this purpose. There is far more healthy recreation in boating than car riding, not to mention the strain and hazards of the road traffic. Boats permit complete relaxation, quiet, and encourage more constructive thoughts. Nature's school may be entered quietly and in tune with her teachings. When a boy acts in a disorderly, disconnected manner, his nervous energy is positively multiplied by intelligent actions in his association with Nature.

An outboard motorboat provides interest in many other beneficial studies such as hydraulics, craft construction, mechanics and the desire for clean competition, furnishing endless pleasures for your boy's companions, giving them quick transportation to Nature's richest store houses. It will be the means of teaching him the ways of fish, plant, animal and bird life,—he will learn weather conditions and geographical values,—he will develop courage, confidence and self reliance, which alone are well worth the expenditures made towards equipping him with water transportation.

Give him a little start on a healthful, educational and character training course this summer. To start is the most important move. We are all blessed with good intentions: so let's go right now at the beginning of the season. Here is a suggestion for a 2½ H.P. boat of the simplest type for boys to build. This boat was designed by Herb Heath, who is a prominent builder and designer of boats. Its simplicity enables most any boy who is handy with the ordinary household tools to construct it. The specifications are, length 14 feet, greatest width 4 feet, height of the one-piece siding is 14 inches. The side is to be developed from a straight 14-inch plank beveled somewhat at each end, forming the shear, and this bevel must be such that when the siding is bowed or curved it forms a suitable shear on the top line and a shear on the bottom, which shears the bottom up to the water line.

The amount of shear developed in the top edge of this siding is gauged somewhat by the flare of the sides. The extreme end of this siding which fits on the bow and stern piece, which are both alike,



"Clean, beautiful pleasure for your boy and his companions."

should be such as is suitable on which to apply the two and one-half horse power motor. The end pieces of the boat would of course, be the same and should have a maximum width of approximately three feet four inches.

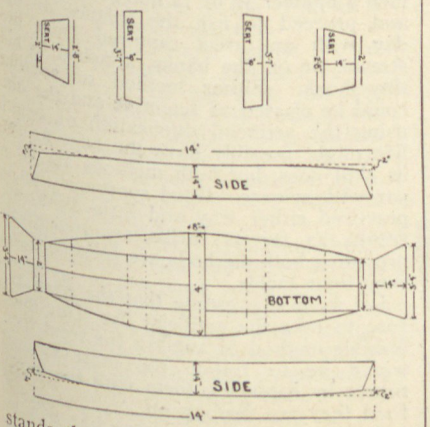
It is thought that the bow and stern pieces, plus two other bulk heads or frames installed under the two seats, would be sufficient framing for this boat. These frames and end pieces should be about 1¼ inches thick. The bottom should be ⅝ or ¾ inch.

You will note that the general form of this boat is developed mainly by the cut or shape of the sides, modified by the amount of flare and the width of the ends of the boat. It would be well, in arriving at the form or dimensions, to make up proportionately small parts in cardboard.

The bottom, of course, should extend flush with the side, to permit nailing through the bottom into the sides of the boat. Nails may be used all along the bottom into the sides and the bottom and sides screwed into the frames.

A seat should be provided in each end of the boat. This should run about 6½ or 7 miles per hour with the 2½ H.P. motor. If there are any questions regarding the construction of this boat that our readers would like to ask, address your inquiries to the editor of this department.

Help your boy to enjoy this summer in clean healthy sport. Allow him to develop into a natural philosopher who understands the stars, the storm, the sun, the moon, the winds, the waters and the calm. Nature will prepare him for a campaign with men by his studying and campaigning with the elements of Nature. Every great man was an outdoorman. Environment threw them into contact with bountiful natural surroundings,—today many of our boys are far removed from that opportunity and it is well to give a thought to providing ways and means by which our future men may have more contact with the out-of-doors rather than with man-made pleasures.



QUESTIONS
? ? ?

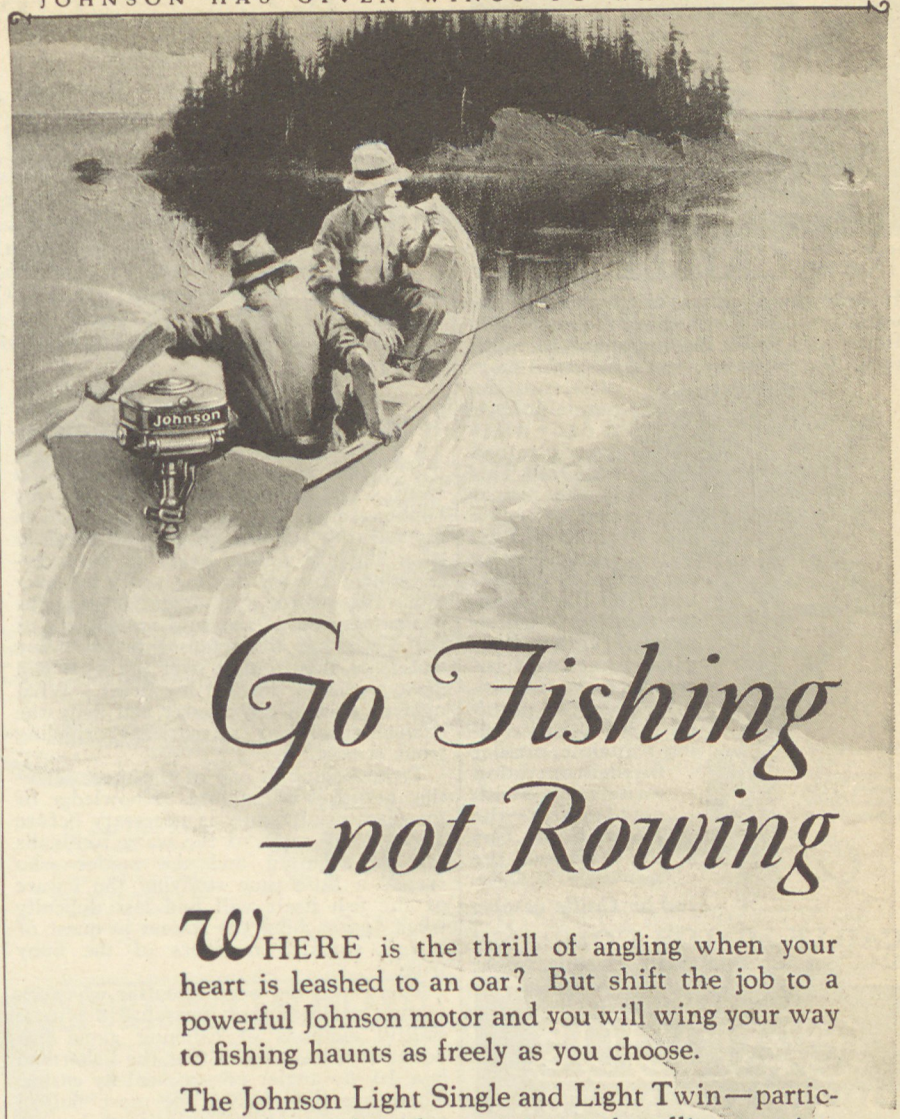
for readers about

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

will be gladly answered by

"JED" BURRESS
editor of this department.

JOHNSON HAS GIVEN WINGS TO WATER TRAVEL



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WHERE is the thrill of angling when your heart is leashed to an oar? But shift the job to a powerful Johnson motor and you will wing your way to fishing haunts as freely as you choose.

The Johnson Light Single and Light Twin—particularly adapted to the carrying and trolling requirements of fishermen—are the world's two lightest-weight outboard motors. They weigh only 26 and 37 pounds respectively.

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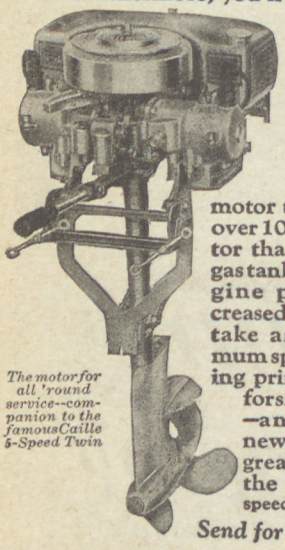

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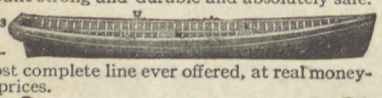

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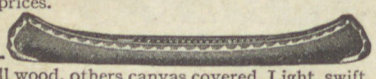

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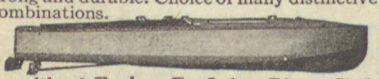

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Science of Trout Fishing

By Cal Johnson

THIS article is written by Cal Johnson, well known angler, writer and ardent outdoorsman. It is a scientifically treated narrative on trout fishing, giving many pointers of value to every fisherman who wishes to broaden his ability at catching the wily inhabitants of the brook. The writer is an author of a book on fly fishing, editor and writer of a syndicated newspaper feature on outdoor subjects.

The article is submitted gratis to OUTDOOR AMERICA, *due to the writer's personal desire to help in the interests of furthering scientific angling and good sportsmanship as sponsored by the Izaak Walton League of America.*

EDITOR

MANY years have drifted into oblivion since I enjoyed the thrilling experience of catching my first trout. The streams and brooks of my boyhood days, however, are still fresh in my memory and the gurgle and laughter of a rippling stream holds as much enchantment for my angling soul as it ever did. The quietness of the wilderness, the companionship of the wild inhabitants of the wood and the song of the bubbling waters as they tumble over the falls will always remain dear to my heart. What man or woman alive today can deny the companionship of a sparkling, rippling trout stream?

Trout fishing is one of the most scientific branches of angling. Knowledge of the piscatorial family is necessary before a successful catch of the wary fontinalis can be acquired and the angler who spends a little time studying the nature of the fish itself will find less difficulty when approaching the stream in quest of a few speckled members of the finny tribe.

The use of the word scientific when referring to the angler pursuing the most skillful methods of catching game fish does not always mean that the fisherman is a dry fly angler or seasoned fly caster. There are times when the most skillful manipulator of the light split bamboo fly rod, tapered enamel line, fine gut leader and feathered hook cannot raise a single trout. It is then that he must use his scientific knowledge of the habits of the fish and resort to different methods of angling if success is to be expected in catching a creel of speckled beauties. Especially is this so when the waters are roily from long and continued rains, or during early spring when the streams are high from melting snows.

Partly digested matter of insect life will be found in the digestive organs of the trout throughout the season. The experienced angler can usually tell what species of insect life the trout has eaten by close examination of the half digested parts. Whereupon he sits comfortably down on the banks of the stream, then pulls forth his compact box of fly tying materials and attempts to copy, as nearly as possible, the color and shape of the insect taken from the stomach of the fish.

It is also quite possible that the angler might discard his artificial flies and attach a number 12 or 14 hook to his leader and proceed to fish the balance of the day with an insect captured from the stream, or on the banks, attached to his tiny hook. Either method of angling could be classed as scientific and the one using the artificial duplication of insect life might possibly have the edge as far as skill goes, but both methods are on a par with science. Good sportsmanship is practiced either way and little difference results as far as thrills are concerned, providing both methods are followed with very light tackle.

Let us first presume that the trout refuse to take the artificial fly. Our most feasible method of angling for trout then would be to follow the most natural source by capturing them with the insect food they are feeding on.

A great variety of insect life will be found in the waters, the species differing in different localities. Of the most common found are the Stone-fly, Mayfly, Caddis, Dobson and various nymphs and larvae of these creatures. Most of the

Cal Johnson trying to outwit a few trout on a northern stream.

species mentioned will be found in almost any rapidly flowing stream in North America and are seldom, if ever, found in quiet waters that reach a high temperature.

If the fish are seen swimming slowly up and across the stream, apparently bumping their noses against the small rocks and pebbles strewn on the bottom, they are known to be feeding on the various forms of insect life found clinging to the under side of the rocks. Approach the stream very quietly, then wade out into the fast flowing riffles and pick up a stone from the riff. Several nymphs of the Stone-fly will usually be found clinging to the rock, which can be easily captured and used for bait.

The nymph of the Stone-fly will possibly be found more numerous than other insect life in the waters of the trout stream and undoubtedly received its name from its close relation with the stones of the stream. The soft, frail body of the nymph makes it rather difficult to keep on a fish hook and therefore a hook of the smaller size is necessary to use. Sizes 14 and 16 will be found plenty large enough to successfully hook and land the average sized trout found in most streams. Several nymphs can be placed on the hook and will stay securely if the point of the hook is run through the body close to the head of the insect. However, the use of more than one nymph is not necessary and does not exactly present the lure to the trout in a natural and scientific manner.

When placing a single nymph on the hook it can be securely fastened by inserting the point of the hook into the back of the insect and out through the top of the head. If using a long shanked hook, run it through the body of the insect lengthwise in such a manner as to have the head of the nymph near the point of the hook.

As the nymph is very frail, one should not whip the line back and forth through the air, as is practiced when using the artificial fly. Toss the baited hook out over the waters very gently with a swinging motion of the line. Allow the lure to float naturally down stream, stripping line from the reel as the rushing waters carry it away. The best success will be experienced when fishing the riffles, the natural haunts of the nymph. Care must be taken to keep out of sight, as trout are extremely shy.

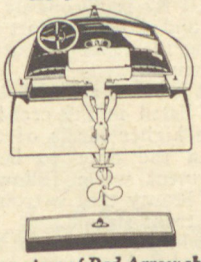
The nymph of the May-fly is found in much the same place as the Stone-fly. It is also found in small excavated burrows in the banks of the stream and around water plants. On more quiet waters they conceal themselves by covering their body with mud. The same method of angling with a Stone-fly is practiced when fishing with the May-fly nymph.

A larger bait is made by the adult Stone-fly, which is far less difficult to handle than the nymph. The Stone-fly should be hooked through the middle of the body. This will enable it to squirm around, which naturally helps to attract the trout. Care must be taken when allowing the line and lure to float down stream, however, as the Stone-fly will crawl under a small rock and hide if given the opportunity. Keep the line moving at all times, though very slowly.

High waters will find the trout in the deep holes that form below a rapids or bend in the stream. Warm days may bring them from the deeper parts of the waters into the riffles, where a wet fly of the artificial type can be successfully used in catching them.

It is not uncommon to hear a fly fisherman boast that he can capture trout at

The Red Arrow
-another newcomer



Stern view of Red Arrow showing one outboard motor mounted on transom, with demountable rear deck section removed.

Here's rocket speed in a dashing, swagger model as new and bright as the rainbow after a squall.

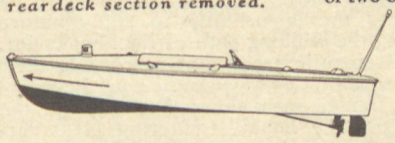
Sturdy framing, corrosion resisting Armco plates, lifeboat air chambers make the Red Arrow a true member of the Mullins family where safety and long life go hand in hand with beauty and speed.

Thanks to Mullins production methods, here is a speedster that just has *everything*—and just about hits bottom on price—way below what it looks like.

And thanks to the 1928 model *Duplex* hull, you can have your Red Arrow equipped with the Gray four-thirty, the bigger Universal Super-Four, or buy it without the motor for use with one or two outboards.

But, you want to know a lot more about it. Ask us to send you a copy of the new 1928 four color "Book of Boats." There you'll find all the dope.

Four Sea Hawk Models for 1928 in Armco Metal or Aluminum.



The side view gives a splendid impression of the clean racy lines and harmonious proportions of this vee-bottom speedster.

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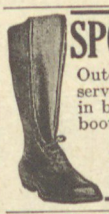

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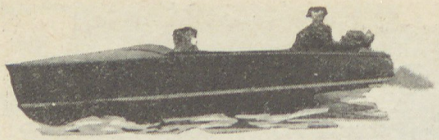

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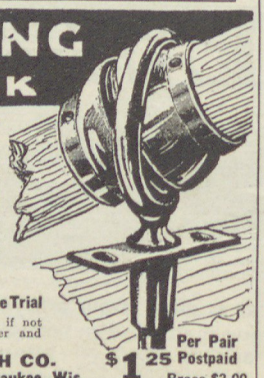

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any time with an artificial fly. While this may be true to a certain extent, I doubt very much if any angler can fish consistently throughout the season without encountering difficulty in raising trout on artificial flies. Some streams, of course, are located in a country where little or no clay is found and their waters remain clear as crystal at all times. High waters only slightly discolor the stream and a large bright colored fly of the artificial type proves successful. No doubt the angler using natural bait and fishing scientifically will catch a larger number of trout during the day's angling than will the fisherman using artificial lures entirely at such time. When the waters are normal the artificial fly is absolutely the best lure to use, and greater sport can be had by capturing the trout by outwitting him with a bogus fly.

The old adage "'Tis not all of fishing to fish" should be listed in the creed of every angler. The higher ideals of true sportsmanship open the door to better and cleaner enjoyment while following the scenic path of beauty that surrounds a silvery, laughing trout stream.

A successful catch, of course, is welcomed by every angler, but a day spent on a stream when the fish are not in the mood to battle can be doubly enjoyed by taking the opportunity to study nature along the winding path of liquid splendor. The gigantic trees that reach out their limbs as though to welcome you, the swaying foliage seen along the banks of the stream, the happy, twittering birds flitting over-head and the sparkling bubbles of the stream itself all seem to add joy and contentment to the angler's heart. Even the thoughts of trout fishing are lost in the magnetic grasp of the outdoors as the angler gulps in the beauty and grandeur of the forest.

Whether using an artificial fly or the real thing, it is necessary to know where to cast your lure and how to present it to the fish. Trout of various species will be found to take a lure differently and each species fights unlike the other. The saying "A trout is a trout regardless of species" does not necessarily indicate that the same method of angling for them all should be pursued in every case.

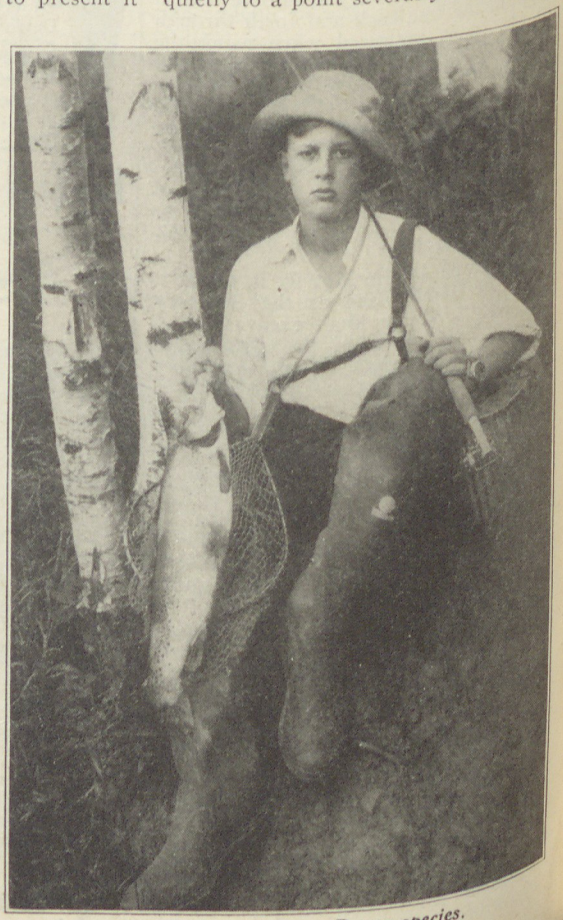
One will find the steelhead and rainbow trout far more spectacular aerial performers than the eastern brook (speckled) and brown trout. The rainbow leaps the instant he takes the fly, while the brookie contents himself by waging a fight underneath the surface. In some instances a brook trout will leap clear of the waters, but in no cases is this species known to fight like the steelhead or rainbow.

Trout that are hooked in the riffles are sometimes jerked from the waters by the over anxiety of the angler to set the hook or land the fish. The occurrence sometimes confuses the fisherman into the belief that the trout actually leaped on its own accord. However, if one will experiment a little when fly fishing for trout, it will be found that the eastern brook trout (salvelinus fontanalis) rarely leaps on a slack line. Other species will leap on a slack line at times and the inability of the angler to guess just what to expect is what makes fishing for trout so popular and thrilling to us mortals.

Wading is successful providing plenty of line is stripped off the reel and the angler keeps as far as possible from the riffle he intends to fish. Roily waters, of course, help much in hiding one's presence on the stream. It is not always the shadow or movements of the fisherman that startles the trout.

Trout, like other species of game fish, hear through vibration. Each scale on their body is connected with a tiny nerve that conducts the sound in the form of vibration. A heavy step or pounding on the banks of the stream will send the trout swiftly for cover. Being described as the shyest of game fishes, the trout angler should always execute the utmost care in approaching and wading the stream. Rubber boots or wading shoes with a felt sole should be worn as the soft sole of the shoe or boot will allow the angler to walk over the pebbles and rocky bottom without making too much noise.

It does no harm to roil up a stream when angling with larvae or other natural lures as you make your way down stream. In fact, I know several expert trout anglers who persist in wading several yards up stream and above a likely looking hole or pool, then stirring up the waters in a roily mass before casting their lure into the pool in quest of trout. The belief is that the fish, seeing the muddy waters flowing down into the pool, know that the insects clinging to the rocks and pebbles have been knocked off and will come floating down to them. As the fish lies with his head facing up stream in wait for the morsel of choice food, the angler must make his way quietly to a point several yards above the



A real trout—German Brown species.

Sure Sign of Spring.

head of the pool before dropping his baited hook into the waters and allowing it to float naturally towards the deep section of the eddy.

It is the habit of many anglers to leave a pool too quickly after catching one trout from its depths. Very few holes are encountered that do not possess several good sized trout and by angling carefully and patiently the angler can add materially to his catch. The largest trout that inhabit the stream are usually found in the deep holes and pools that form in a bend of the stream. Large trout rarely bite as quickly as the smaller species, so one should fish slower and longer for them.

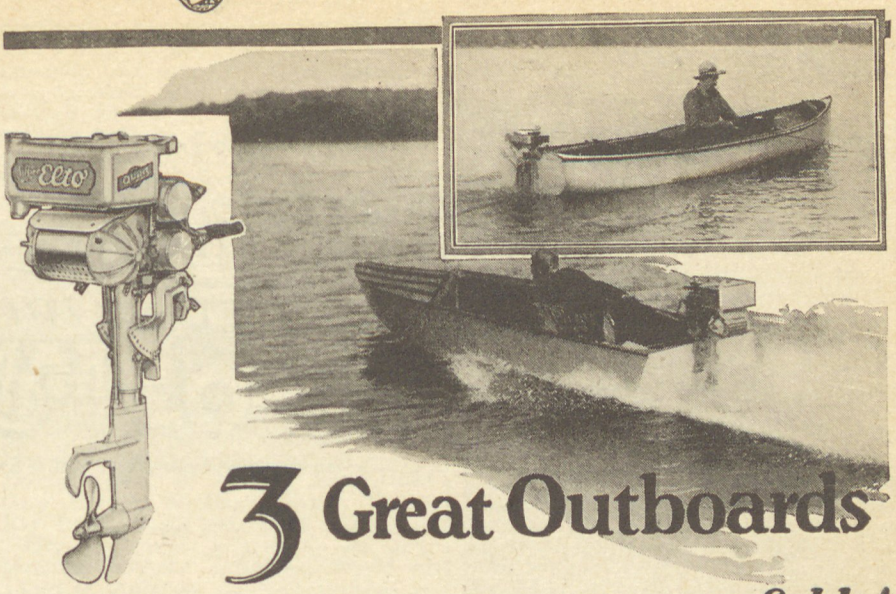
Angling with an artificial fly necessitates a different method than that pursued when using natural bait. Science in its greatest degree enters the realm of angling when artificials are used. The old school of trout fishermen from England usually cast their flies up stream or across the flowing waters. The ability to approach the trout from behind without them detecting the angler's presence is naturally better executed when fishing up stream. The dry fly should not be cast directly ahead of the fisherman, however, as it will float down stream very rapidly and become tangled in the angler's legs, should he not retrieve the line fast enough to take up the slack. It is far better to cast up and across the stream.

The dry fly should always be visible to the angler, as it is necessary to set the hook immediately when the trout strikes. In fast flowing waters the trout will invariably set the hook without the aid of the angler as they make their lightning-like dart for the floating lure.

Science has proven that fish are very nearsighted. When lying near the surface the trout can see quite a distance into the outside atmosphere, but when lying several feet below the surface its length of sight is limited.

Trout are far more sluggish and seemingly less afraid or careless when spawning time approaches. It is at this time that many beautiful specimens become the victims of the fish hog and fish law violator. The need of protection during spawning season means much towards the future protection and conservation of all forms of fish life and every true sportsman should help to eliminate the hazards game fish are confronted with during the closed season. The spawn of one female trout saved during spawning season means hundreds of baby fish for future cultivation—which in turn mean additional hours of healthful recreation for future generations of the angling fraternity.

The months of May, June and July are best for fly fishing under normal weather



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February 21, 1928.

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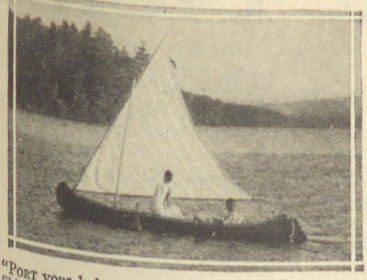

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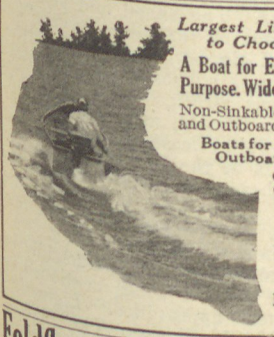

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conditions. The winged insects are then seen flitting overhead and the buzz of the mosquito and deer-fly are ever present. It is the most natural time for the trout to feed off the surface and the angler with his book of artificial flies can enjoy days of wonderful sport. April is the month of bottom feeding for the trout, and nymphs, creepers and baits of such nature prove the most successful under most conditions. When snow water is running in the stream the natural bait is always the best. Some anglers find the wet fly successful in early spring and, providing the waters are clear, I recommend the artificial wet fly of gaudy colors.

Artificial flies of the wet variety that usually prove good as an average for most waters of North America for early fishing are: Royal Coachman, Cahill, Montreal, Cowdung, Black Gnat, Silver Doctor, Queen of Waters, Brown and Grey Hackle, Wickhams Fancy, Hare's Ear, Grizzly King and White Miller.

Dry flies can be selected in the same patterns, but the following should be added to make the selection complete as far as color combinations are concerned: The Dun family, namely, Whirling Dun, Pale, Iron Blue, Olive, Silver Sedge, Brown Sedge, Beaverkill and March Brown. May flies and spinners are also very good, then the slim bodied Quills come in for their consideration.

Again I recommend anglers to study the habits of trout under varying conditions. It will be found almost as interesting as fishing itself and add materially to the ability of capturing them when a few piscatorial beauties are wanted for broiling over the hot coals of a camp fire.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, Of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1928.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred H. Doellner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Outdoor America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Editor, Marguerite Ives, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Fred H. Doellner.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive. Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Pres., 231 S. LaSalle St., Chicago.
Fred N. Peet, Sec'y, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago.
Thornhill Broome, Treas., 1317 First National Bank Bldg.
Fred H. Doellner, General Manager.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Fred H. Doellner, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1928.
[SEAL.]

Clyde C. Posvic, Notary Public.
(My commission expires May 5, 1928.)

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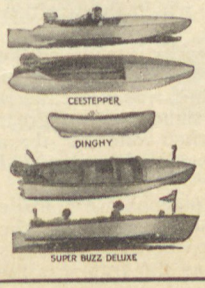

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Edited by
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Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

More About Pigeon Shooting

THE article on pigeon shooting which appeared in the April issue seemed to create quite a bit of interest, and requests have been made for a continuation of the subject, so below will be found a short description of the early target shooting.

As the interest in pigeon shooting increased the demand caused the price to advance, and it was not always possible to obtain the required number, so steps were taken to bring out a substitute for the live bird, and shooters with an inventive turn of mind got busy and many different styles of traps and targets began to appear.

One of the first inventions was a device brought out in 1872, and placed on the market by a firm in Philadelphia, and was known as the "Bussey Patent Gyro Pigeon and Trap."

The pigeon was made of steel and was the shape of a propeller blade. The device consisted of a cylindrical box which enclosed a very strong spring operating a spindle on which the target was placed in such a manner that when the spring was released revolving the spindle rapidly, the rotary motion caused the target to fly off in a very erratic flight, which at times very much resembled the flight of a jack snipe, and a score of 100 straight was an impossibility.

At the time this trap and target was popular 21 yards rise was generally accepted as the standard distance.

Just why this trap and target was discarded for the glass ball is a question, for the flight of the Gyro pigeon more nearly resembled that of a live bird than any inanimate target yet introduced to the trap shooting public, and with present day methods of manufacture the cost of these pigeons would be very little more than that of the clay targets, taking into consideration that the Gyro could be used many times.

Captain A. H. Bogardus, one of the world's best shots, perfected a glass ball trap in 1876, which was an improvement over any similar trap then on the market.

Shortly after the introduction of the Bogardus trap, Dr. Carver, another noted shot, brought out a glass ball trap which enjoyed a short lived popularity.

From this time until the invention and introduction of the clay target of saucer shape, there were some 25 or 30 glass ball traps on the market; the most popular was the Mole Rotary Trap which threw either singles or doubles.

In 1880 George Ligowsky introduced the first clay target. It was made entirely of clay baked into brick, and was exceedingly hard to break unless struck with a great many pellets, and when one of these pigeons was hit and not broken it would ring like a bell.

The first of these pigeons were made with a pasteboard tongue glued to the edge which was gripped between the jaws of the trap arm, and as the trap was released the tongue was torn off, being held just long enough to give the target the necessary rotary motion. This tongue arrangement was not satisfactory and was replaced by a projection moulded with the target.

ALEC MERMOD, one of the best loved of the "old timers," widely known by trap shooters and hunters as a crack shot and an authority on all kinds of game and hunting.

As an illustration of the hardness of this target I am prompted to relate the story told about Frank Parmalee when he attended one of the early tournaments where the Ligowsky pigeons were used. Back in those days the events were at ten targets, and no one had been able to make a straight score during the first day. On the morning of the second day, Parmalee made an early appearance on the grounds, and said in his stuttering way, "And I'll bet the supper for our squad, I'll break the first ten straight." The bet was immediately called, so Frank, who weighed about 250 pounds, procured a package of ten targets, placed it carefully on the walk, and then jumped on it. Parmalee lost the bet, for, when the package was examined, there were only seven broken, and as this happened in pre-Volstead days, Frank paid for quite a bit more than the cost of the supper.

This new pigeon and trap became very popular, and in a short time Mr. Ligowsky had many competitors who saw that the "clay" pigeon had come to stay, so new inventions came along quite rapidly, and with one or two exceptions these new targets were made the same saucer shape as the Ligowsky, but clay was a very small part of the mixture, which was composed of pitch, plaster of paris and sand.

Jack Winston, another prominent shooter of the early days, associated with Al Bandel brought out one of the first attempts to improve the original clay pigeon, by making one composed almost entirely of pitch, but this target was good only in cold weather, for when exposed to the summer heat, the Winston target warped out of shape and was so soft it could not be broken by shot pellets.

Fred Kimball, of Peoria, Illinois, introduced the first composition target, which was given the name of "Peoria Blackbird."

In 1885 a man by the name of Best came into the picture with the Chicago Tin Pigeon, and the inventor claimed he had the best substitute for live birds, but he was soon disappointed, for the target was not a success. The shape and size was about the same as the other targets, but was made of tin with a hinged bottom piece which was supposed to drop when the target was struck, but sometimes it would fail to operate, and again the jar of the trap would release the bottom piece.

The records at the U. S. Patent office show that there were over 100 patents granted for devices for throwing artificial targets, but there were only a few that found their way to the market.

Among some of those traps actually in operation are the following, mentioned in order of their appearance. Ligowsky, Peoria Blackbird, Chicago Tin Pigeon, Blue Rock, Keystone, King Bird, Magautrap, Dickey Bird Magazine Trap, Dickey Bird Rapid Trap, Dickey Bird Automatic Trap, Leggett, McRae, Ideal, Liberty Automatic, Champion, Black Diamond and Spangler.

All of the older shooters will remember the old Blue Rock Traps and the North electric pull, but the younger crowd may be interested in the manner of shooting in the old days, when "Father was a boy."

Five traps were used set 5 yards apart in the segment of a circle. Nos. 1 and 4 were set to throw a right quartering target, No. 3 a straight away, and Nos. 2 and 5 a left quartering bird.

The system was designed as "Walk Around" for the shooters changed position after each shot, hence the name. Six men faced the traps, one man at each peg, while the 6th stood behind the man at No. 1 and took his turn after the man on No. 5 had fired.

In the early days of the game the events were at 10 or 15 targets; seldom was there an event of 25 targets as is in vogue today.

My entrance in the trap shooting game was in Colorado in the early 90's, and the program for this tournament called for alternating 10 and 15 bird events, starting off with 10 birds, known traps and known angles, then 15 birds under the same conditions, the next would be 10 birds known traps unknown angles, then there would be two events at 10 and 15 birds, unknown traps, and along about the middle of the day there would be one event at doubles, using only No. 2-3 and 4 traps. In double shooting only one man was up

standing at the center position, and he was notified just which traps were to be sprung, but even then the shooting was exceedingly difficult, and during three State Tournaments which I attended no shooter made a straight score of either 10 or 15 pairs, nor was there such a thing as a 95% shooter.

The targets were thrown fully 60 yards, and the regulation load was 3 dr. powder, 1⅛ oz. of shot, and while that load of the present day smokeless powder is effective, back in the '90's it had about the same velocity as 2½ dr. today.

Another factor entered into the making of the comparatively low scores, and that was the lack of practice, for we had no rich men in that section, and the rest of us had to watch our expense account. Our regular monthly club "shoots" were confined to 50 targets, and we attended not more than 5 tournaments during the year. Very seldom did these tournaments draw more than 25 shooters, so we had plenty of time to run off a program of 200 targets a day. We all knew each other and these gatherings were more or less social affairs, where we did not make work of our sport. High averages had no place in our minds, but each man broke as many targets as he could, and laughed when he missed. Rules were followed absolutely, and there was no disputing the decision of the referee and the judge.

In 1897 the Chamberlain Target and Cartridge Company brought out the Magautrap which was very popular, as it was the first magazine trap introduced that was a success. The name given this trap was derived by combining and shortening the two words, magazine and automatic.

When this new trap was introduced the old "Walk Around" style of shooting was dropped and the present system was adopted.

Owing to the fact that the Magautrap was operated similar to a bicycle the targets were not thrown a uniform distance, either because the man doing the pedaling got tired or he wished to favor some particular squad, so once more "Necessity became the mother of invention," and Joe Leggett of Carthage, Missouri, invented and patented the "Leggett" trap, and after it was proven a success, was bought by the Chamberlain Company, who discarded the Magautrap.

Very shortly after the Leggett trap became popular, another Missourian, A. M. McRae, of Lamar, bobbed up with a trap similar to the Leggett which was later purchased by the Western Cartridge Company.

The Dickey Clay Company of Kansas City introduced, at different times, as many as three magazine traps, but for some reason none of these became popular with the shooters.

Harry and Will Sherman introduced an automatic trap, quite a bit different from any of the other types, and created a good deal of interest among the shooters, but before it was fairly on the market, the Chamberlain Company bought the patent rights and combined the good points of this "Ideal" trap with the best of the Leggett features, and brought out the Ideal-Leggett which is in evidence today.

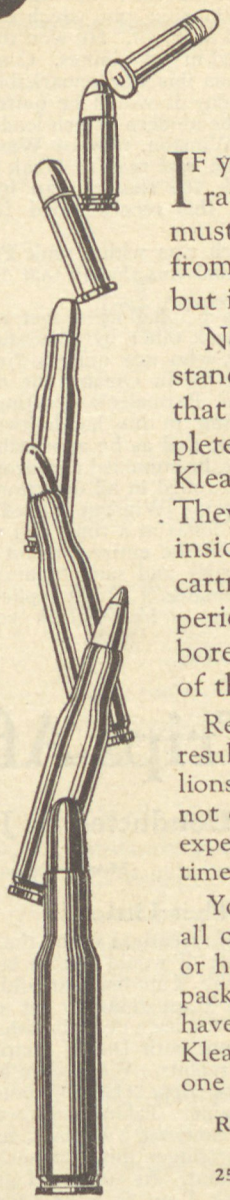
The Spangler trap came along in 1916, and was taken over by the Chamberlain Company who made some changes, and placed it on the market under the name of "Wonder."

Of the many magazine traps invented, there are only 4 in general use; i. e. The Ideal-Leggett, Western, Black Diamond, and Spangler.

THE late Captain A. H. Bogardus was the best all around shot of his time, and it is doubtful if some of his remark-

REMINGTON UMC

"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"



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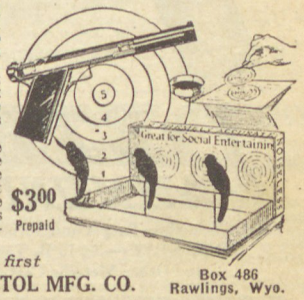

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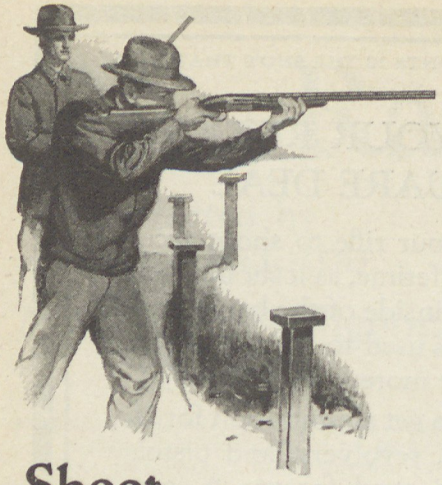

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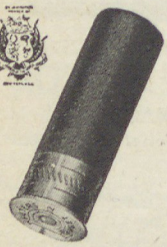
You, too, can get more "breaks" in an afternoon and improve your season's score by using Peters Target Shells.



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and Other Metallic Cartridges

able scores could be equalled today by our best shots.

In the spring of 1869 he wagered that he could kill 500 pigeons in 645 minutes, using one muzzle loading gun, which he was to load as well as shoot. He won the wager as he finished in 528 minutes. Considering the conditions this was remarkable shooting, and today it would be quite a feat, even with the modern breech loader.

John L. Winston, now of Washington, Ind., was the first man to break 100 clay targets with 100 shots in an individual match, and this record stood for some time.

This match was with Frank Parmalee, of Omaha, and was shot in that city some 30 years ago.

These two men had never met, and were known to each other by reputation only, so Winston, who was quite a "jokester," happened to be in Omaha one day, and walked into Parmalee's sporting goods store carrying in his hands twenty-five silver dollars, and as he approached Parmalee's desk, he stumbled and dropped the coins, which rolled in all directions, without looking up, Winston picked up his money, one dollar at a time, and when he had recovered the entire amount stepped up to Parmalee and said, "I am looking for Mr. Parmalee." Frank replied, "And you're looking *at* him." Jack said, "My name's Brown and I would like to shoot a match with you at 100 targets for twenty-five dollars."

Parmalee came back at him with, "You're a liar, you're Jack Winston, but you're on, just the same. And how many can you break, Mr. Winston?" Jack replied that he could break them all. "And you'll have to," said Parmalee. And he did.

Forty odd years ago when J. A. R. Elliot, Doctor Carver, Rolla Heikes, Ed. Fulford, and others were in their prime, the public paid admission to witness the many individual matches, but at the present time very few non-shooters are interested enough to visit the shooting grounds during a tournament, where artificial targets are used. I do not blame the public for the lack of interest, for it is very monotonous to sit back and watch a bunch of shooters break target after target without a miss. The game is too easy, and something should be done to vary the grind, though the shooters do not seem to want any change which would tend to lower their scores, they want to see in print that 100 straight.

The late Fred Gilbert remarked, after he had smashed 199x200, while another shooter broke 200, "if you break 'em all you're tied and if you lose one, you're beat."

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League

That Little .22

IN my mail recently, I found the following letter: "I would like to become a Woods boy. I am ten years old. When I am twelve I am going to get a .22. I buy OUTDOOR AMERICA every month. Sometimes I go out with Daddy hunting partridges and rabbits. We *always* have got some on these trips. (Editor's note: The italics are mine. Taking a boy along is better than carrying a rabbit's foot.) I saw four partridges this summer. I like to fish and hunt. As soon as I get OUTDOOR AMERICA I go to your page first." Yours truly, Frederick Barlow.

I too have a .22 which has been presented to me twice. A long time ago when I was about Frederick's age, this rifle stood in the rack in the window of the hardware store in the town in which I lived. I used to go and stand before the window just wanting this rifle with all my heart. I am quite sure that the old board sidewalk was worn thin just at this spot. It was a Flobert rifle with a heavy barrel. The hammer turned to one side so that it could be grasped easily with one's thumb, and a little ejector that turned down flipped the cartridge out. I used every expedient that I could think of to let Father know of the intense longing I had for this little gun. In the Montgomery Ward catalog was one just like it, and I tried rubbing my fingers over this particular place thinking that he would note the thumb marks! I began to despair, but one day when I came home I saw a peculiar smile on Father's face. He stepped into another room and returned with this gun. My heart almost stopped beating. It seemed too good to be true. Yet when I took it in my hands, it felt even better than I had thought. To this day I still tingle with the ecstasy of that moment.

Of course we had to take it out at once and try it. Father put a tomato can on a

"When I now see the leaves commence to turn or hear a dog barking in the timber, those wonderful days come back to me."

post, and I hit it the first shot. I almost burst with pride, but since then my vanity has been humbled many times. From that time on, the new gun saw just as much use as was possible with the limited amount of ammunition that I could buy. Being a single shot rifle it took some time to reload. One had to take careful aim and make each shot count.

I believe that every boy should start with a single-shot rifle rather than a repeater, since the tendency is to take less careful aim with the latter, depending on the other cartridges in the magazine. There is the added danger of becoming excited in the presence of game and doing some careless shooting. At times I fear that I was not as careful as a boy should be with a gun, for the .22 is a dangerous weapon even when it is not loaded. Upon his return from Africa where he was hunting big game with bows and arrows, Stewart Edward White wrote in one of his articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the .22 was given to boys by their parents with the idea that it was a gun with which boys might be trusted, but that as a matter of fact, in the hands of one who was not careful, it was a dangerous weapon. He went on to say that one of the men in the party had killed an African lion with a .22.

Across the street from our house lived a man whom we small boys secretly held in the greatest awe. He had been a member of the regular army, an officer as I remember it. He had been retired because in one of the Indian skirmishes a slug from one of their rifles had hit him a glancing blow high in the forehead and had left a hole. This he concealed by brushing his hair down over it, much as do the young ladies now in the manner described as a spit curl, only then the ointment in use for holding men's hair in place was not the same and was generally presumed to be bear oil. This ex-soldier was a tall dark man with very black hair and a long, sweeping moustache. He walked very erectly and wore a broad-brimmed black sombrero hat. In an old *Century* magazine was a picture (by Frederick Remington) of a trooper riding across the desert at the head of his company which I was sure was the exact portrait of this soldier. We youngsters tried to walk as he did and he was quite the hero to all of us. We would have given anything to have a hole in our heads made by an Indian bullet. Once I was standing in front of the house next to where he lived waiting for a boy who was going hunting with me. I happened to be thinking of a picture I had seen in a book of border stories—a trapper wearing a buckskin outfit and a coonskin cap with the tail hanging down his back. He was standing on the crest of a hill looking intently across the timber which stretched below him. It was an imposing attitude and I was attempting to assume it as theatrically as possible. My soldier friend coming out saw my arm over the muzzle of my little rifle, and his face became white. He took my arm in his hand, removed it from its resting place, and said in a voice and manner that I will never forget, that I must never, under any circumstances, have any part of my body in front of a gun, and that I must never point it at any one, no matter whether it was loaded or not. He said that he had seen too much of what guns would do to use them lightly.

Coming from one with such a record the lesson made a great impression on me and I never forgot it. I wish that I might repeat it with equal effect to every boy who has a .22. Unfortunately, I have known boys who did not take this precaution, and when the inevitable accident oc-

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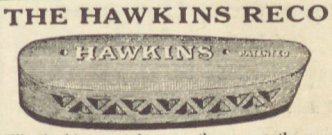

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curred, all the pleasure of owning a gun was lost to them and their life saddened by a moment of thoughtlessness. In shooting at game, be sure that nothing that can be harmed is within range of the bullet, and the pleasure one will have with this delightful little gun will be immeasurable. Remember the experience of Mark Twain, who tells of doing some target practice with an old pepperbox revolver, with the unfortunate result that he killed a mule which he thought was not in his line of fire. The farmer who owned the mule seemed to feel so badly about it, that Twain decided to pay for it, especially since the farmer urged his demands with a shotgun. Farmers seem to be so minded all over the country. They allow us to hunt in their woods, and we in turn should be careful of their property.

I will never forget the tramps through the woods with this little rifle of mine. If there was nothing to hunt, there were always cans and bottles to shoot at. Such roving sometimes affords the greatest sport. Occasionally I would go out along a quiet stretch of our little river and lie on the bank waiting for turtles to stick up their heads. A good warm day will bring out plenty of such game. In the sunny pastures there were always the little ground squirrels, which stole the farmers' corn. We were always welcome when we were after these little pests. In the fall was the most glorious time of all, when the leaves began to turn and the timber squirrels were busy making their nests and gathering food for the winter. My chum and I would borrow a squirrel dog. When we reached the edge of the timber the dog would start in wide circles. Very soon we would hear his excited bark and we knew he was on the trail. We would follow as fast as we could until we found the dog barking excitedly under a tree. Each of us would take opposite sides and starting at the bottom would search every limb until we saw the squirrel flattened out in as good cover as he could find. Some times we would get him the first time; but oftener it would only startle him and he would race up the tree followed by our shots. In many cases he would run from one tree to another followed by the three of us, all making as much noise as we could, one boy shouting directions to the other and the dog overseeing the whole proceeding. The other boy was cool-headed and a good shot. I did not fear that he would become excited and let his gun go off in my direction by accident. Once our dog treed a squirrel in an old stump. I was elected to climb it and get him out. When I reached the top he was hidden in a hollow. He just looked over the edge to see what sort of an animal was coming to visit him and we were face to face just a few inches apart. I held perfectly still for a moment; then my companion's rifle cracked and the squirrel dropped shot through the head.

When I now see the leaves commence to turn or hear a dog barking in the timber, those wonderful days come back to me.

I was to move away from the town where I had hunted with so much pleasure. Just before I left my friend borrowed the gun and failed to return it. Many years after I was visiting him in his own home. He took me into a little room where he said that he had something to show me, and on the antlers of a deer upon the wall hung my rifle and below it hung the Sharp's rifle and the saber my friend's father had carried through the Civil war. When the little rifle came into my mind I liked to think that it hung in my friend's home as a constant reminder to him of the happy trips we had enjoyed together. With the passing of time, a son came into each of our homes, and once on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, we took them for a glorious camping trip down one of the most picturesque little rivers in our state, the Maquoketa, where nightly about our campfires we regaled them with stories of our boyhood, so that they too became familiar with the chronicles of the little rifle.

After a time I was to speak at a meeting of the Izaak Walton League near my friend's home city. When I came into the hall I was delighted to meet my old friend, whom I found had been commissioned to introduce me. In the course of his remarks, he flattered me by saying that for some time he had been following the work I had been doing for boys, and that in his opinion this work should have some reward as a fitting recognition. He then before the audience formally presented me with the identical little rifle I had so wanted as a boy, and which for so many years had been among the Lares and Penates of his own fireside.

The most that I can hope for any boy is that the owning of a .22 may furnish as happy memories as those which cling about mine, which at this moment stands in the gun cabinet, in the place of honor beside the battle-scarred .22 which I was privileged to give to my own son.

The Rifle Club

Plenty of Sport for Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by R. H. Nesbit

THE Ikes, who will be at the Convention at Omaha, will have an exceptional treat.

On the stage there will be a rifle range. A match will take place there. The object of the match will not be to determine just who is the best shot present, but to see just who will go home with the prizes. There will be prizes—and how. The man making the high score will get a prize, naturally, but the remainder of the prizes, and when we say prizes we mean prizes, will go to the men who are lucky enough to come the closest to the predetermined scores for those prizes. So, many men who are not particularly good at the sport of rifle shooting, will take home with them prizes which they most likely have been wishing they owned for a long time.

The match will be open to every one, and we want every man there to know that his chance of winning the big prize is just as good as that of any one else, even if he has never before in his life held a rifle in his hands. Even the man making the lowest score may have a chance.

The match will be staged through the co-operation and courtesy of The American Legion Rifle Club, of Omaha. And we may feel very grateful to the officers and members of this club for their generosity.

Everyone who may be interested in establishing a rifle and revolver club within his chapter, will have ample time

Bob Limbert, famous trick shot.

and opportunity to investigate and to see just how a club should be conducted and organized. We will have one real match shot off between some really exceptional riflemen for the edification of those present who may already be rifle bugs.

But, that is by no means all. Our old friend, Don Hough, has secured what will most likely be the feature of the Sportsmen's Show. He has arranged for the appearance of the famous Bob Limbert, of Idaho, world's leading trick shot with the six-shooter.

On the first night of the Show, April 18, he will shoot a match with Fred Palmtag, pride of the Omaha police force, for a $1,000.00 side bet. Palmtag is one of the leading shots of the west also, and a great contest is certain.

Limbert will appear on the stage for a few minutes every evening and will give an exhibition of fancy and trick shooting which should keep the crowd on its toes. Here are some of the things Bob promises to do:

Hold target at shoulder height, drop it, whip out gun with the same hand and break it before it strikes the floor.

Throw target back of him, whirl, draw gun, and break it.

Suspend target by a string—cut string with first shot, break falling target with second.

Put six bullets into a tossed target before it hits the ground.

Toss up a common pin and hit it.

Shoot through the hole of a washer tossed in the air.

Toss four-ounce bottle in air, shoot through neck, knocking bottom out of bottle without touching sides. (Two times out of five trials.)

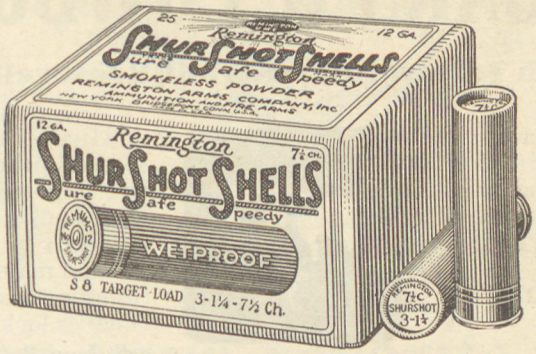
Break target tossed into air, then proceed to break all of the fragments as they fall.

And that, (believe it or not) is only a fraction of the long list of amazing things that Bob promises to do for the benefit of the crowd at the Sportsmen's Show. He does not use shot cartridges or trick bullets of any kind. He uses standard ammunition in his stunt.

Bob is a sincere believer in the Izaak Walton League. He calls it "The greatest movement that has ever happened." He is going to furnish a real treat to the visitors to Omaha. It's your own fault if you don't meet him there.

REMINGTON UMC

"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"



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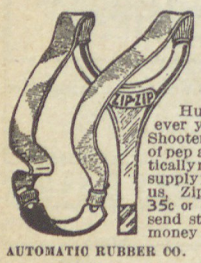

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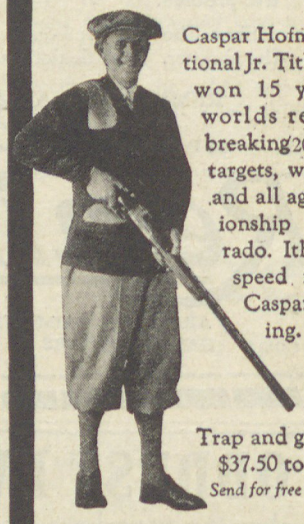

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Skeet

HERE is a new sport for you Ikes. The Illinois State division has sponsored the game of Skeet. This is a game that will give you a barrel of fun, and at very little expense. All that you need is the old favorite shotgun that is right now reposing on the top shelf in the hall closet. Just dust it off and oil it up, and prepare to have the time of your young and otherwise misguided life. You needn't even buy special shells, for lo and behold, while this game uses traps, it is about as far removed from trap shooting as the most of us are from being millionaires.

The gentle writer of this article was first half converted to the game through the evangelic offices of the "go getter" of the Forest Park Chapter, James W. Pilkington, who persuaded him against his desires and inclinations to make the pilgrimage to their Skeet field. After being in the neighborhood twenty minutes and after having tried his much vaunted skill on the birds with the following result, to wit: nine birds out of twenty-five shot at, the aforementioned gentle writer bit large hunks out of the stock of his cannon swearing large and lusty oaths to the effect that this was his off day, that the sun was shining down the gun barrels and into his eyes, that he had hit six birds that were made of iron, and so did not break, and that it was a put up job, and that the shells were old and so had no power, etc., etc. Whereat many of the gentry present gave vent to coarse and ribald laughter, in a most ungentlemanly and unrefined manner. And so this gentle writer made a solemn resolution and covenant that He Would Show Them, which he immediately set out to try to do, but without avail, the only result being much expenditure of ammunition and effort, whereupon a great light dawned. For behold, the other competitors when it came their turn to shoot also made these ridiculously low scores, somewhat better it is true but not much, a great comfort and encouragement to this gentle writer.

Here is no game in which a man will go on and monotonously break bird after bird. He can't. They come from all angles and from all distances. It's just like hunting. You don't hit every bird then. You're good if you don't miss more than half. That's why Skeet is sweeping the country as it is. It's real sport.

There are, we believe, only fifteen men in the country who have ever made a perfect score.

This will give you an idea of how popular it will be in your chapter. Three months ago Forest Park Chapter boasted forty-five members. Then J. W. Pilkington got busy. He got Bert Hunt of the Cadillac Chapter to come down there and help him start and organize a Skeet club. Now there are two hundred and twenty-seven members in the Forest Park chapter, each and every one of whom are rabid and devoted Skeet enthusiasts who neglect their wives, their business, and we don't know what else in the pursuit of this pastime. And you never saw such competition in all your life. And more members just waiting to be signed up. All they have to do in Forest Park to get a member is to stand on the street corner with an arm band saying that they are willing to take subscriptions for new members to the I. W. L. A., which also includes the privilege of the Skeet field. This, however, has its element of

danger. Two of the members have been severely crippled in the rush that followed one such announcement. So now they make them subscribe by mail. It's safer.

Here Is a Club That Wants Matches

MR. E. G. MATHEUS, the secretary of The Izaak Walton Rifle Club, of Topeka, Kansas, writes in and says that his club stands ready to take on all comers in interclub mail matches. Here is a chance for you secretaries to arrange some real competition. Mr. Matheus says:

"Our chapter holds small caliber shoots each Friday night at the National Guard Armory and have been doing so for more than a year with an average attendance of 40 shooters.

"We handle this feature by permitting only members of the League to participate, or each member may bring an interested guest, making a charge of 50 cents for 30 shots, 10 each in prone, sitting and standing positions, the League furnishing the targets, and shooters their own shells and arms.

"We are affiliated with the National Rifle Association, and during the summer months hold regular weekly 30 caliber shoots on outdoor range.

"We are anxious to get in touch with other League clubs in order to arrange mail shoots."

The Topeka Izaak Walton Rifle Club is a real live bunch of shooters, let's give them a little competition. We suggest that the secretaries get in touch with Mr. Matheus.

NEW I. W. L. A. RIFLE CLUBS

WE welcome into membership the **Canton-Nimisilla Rifle Club of the William McKinley Chapter, Canton, Ohio.** V. J. Goldsmith was elected president; R. R. Meeks vice-president; and C. L. Stamm secretary-treasurer. These officers with R. E. Myers, F. L. Poffenbaugh, R. L. Close and Gregory Shott form the board of directors.

The club will hold a regular weekly shoot at their range.

Here's another club, all the charter members of which are seasoned hunters. It is **The Aspinwall, Pa., Chapter No. 81, I. W. L. A. Rifle Club.**

They have an outdoor range of 200 yards, and expect shortly to have one of 800. N. J. Morgan is president, Ollie Sleigh vice-president, Robert H. Hancock executive officer, and Herben J. Klug secretary-treasurer.

The **Bay City Chapter Izaak Walton League Rifle Club** have started off with thirty-three charter members. The officers are F. H. Stover, president; Geo. Winters, vice-president; W. E. Wylie, executive officer; Otto C. Phillips, treasurer, and John M. Kerr, secretary.

They are fortunate in having W. E. Wylie, a former marine, and an expert rifleman as their coach. We expect great things from them.

The **Centralia Washington Chapter** have just completed the organization of a rifle club with quite a long list of charter members. It is The Izaak Walton League Rifle Club of Centralia. Their officers are C. E. Staples, president; C. H. Lawrence, vice-president; Everett Parmeel, executive officer, and E. B. McKinley, secretary-treasurer.

They have two ranges. One, an outdoor range of 700 yards, and an indoor range of 100 feet.

Sporters—
for your favorite shot

EVERY year such marauding pests as weasels, foxes, woodchucks, etc., destroy poultry, gardens and crops to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars. Only relentless effort will keep these losses from increasing.

In the service of checking vermin now and big game hunting next fall, the new Savage Super-Sporter, as illustrated here, will prove its wonderful qualities. It provides you a remarkably low-priced rifle in the caliber you've long wanted .... also strength, accuracy, simplicity and balance.

Super-Sporter, Model 40 — Repeating, bolt-action rifle. Chambered for the famous .30-'06 Springfield and .250-3000 Savage—the two foremost hi-powered cartridges developed in the last quarter century. Also chambered for the popular .30-30 Winchester and .300 Savage cartridges. Raised ramp front-sight base. Charcoal blue finish, weight 7½ lbs. Detachable magazine for four cartridges. Full British type forestock. **Price: $32.00**

Model 45—Same specifications as model 40, plus special new Lyman rear peep sight, folding middle-sight. Checkering on forearm and grip. **Price: $39.75**

The .22 Caliber Sporter repeating bolt action rifle (Model 23-A), for small game and vermin, has 23-inch barrel; open sights; one-piece walnut stock and forearm. Full pistol grip. New charcoal blue finish. Weight 6 lbs. **Price: $18.50**

The .25-20 and .32-20 Sporters (Models 23-B and 23-C) carry this rifle into medium game fields using the efficient cartridges indicated above. **Price: $22.50**

You get better results by using Savage Cartridges with Savage Rifles.
Send the coupon today for the attractive new Savage Catalog giving full data on these and other arms.

SAVAGE

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, Utica, N. Y.

Largest manufacturer of Sporting Arms in the world

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, Dept. 552, Utica, N. Y.
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BIRD POINTS

The pygmean (⅜ to ¾ inch) Agate and Jasper Arrow Heads of Oregon and Colorado are the elite among Relics of the Stone Age in Archaeology. Have sold many thousands during 43 years of Mail Order Curio Trade, and have 5,000 now in stock—all genuine finds along streams of water. Large trade in these matchless tiny beauties with Advanced Collectors and institutions. Sent on selection to those known and strangers giving good reference. Postpaid and insured one way. If you do not buy it is worth the little cost just to look at them. Mostly 25c, 50c, and 75c, many $1.00 to $1.50. Rare barbed and stemmed $2.00 to $5.00 each. No finer stock for sale in the U. S. "Not How Cheap but How Good." Ill'std Price List free of every sort of Ancient flint, slate, and Stone Relic ever found. State whether *common, medium, fine,* or *high class,* are wanted.

Also Price List free of all Buckskin Bead Work, Weapons, and Eagle Quill Work of our Sioux Indians—Wholesale and Retail, 44th year.

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, S. Dak.

BINOCULARS $8.75

An old reliable firm offers 8-Mile Range High Grade French Binoculars (Case and Straps) with six carefully ground clear white crystal High Power Achromatic Lenses, excellent definition, and wide field of vision. Central focusing and pupillary adjustment. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Touring, Nature Study, Astronomy, etc. A splendid Instrument, guaranteed perfect, strongly built and will last a lifetime. Free 10-day trial, money promptly refunded if not satisfied. Order today. Price only "$8.75 C. O. D."

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TURN TO THE
Resort and Camp Section
OF THIS ISSUE
Pages 119 to 121, inclusive
Plan your vacation from these pages.
Patronize those who patronize us.

Refer to page 122 for
INDEX of ADVERTISERS

Accurate, Up-to-Date, and
RELIABLE INFORMATION
on the
SPORTSMAN'S HUNTING
and
FISHING PARADISE
—Canada

ROD and GUN
and Canadian Silver Fox News

The magazine gives reliable information on Canada, fascinating land of outdoors—on hunting conditions from the wilds of British Columbia to the fields of New Brunswick. There are interesting accounts of true sport and its difficulties by experienced sportsmen—fishing yarns—practical information on where to go and what to do—tales of adventure in every province of the Dominion.

As the official organ of the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association it has a department devoted to the interests of the fur farming industry conducted by experts in the very home of the industry.

The contributors are such noted writers as Bonnycastle Dale, J. W. Winson, G. P. Sladen, W. C. Motley, C. S. Landis, M. U. Bates, W. O. C. Ellis, G. Ennis Smith, J. R. Barr and J. A. Allen.

Our Special Offer

In order to get you acquainted with the magazine, and we feel sure that once acquainted you will become a permanent subscriber, we are making you an offer of the first year for $1.00, which is just half the regular price of $2.00 per annum. Send in your remittance now and ensure for yourself twelve months' delightful reading.

Dept. O. A.
ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS
Woodstock, Ontario, Canada

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 43)

Chapter Pleased

As soon as the growing pond was completed we received 8,000 brook trout from the Federal hatchery, and placed them in the pond according to instructions. Our loss was not more than five per cent. The fish arrived here the latter part of June and were about an inch and a half in length. We fed them on ground liver during the summer and when we took them from the pond late in September we had the finest, healthiest lot of five and six inch trout that ever lived.

The feeling of joy that was expressed among the members of our chapter the day the fish were taken from the pond is almost indescribable, and it is for this reason that the Stevens Point chapter is so anxious to spread the good news and assist other chapters in doing what we have done with such great success. Any chapter interested in putting in a growing pond will have no trouble in getting all the assistance needed from our local chapter. We invite those who are interested to come here and look our proposition over.

Making New Pond

Our new venture was so successful that at this time we are dredging out for another pond. In this pond we expect to take care of 30,000 Rainbow trout this season, as the larger pond which was used last season will be used for the 100,000 Brook trout which we are now caring for in tanks.

It may be of interest to some of the good Ikes who read this article to know why the Stevens Point chapter is going to the trouble of employing tanks to take care of trout fry at this time of the year. This can best be explained by saying that our state and federal hatcheries are capable of hatching out many times more fish than they are now, if they can get the fry out of their way as soon as they are hatched.

If every locality was able to do as we are doing here in Stevens Point it would be only a short time before all the streams would be filled to the brim with fish.

* * *

A DANDY CODE OF ETHICS

Mitchell, S. D., Chapter, Believes in Making Friends

WE, the members of the Mitchell, South Dakota, Chapter 43, of the Izaak Walton League of America, realize that without the assistance and cooperation of the farmers of South Dakota we can not obtain the fullest results in our effort to conserve outdoor life for ourselves and posterity.

It is our desire to have such amicable relations between the members of the Izaak Walton League and the farmers that a card of membership in the Izaak Walton League will be a passport of respect for the farmers' rights and for the rights of brother sportsmen and women.

THEREFORE, be it resolved that we, the members of the Mitchell, South Dakota, Chapter 43, of the Izaak Walton League of America, do hereby pledge ourselves to the following Code of Ethics:

I. We will not knowingly enter upon any posted farm land for the purpose of fishing, or hunting, without permission of the owner. Where permission has been previously obtained, we will notify the owner or some member of his family, or his representative, before entering upon his premises to fish or hunt.

II. We will close all gates behind us, both when entering and when leaving the premises.

III. We will not cut wires, nor climb over woven wire fences except at a wooden or corner post.

IV. We will use utmost diligence to prevent any injury to livestock.

V. We will be extremely cautious about fires.

VI. We will not shoot in the near proximity of houses or farm buildings, nor near teams, or workers in the field, without special permission from the occupant.

VII. We will respect all game laws and the rights of our brother sportsmen.

VIII. We will lend our aid in settling the problems that arise between the farmers, the hunters, and the officers of enforcement of the game and fish laws.

IX. We will report all violation of the fish and game laws to the officers of this Chapter, who agree to investigate said report and see that gross violators are punished.

X. We will observe the ethics of true sportsmanship in the taking of fish and game:

a. We will not be a member of a gang organized for the purpose of sweeping a field for game.

b. We will not shoot over another man's decoys or dogs, occupy his blind, encroach on his shooting ground nor molest his equipment.

Williamsport Comes Through

HERE is a chapter which, in addition to boasting of a long list of accomplishments in conservation, went out and got 625 new members in two weeks. And Williamsport (it's in Pennsylvania) has a population of only 50,000. This was an increase of 150 per cent. The drive netted 324 recruits the first two days. The Williamsport newspapers were a decided factor in the overwhelming success of the drive, and in fact the whole town got behind the chapter.

Some of the activities of the chapter follow:

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 110)

Stopped the pollution of the Loyalsock Creek by concentrated tanning extract.

Very active in the anti-pollution bill which was defeated at the last session of the Legislature.

Instrumental in presenting a bill in Congress asking for a survey of the West Branch of the Susquehanna river and its tributaries on the stream pollution and flood conditions.

Trout have been ordered from the Federal Government for every stream in Lycoming County.

Bass have been ordered for Lycoming, Loyalsock, Muncy and Pine Creeks.

Backing a new anti-pollution bill to be presented at the next session of the Legislature.

Fostered a bill making it mandatory on the part of the Fish Commission to close small tributaries of our streams to be used as nursery streams when petitioned by 150 persons residing in the county in which the streams are located.

Endeavoring to have the season on all species of trout except lake trout made from the 15th day of April to the 15th day of July, both inclusive.

Insisted that the Game Commission publish the names of all violators of the Game Laws of our State.

Fostered and put through the Legislature the so-called "Spot-light" bill, which provides a fine of $500.00 for the killing of game through the use of artificial light.

Opposed an open season on the female species of our deer throughout the entire State.

Placed approximately 55 cans of bass of the various species and 400 cans of trout in our streams last year.

Backing up the Forestry Bond issue which will be voted on this year.

* * *

Rochester Chapter Active

LATE last year the Rochester, N. Y., chapter of the League increased its membership of 640 by 721 new members —more than doubled an already big chapter. The chapter has succeeded in greatly improving the wild life situation and the outdoors in its community. It is working to clean up the pollution in the Genesee watershed, and has made much progress in this direction. It is now endeavoring to secure a farm on which to establish trout and bass rearing ponds.

A splendid article about the chapter and its work appeared in the Gas and Electric News of Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation, which firm also donated a window display to the chapter.

Says the Mr. H. Russell, vice president of the corporation:

"This Company is very much interested in the work of the Izaak Walton League and all that it stands for. We have pollution problems in connection with the operation of our plants and I am pleased to say that we have been able, through the cooperation of the city, to make the effluents from our plants of such a nature that they will not be injurious when entering into the stream.

"We are also, of course, interested in reforestation and are cooperating with the state in making the sites of our storage reservoirs places where fish and game life will be abundant and at the same time open for the enjoyment of the people."

* * *

Accomplishments!

JOPLIN, Mo., heads the list this month. So many lists of accomplishments have come in that this department is swamped. What are we going to do? We'll run as many as possible, of course. Joplin has always been a live chapter. Its list of accomplishments proves it, and nothing that can be said about the chapter would speak louder than this list.

JOPLIN, MO.
Educational

Put up 1,500 posters.

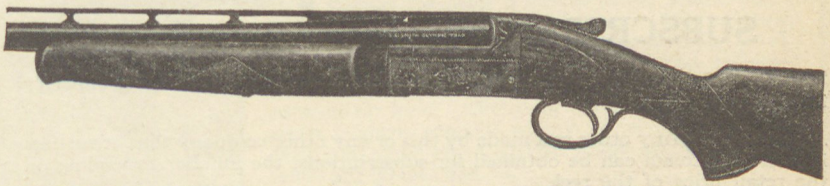
Announcing

THE "OLYMPIC"

A New $100

L. C. SMITH GUN

DEVELOPED to meet increasing demands for an inexpensive, standard specification Single Barrel Trap Gun. Built to rigorous L. C. Smith Gun standards of superiority. See your dealer or write for Booklet E-48.



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FULTON NEW YORK

McDonald & Linforth, Pacific Coast Representatives, Call Building, San Francisco, Calif.
Export Office: 50 Church St., New York City.

Canada for canoe trips

Run racing white water or break the calm blue surface of virgin lakes as fancy chooses. Through cool Canadian woods, "black with pines," a summer outing by canoe will prove an unforgetable experience.

Write for information to
A. O. SEYMOUR,
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Canadian Pacific Railway,
3035 Windsor Station,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

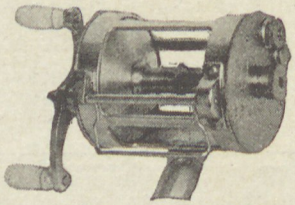
Get your close-ups of wild life along these forest water trails. Fish where the gamest bass, muskies or trout put up battles you'll long remember. Camp when night falls —then up with the first hint of daylight, keen for another glorious day with unspoiled Nature. You can soon learn where the best trips await your paddle's urge.

Canadian Pacific
World's Greatest Travel System

Want a new rod—reel —tent—gun— FREE?

Field & Stream will give you absolutely free any rod, reel, tent, gun, canoe, or other article of any kind whatsoever that is made by any corporation or individual that advertises in its columns, in return for subscriptions which you can easily obtain from friends and acquaintances. *For instance:*

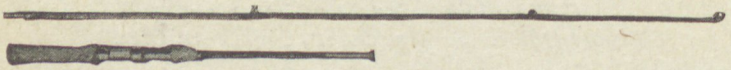
THIS REEL YOURS FREE IF YOU GET US ONLY 6 NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS



This is an excellent anti-back lash, multiplying, casting reel. Spool capacity 100 yds.

Remember: Any other reel made by this or any other company that advertises in Field & Stream can be obtained for subscriptions, the number depending on the retail price of the reel.

THIS ROD YOURS FREE IF YOU GET US ONLY 12 NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS



This is a famous high grade two-piece split bamboo bait casting rod; nickel-silver fittings; positive thread lock reel seat; genuine agate guides and top; hand-welted, serrated ferrule.

Remember: Any other rod made by this or any other advertiser in Field & Stream can be obtained free in return for subscriptions, the number depending on the retail value of the rod.

Field & Stream

is a perfect complement to Outdoor America. It is packed every issue with practical, how-to-do-it information of the greatest value and usefulness—information, tips, kinks and pointers on all kinds of hunting, fishing and camping. The "Arms & Ammunition," "Fish & Fishing" and "The Kennel" departments are features of every issue, each edited by an outstanding authority who is glad to give directly by mail, free of charge, any information and advice desired—a service that may alone be worth a hundred times the subscription price to any subscriber.

You have plenty of friends and acquaintances who are enthusiastic hunters and anglers. You can easily get from them enough subscriptions for Field & Stream to obtain one or more very valuable articles.

Why not exchange a little of your spare time for equipment that you need or want?

Why pay good money for the things you want, when you can get them free? Send this coupon NOW!

FIELD & STREAM, 578 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me at once complete information about your premium subscription offers and also order forms and other necessary materials.

.....

.....

.....

O. A. May, 28

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 111)

Distributed 25,000 blotters to city and rural schools.

Posted 500 windshield stickers which read: "Fish Are Spawning—Don't Go Fishing."

Bought and posted 100 "Fairplay" signs put out by National Division.

Run a Lake and Stream news column in daily paper.

Put a series of articles in Tri-State Weekly for 18 months.

Put out 5,000 "Don't Do It" tags.

President R. H. Barrett made talks on conservation before women's clubs, civic clubs, parent-teacher's and mine operators' meetings.

Furnished copy on conservation and nature subjects to numerous small town newspapers.

Cooperated with A. H. T. A. in enforcing game laws.

Supported by letters and telegrams to senators and representatives every piece of legislation intended for betterment of outdoor conditions.

Sent delegates to every national and state convention.

Fish Ponds

First year operated 2 ponds covering 5 acres. Now have 3 spawning and 2 nursery ponds. Total about 8 acres.

Today have planted in nearby streams 300,000 fingerlings from 3 to 6 inches long—bass, crappie and sunfish.

Other Activities

Fed quail during two winters when natural food was covered with ice.

Organized crow shoots — hundreds killed and roosting places broken up.

Raised money for Jackson Hole Elk Fund.

Organized casting club, taught both fly and bait casting and encouraged use of single hooks.

Assisted game wardens by reporting depredations, pollution, etc. Twelve or 13 convictions secured on information given by this chapter.

Offered $100 reward for arrest and conviction of any person dynamiting waters in Jasper, Newton or McDonald Counties. One conviction resulted in a $500 fine.

Assisted in organizing 9 chapters in nearby towns.

Secured from the State Game & Fish Department 500 pheasant eggs which were distributed to farmers. 104 birds were raised and released.

Purchased and sold at cost 3 dozen English walnut trees.

Purchased and stratified 6,000 shell bark hickory nuts, butter nuts, walnuts and pecans; gave City Park Board 1,500 which were planted in Joplin's 600 acres of parks; Chapter planted 500 on land that will at some future date be added to the City Park System; gave 400 to 53 property owners who promised to plant.

* * *

Orange Belt Council Meets

OFFICERS and directors of six Southern California chapters compose the Orange Belt Council. They work together. They accomplish things. They "gang up" and organize nearby chapters. The group is potent. At its recent meeting there were as guests 21 members of the U. S. and state Forest Services, several federal and state game wardens, 22 justices of the peace (yes, the meeting was orderly!). Judge Galvin W. Craig, California circuit court of appeals, was the principal speaker.

Five federal and state officials also spoke, pledged cooperation, lauded the League.

Colton chapter alone has organized five others. Its officers are Norman Cooley, president; Russell Morgan, vice president; Elmer Boerstler, secretary. Mr. Morgan is president; I. O. Burton, Riverside, secretary, and W. R. Waggoner, publicity director, of the Council.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 112)

"Quack! Quack!"

HUNTERS in the vicinity of Quincy, Ill., recently jumped from beds, grabbed guns, shook sleep from their eyes, then regretfully put their fowling pieces away as they realized that, although hundreds of ducks were evidently flying over the city, the hunting season was closed.

The air was filled with quacks. Next day the great flight was discussed on street corners. Wise men winked. "That was the Walton League duck calling contest," they pointed out.

Old hunters gasped. The quacks were more natural than the ducks could make.

The chapter will put the champion quackers on the radio; prizes will be distributed. Duck hunters from two hundred miles around took part.

Sophisticated ducks will avoid the Quincy marshes next Fall.

* * *

Oklahoma Meets in May

THE Oklahoma division is planning a bang-up convention for May 20-21-22. It will be held at Sulphur, Oklahoma, and if you don't believe there's going to be something doing, read this very brief outline:

Will be held outdoors, in Platte National Park. (Bring tents!)
Sunday. Pitch camp. Tour Platte Park. Big camp-fire at night.
Monday and Tuesday. A wolf chase. Jack rabbit races. Trap shoot. Scatter-gun shoot. Bait and fly casting contests. (Prizes in all events.)

There will be prizes for getting new members. Five capitol prizes, including two fine hunting dogs, a dozen Gray Caller ducks, a fine umbrella tent, a South Bend fly rod. Special prizes for every member turning in from ten to twenty members.

The Oklahoma division officers are doing everything possible to make this a grand success. National Headquarters urges Oklahoma Waltonism to turn out en masse.

Colorado Division
Annual Convention
Denver, Colorado; May 3, 1928
1130 First National Bank Building

Oklahoma Division
Annual Convention
Sulphur, Okla.; May 21-22

South Dakota Division
Annual Convention
Milbank, S. Dak.; June 12-13

State convention dates and places will always be listed here for three times previous to the convention. Send in your dope on your next convention for listing. —*Editor*

Let Steel Protect Your Sport Equipment

Steel storage for your valuable guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and sports equipment. One of these two convenient sizes will hold your complete outfit. They afford protection against dirt and rodents; there is additional safety in the Yale and Towne paracentric lock. Choice of finishes includes dark green lacquer, grained walnut or mahogany, mandarin red, apple green, golden yellow and grey. List prices $52.00 and $38.50.

If your dealer does not stock these cabinets, write for detailed information.

ALL STEEL EQUIP COMPANY, Aurora, Illinois

See our exhibit in Booth No. 60 at the Izaak Walton League's National Sportsmen's Show in Omaha, April 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.

The flavor of fresh mint leaves adds to your Springtime joys.

"After Every meal"

I-41

Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

The Hazards of Young Field Trial Dogs

I FELT a certain poignant emotion a few days ago while I was acting as one of the judges of a field trial in Alabama. It was over a course where I had hunted frequently—birds were plentiful and about as enthusiastic an assemblage of true sportsmen as I have ever seen composed the entrants and gallery. The sad thoughts came because, on those very grounds, I had hunted with the late Warren Hunter, of Safford, Alabama, and striking was the display of a certain dog in the puppy stake. He ran a better heat than any of the derby and, possibly, than all age contestants. Furthermore, he did more work and covered more territory than Mr. Hunter and I with our shooting dogs during an entire day. Yet the dog was down only a little over half an hour. That bundle of going, brainy, dynamic energy was stressed to display more qualities of gameness in that brief period than a shooting dog does in a day. I could not be deceived by the course, the character of the going, or the manner of handling birds; I was too familiar with them.

After the heat had been run, I talked with an old friend who has been quietly attending trials during the last few years solely for the purpose of picking up a few Irish setters, his favorites, in order to establish a family from which to breed individuals which could insure a strain of the Irishmen which would compare favorably and uniformly with the present day Llewellyn and short-haired fraternity. He said that, if he could only find a dog or two among the red fellows for foundation stock, he could possibly develop something which has never been done in modern times, a family of real field trial Irish setters. Only the last two seasons the big Englishman and I had been surreptitious culprits, trying to find the right fellow at trials and keeping ourselves out of observation. We both admitted the reason the Irishmen were not on the road to trial ascendancy was that those who were fostering the breed, the new breed of trailers, if such they could be named, were unwilling to submit to the Hazards of Youth. When one individual stood out a little sharply from the rest, he was overtouted, and right off advertised as the dog to breed the Irish setter field trial family, though he had not a family of performers back of him to assure perpetuation of his acts. By overtouting, the Briton explained, he meant that a single performance promised little for furthering the breed; the performer in which he was interested, and I agreed with him, failed to show that perfect grasping certainty on point which is the characteristic of champions. The only dog or dogs upon which the present day followers of red coats ought to depend for furthering their breed are the doers, the ones which have followed the hazards of the game in the big circuit all season, from the start in Saskatchewan to the last ones in the South. Then the real champions would appear and their quality could be guaranteed, guaranteed by consistent appearance and not by sporadic performances here and there. No Irish breeders yet have had enough faith in their animals to make the trials all through the circuit.

I am inserting the Irish setter particularly at this moment to point out some of the misleading paths that have been followed in the hope of reaching the desired perfection, and at the same time to answer in one article the numerous letters about the breed and persons engaged in selling Irishmen whose youngsters have not, in many cases, come up to field speculations. You cannot always play your billiards of dogdom via the safety style all the time and meet with success. You have to be willing to meet the hazards bravely; in fact, welcome them, if for no other reason than that they teach us a whole lot each time they appear.

The lovers of the Irishmen have carefully dodged bird dog hazards, particularly of one kind, because it endangered the beauty of conformation and color of their breed. The verity of this statement is palpably in evidence at every corner. Compare the Irish setter of field or near-field quality with the long haired Llewellyn canines. What stands out most before the eyes of the critic? Nothing else but that, in color and uniformity of conformation, the Irishmen have the best of it, because they have been bred for it. With the Llewellyns, color and type have an amazing number of variations, these altogether for the good of the breed. The Llewellyn patrons did not fear to risk hazards in order to attain real bird dog quality. They craved it, they bred to different types and colors, snipy heads and good heads, large and small dogs, just so they had hunting and going characteristics dominating them. As in all such things, they went to the limits of excess range and speed, the road runner, the dog runner, the straightaway and the side winder, but, out of it all, there came the present day great bird dogs. These owners bred with the determination to get dogs and not show ring performers.

Llewellyn men went pell-mell into the hazards that Irishmen avoided. When the latter are willing to encounter all the hazards, in time they will arrive, like the other fellows did. But unwillingness to sacrifice type or colors for bird dogs still holds them fast to the narrow rut.

During the last ten years I have picked out five great Irish setters for friends who were interested in the game-finding side of the breed for breeding purposes, the kind whose field performance ought to be perpetuated. They had great speed, intense hunting instinct, endurance; they hunted with body scent, ranged to the limit, and handled game snap-bang into birds capably with confidence without a bit of gingerly stepping or roading to mar their work on point. But none of the men who had instructed me to look them over, for the purpose of improving their field strain, would touch them, though their pedigrees were flawless. They happened to be orange in color, and one had a large white spot on the forehead and side. This was enough to condemn them, though they had great bodies and legs for the purpose for which Nature had destined them, even though their muzzles would not pass muster for the bench.

Many, many years ago Irish setters were my favorites. With great sorrow I saw them go into the discard because of the fact that the proponents of the breed refused to face the hazards other breeds had to encounter.

When the Griffons got a hearing in this country, I saw their doom. For the field strains which we wanted to try out we had only to go to the ones that had bench show pedigree. But the thing that helped them to keep away from a popular demand was bench blood. None of the

Ty Cobb, his son Herschel and Bobby Jones at the Annual Bird Dog Field Trials, at Waynesboro, Ga.

promoters of the breed cared to have their favorites make the grade of modern pointers and setters through the usual hazards.

The history of pointers in the United States may well be regarded as one of pluck and devotion to the breed. Those of early periods did not come up to the standards of the field going setters. They were slow-constructed on heavy lines. Not only that, their short-haired coats were much against them. The idea of a pointer succeeding in making field trial history was regarded as preposterous.

The men back of pointers were sure of their pets qualifying. Better still, they were big men and could see with clarity the actual vital faults in their dogs. They realized that besides those mentioned above they had other bad faults to eliminate and the principal one was the natural habit the pointer had of trailing another dog. They held the category of these mistakes continually before their eyes, saw and felt the hazards, and joyously set forth to meet them. Instead of dodging the big events, they went after all of them and under every condition, North and South. No matter how many times they were beaten, they could not be made to feel it, and went again for more opportunities. They forgot in time colors and type and, with the blood of such dogs as King of Kent as basis, they began to show the setter men they were on earth. Finally, through sheer pluck and persistence, they were sharing field trial honors with the most outstanding members of the setter breed. Speed, range, style, bird sense came to them through selecting dogs with field ability instead of type, and colors were never permitted to hold sway.

You may be fortunate enough to have the best field trial or shooting dog prospect in the world and still the youngster may never make good, because he has to face another dangerous hazard—the handler. To be a trainer of dogs is merely a simple art that any human being with the necessary patience can become. But a handler should be one of a higher intelligence, quick of thought, with an everlasting panorama of contingencies in his mind, as well as the ability to act instantly when his charge is forced to meet any of them. There is as much difference between a handler and a trainer as between day and night. This is obvious every time you witness an amateur field trial and very often realize that the entries individually equal most of those in the big circuit. The amateur handler is either a great individual handler, one who copies what he thinks are the methods of the successful, professional handlers, which the latter very seldom permit to escape them, or else he knows nothing regarding the subject.

In a recent field trial in which the writer acted as one of the judges, after the derby was run the owner of the first placed dog came to him at the hotel and apologized to him for the dog he had entered. Mind that—though he had won first place! He admitted quite frankly and commiserated with me and the other judge on account of circumstances forcing us to place first on the showing his very inferior dog, when there were several better individuals in the race. The facts of the matter were that we had done the best to eliminate his dog as the first place dog because we had visible evidence of better dogs in the stake, which, under the hazards of poor handling, were not making a creditable showing. Calling several into the second series helped us to decide numbers two and three, but number one had to stand on his performance, because the runner up, a far greater dog in every way, on account

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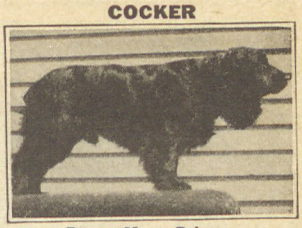

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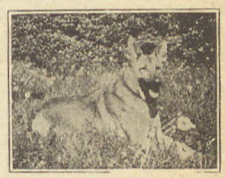

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of its handler could not make the grade.

This was a refreshing incident in field trialdom, and the owner of the winner gave another example of his sportsmanship, when, in another stake, his dog was found on point exactly eight minutes after time was up, steady as a clock. He made no reference to it, then or later, quite a novelty to a judge when all dogs that are lost are inevitably found by their owners on "point" and loud claims made for the act. This man understood. He knew the intricacies of the field trial dog and he had that divine gift imbedded in his system of wanting no winnings credited to him if his charge was not outstanding in every way.

The hazard which the handler of the young field trial dog must meet most frequently is that of over-enthusiasm—particularly in amateur trials, though the majority of dogs before the events are trained and developed by pros, but the handling in the trials must be conducted by the simon-pure amateur. The amateur invariably, contrary to his own good sense at other times, rides his dog out of judgment. The speed and winning bee buzzes temptingly in his bonnet as his dog begins to move swiftly and therefore, in his commendable, absorbing desire to beat the other fellow, he becomes oblivious of the judges, the gallery and, most important of all, of the exactions of the country. Without knowing it he shoots his dog speedily away through birdy parts and often keeps the "hurry up!" whistle blowing when his dog is marking game and unwittingly encourages him either to a flush or pulls him away from a find.

This one is as good as they come. Owned by E. L. Porter, Sweet Spring, Mo.

Enthusiasm is an important factor, but the amazing ramifications to which it leads!

Not long ago I asked a very enthusiastic amateur what the other dog of the brace did during the heat. I had admired the man's enthusiasm during the evening, if not his judgment. He committed errors a-plenty but did not know it. His mind was centered on his dog and nothing else, to the point that he asked me with startling candor why I did not carry his dog into the second series, as I had the other one of the brace. I could not help smiling, as his dog had been so conspicuously beaten through his own poor handling. I replied that I could gladly inform him if he would tell me half of what the dog which had competed in the heat with his dog had done. He thought a moment, then burst forth in loud laughter, admitting he had seen nothing which the contesting dog had done.

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"THE TREE-ED" NOTE

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a female hound nearly four years old which I have been trying to train on coon. She is a wonderful dog on a trail, but I have been unable to get her to bark tree. Could you tell what I could do to get her to bark tree?

Yours truly,
WILLRAD NOBLE,
Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

Dear Mr. Noble:
Your dog has not yet had much experience on coon, but I think she will learn quickly to give the "tree-ed" note. If you can run her constantly with a dog that is quite excitable with voice when he trees, do this as often as possible, unless she shows signs of depending on him. Opportunities will teach her, as well as encouragement on your part at the right moment.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

CAN TIMIDITY BE CURED?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I own an Irish setter male one year old. In size and build he is almost perfect. But he is so timid that I can do nothing with him.

Last Fall on pheasants I tried to run him with a peppy Springer bitch, but he spent most of his time moping around or standing still watching me as if forever wondering what I thought of him. In fact he showed very little interest in the birds or the hunting.

He loves to be petted, and is very jealous of the other dog. At times when alone with him I have to be very careful or I can't get near him. He has been punished practically not at all. He hardly ever goes away from the yard. We lost him for a week, and found him only a few blocks from home. Evidently he didn't have sense enough to find home? Can I expect any improvement?

Fraternally,
E. M. HOWG, M. D.,
Lennox, South Dakota.

Dear Doctor Howg:
The case of your Irish setter is not hopeless. He is yet young and the spirit of going may strike him most any time. Take him out in the field regularly with another or other dogs and pay no attention to him whatever. Do nothing to frighten him, but do not talk to him, and above all do not pet him, as if you do you will only encourage his condition. Feed and care for him yourself. Get him on game if possible, but see that it is without any urging. This is the best way to get a dog over timidness. Be sure for a while afield you ignore him as though he did not exist. But don't take him with dogs that have to be reprimanded in his presence.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

GUNSHYNESS

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a good dog, a thoroughbred Llewellyn setter, female. She is now two years old, and has never had any training. She is badly gun shy. I will be grateful if you can from your experience, tell me if there is any probability of overcoming this with her.

Yours truly,
HARRY EDMONDS,
Mitchell, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Edmonds:
Your dog can be cured of gunshyness if she has any desire to hunt. If she has no desire to hunt and does not show any natural ability it will be hardly worth your time to try to train her. Getting her excited on game is the easiest method of getting her over her fault.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

TRAINING FOR STEADY POINT

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I want your advice about an English setter bitch eight months old. She is not a very fast dog, but of course she may be later on. The country we have to hunt in is not very good for fast dogs, as the cover in places is very thick.

The dog is a little hard headed about running after birds she flushes. If she points the first bird when you get to where they scatter she is very careful after that, but if she happens to run over the first bird she is wild and never stops until she has got them all up.

Would you let her go for a while, or is it best to start breaking her of it now?

Also I have a pointer six months old. Would you advise me to start him now or wait until he is older? And would it be better to start him by himself or with a staunch old dog?

Yours very truly,
R. ALLEN SMITH,
Bossier City, Louisiana.

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Dear Mr. Smith:

If you have no desire for fast or wide dogs it will not hurt to work your youngster now, particularly the bitch, as her pointing instinct has arrived. Naturally keeping her at work in a cover country will slow her up and chop her range. If you have to punish the lady for breaking to point and wing, catch her and each time attach a lead to her collar bringing her back to the exact place from which she flushed her bird and hold her there "steady" for at least two minutes. Do it each time she breaks. No need of using a staunch old dog to break your youngster. Try him alone. His pointing instinct might be slow or fast coming, of that I cannot judge. Give him exercise on game, not too much, yard break him and you will have very little trouble later on. The worst result of early breaking is that a man has a tendency to work youngsters too much before they are strong enough, if they point at an early age.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

GIVE HIM TIME

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer pup ten months old. Hunted him this season, and he hunted nicely. He finds dead birds and retrieves them, but refuses to make any sign of a point. Will not back up a dog. Do you think he will make a point? He is of good blood, and the rest of the litter made points. Would you advise me to get rid of him or keep him? I am a steady reader of your writings. I surely enjoy them.

Yours truly,
FRANK SPENCER,
Slater, Missouri.

Dear Mr. Slater:

Your dog is only a youngster yet. Doubtless with opportunities his pointing instinct will show up in the near future. Some of the greatest dogs that ever lived never made point until their third year. Contrary to tradition it is much easier to train a dog and have it stay trained at three years of age than when started too young.

Give your dog plenty of chances before you think of getting rid of him. Otherwise you may let go a likely youngster.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

RUNNING AND BARKING FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Is there a remedy that will obtain a permanent cure for running and barking fits? I have a very fine pointer bitch that has had two of these fits. One in the field and one in the yard while on chain. She is in fine condition, apparently, and is very fast, has a fine nose and is perfectly normal in every other way. The fit she had while in the field was very violent. She ran and barked as though something was after her. She seemed very badly frightened. It took her about an hour or more to entirely recover from the effects.

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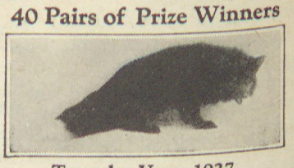

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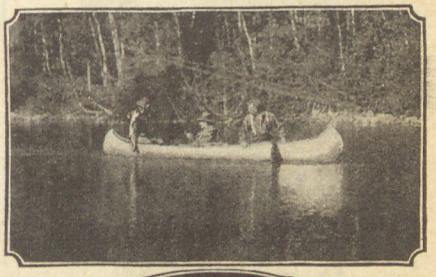

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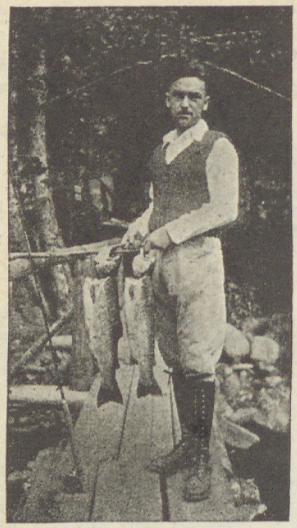

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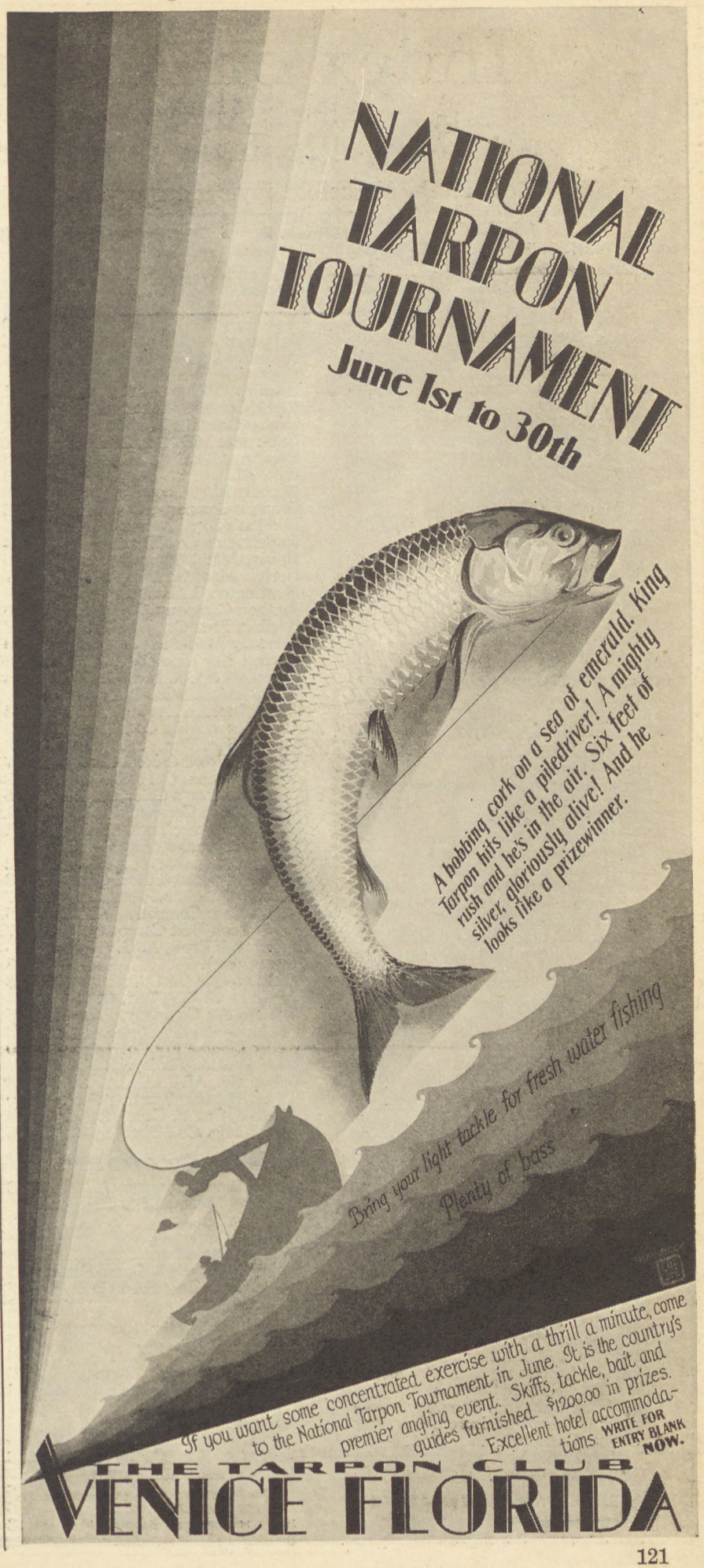

Index of Advertisers

Classified for the Convenience of our Readers

May, 1928, Issue Outdoor America

Read all the ads before buying; our advertisers will be happy to serve you. In writing to advertisers, please mention OUTDOOR AMERICA.

ARMS, AMMUNITION AND ACCESSORIES

Bannerman Sons, Francis....105
Bull's Eye Pistol Mfg. Co....103
Cushion Pad Corporation, The...105
Hercules Powder Company....105
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A....103
Hunter Arms Co., Inc....111
Ithaca Gun Co....108
Jostam Mfg. Company....105
Kirk, W. Stokes....105
Peters Cartridge Co., The....104
Remington Arms Co., Inc....103, 107
Savage Arms Corporation....109
Stoeger, Inc., A. F....108
Western Cartridge Company....45
Winchester Repeating Arms Co....III Cov.

AUTO TRAILERS

Auto-Kamp Trailer Co....82
Bower Mfg. Co....90
Chenango Equipment Mfg. Co...84
Clare Mfg. Co....90
Gilkison & Sons Company, E. P..85
Zagelmeyer Auto Camp Co....88

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES AND COMPASSES

Benner & Co....109

BOATS AND CANOES

Acme Boat Co....94, 97
Boyd-Martin Boat Co....94
Brownback Motor Laboratories, Inc....99
Dunphy Boat Mfg. Co....98
Heath Boat Corp....97
Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dan....97
King Boat Co....98
Mullins Body Corporation....97
Old Town Canoe Co....101
Penn Yan Boat Co., Inc....101
Pioneer Manufacturing Company.101
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co...96

CAMPING (Tents, Stoves, Furniture, etc.)

Alward-Anderson-Southard Co....84
American Gas Machine Co., Inc..79
Army & Navy Supply Co....90
Bean, L. L....86
Bennett Heater Co., Inc....83
Burlington Basket Co....93
Carpenter & Co., Geo. B....87
Champion Folding Furniture Co..93
Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., The.88
Dail Steel Products Co....86
Delco-Light Company....83
Dickey Mfg. Co., The....93
Gold Metal C. F. Mfg. Co....80
Hodgman Rubber Company....89
Hoosier B. T. & S. Company....85
Hugo Manufacturing Co....91
Kewaskum Aluminum Company..82
Marble Arms & Mfg. Company...90
McGrew Machine Co....87
Metakloth Company, Inc....88
Metropolitan Camp Goods Co....88
Modell's....88
National Carbon Co....87
New York Rubber Corp....86
Rail Mine Industrial Company...89
Rustic Hickory Furniture Co....91
Schilling Co., L. F....82
Stanley Insulating Co....86
Trebing Co., G. Ed....90

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

See pages 123, 124, 125, 126, 127

FISHING TACKLE AND RODS

Air-Fed Mfg. & Stamping Co....62
Allcock, Laight & Westwood Co., Ltd....74
American Fork & Hoe Co....59
Arbogast, Fred....75
Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co..64
Bevin Wilcox Line Co., The....75
Brown's Fishing Service....71
Creek Chub Bait Company....61
Divine Co., The Fred D....64
Enterprise Mfg. Co., The....1
Eppinger, Lou J....56
Foss, Al....69
Gephart Mfg. Co....58
Granger Company, Goodwin....62
Heddon's Sons, James....55
Hildebrandt Co., The John J....74
Hobart Metal Manufacturing Co..66
Horton Manufacturing Co., The..57
Huntington, L. B....74
Jamison Company, The W. J....66
Keeling, Fred C....77
Kennedy Manufacturing Company 73
Korrect Kor Line Co....74
Mansfield & Co., Inc., G. H....74
Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc....64
Meisselbach Mfg. Co., The A. F..63
Mills & Son, Wm....68
Montague Rod & Reel Company..67
Mustad & Son, O....72
Old Fisherman's Calendar....75
Peckinpaugh Company, E. H....71
Pflueger Fishing Tackle....1
Reisner Manufacturing Co., The W. H....72
Richardson Rod & Reel Co....68
Rush, J. K....77
Shakespeare Company....65
South Bend Bait Company....77
Spalding & Bros., A. G. (Abbey & Imbrie)....68
Three-In-One Oil Co....73
Tuttle Devil Bug, Inc., O. C....74
vom Hofe & Company, Edward..75
Von Lengerke & Antoine....73
Weber Lifelike Fly Co....70
Wickham Co., Harley....74
Wilson Co., Al....68
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.60
Woods & Co., F. C....68
Yarder Mfg. Co., The....75

KENNELS, LIVE STOCK AND SUPPLIES

Allston Squab Company....118
American National Fox Breeders Association....118
Austin, John H....118
Ballston Game Farm....118
Banrock Kennels & Game Farm..117
Battle Creek Dog Food Co....115
Bogle, M. E....118
Chappel Bros., Inc....115
Cleary Bros....118
Comrade Farm Kennels....115
Crown Iron Works Company....117
Delson Chemical Co., The....116
Eden Brook Trout Ponds....117
Fisher, P....115
Fox Farm, The....118
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay....116
Hamilton's Aquatic Farms, Geo. D....116
Mackensen, Wm. J....116
Outdoor Enterprise Co....118

KENNELS, LIVE STOCK AND SUPPLIES (Continued)

Perfection Foods Co....115
Plymouth Rock Squab Company..118
Q-W Laboratories....115
Sandvall Fur Farms, J. G....117
Sinclair, Mr....116
Spohn Medical Co....115
Tarnedge Foxes....118
Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation....118
Terrell's Aquatic Farm....117
Van Den Norden Kennels....115
Winnebago Kennels, Reg....115
Wisconsin Aquatic Nurseries....116

MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND REMEDIES

Zemo....77

MISCELLANEOUS

Air Sled Company, The (Sea Sled)101
All-Steel-Equip Company (Steel cabinets for fishing rods and guns)....113
Automatic Rubber Co. (Zip Zip Shooter)....108
Hupp Motor Car Corporation (Hupmobiles)....51
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc. (Watches)....84
Keene Forestry Associates....90
Kokomo Specialty Co. (Boat Seat Back Rest)....101
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company (Pancake Flour)....81
Popsy, Bud & Others (Films)....72
Sears, Roebuck and Co. (Sporting Goods)....47
Smith Co., Andrew (Oar Lock)....98
Snap Fly Dope Co. (Insecticide)..82
Stilwell, L. W. (Arrow Points)....109
Warner Mfg. Co. (Boat Seat Back Rest)....98
Wrigley's (Chewing Gum)....113

OUTBOARD MOTORS AND ENGINES

Caille Motor Company....96
Elto Outboard Motor Co....99
Evinrude Motor Co....53
Johnson Motor Company....95
Lockwood Motor Co....49

PUBLISHERS

Century Co., The....76, 112
Field & Stream....108
Hounds & Hunting....116
Hunting & Fishing Magazine....74
Nelson Doubleday, Inc....IV Cov.
Ripley, Ozark....117
Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News....110
Trail Post, The....108

RAILROADS

Canadian Pacific Railway....111
Chicago & North Western Railway106

RESORTS, CAMPS, HOTELS, GUIDES, PROPERTY

See pages 119, 120, 121.

TAXIDERMY

Jonas Bros....72

WEARING APPAREL

Alligator Clothing Company, The 70
Bean, L. L....101
Converse Rubber Shoe Co....71
Hodgman Rubber Company....99
Thomas Company, J. B....97
Utica-Duxbak Corp....101

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Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Agents Wanted

AGENTS—Steady income. Large manufacturer of Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles and Pure Food Products, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Manufacturer direct to consumer. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Cash or credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 1874 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs less 5 cents per square foot. You charge 75 cents. Immense profits plating auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, refinishing metalware, etc. Outfits furnished. Details free. Write, Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-5)

BANKRUPT and Rummage sales. $50.00 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Distributors, Dept. 238, 429 W. Superior, Chicago. (9x27)

Archery

YEW bow staves from the Cascade Mts. of Oregon. Yew bows, target hunting and flight arrows, leather quivers, arm guards and archers' gloves to order. Hunting arrow heads, finest steel, hand made, $3.00 the dozen. H. D. Hobson, Lyons, Oregon. (3-6)

YEW Bows—$10 to $25, delivered. Descriptive prices on request. Olympic Yew Archery Co., Port Angeles, Washington. (3-7)

FOR Archery supplies write Tropical Hardwood Company, Huntington Park, California. (3-6)

Binoculars, Telescopes and Compasses

C-FAR field glasses $2.00. Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1½ ounces. Ideally suited for outdoor work, carry it always. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send $2.00 today to Buffalo Optical Co., Dept. OA1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

USED Field Glasses, $3 to $27. J. A. Loring, Dept. K, Owego, N. Y. (3-6)

Boats and Launches

OUTBOARD Motor Headquarters. Jago's Boat Landing. Demonstrators and used outboards. Trade in your slow outboards for speedy new ones. John C. Jago, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-5)

KING Folding Canvas Boat, "Arrow"; $55. Alden Loring, Owego, N. Y.

Books and Publications

MUSKRAT farming now considered a profitable enterprise. A cloth bound book illustrated. $1.75 postpaid. Earl Hummel, 1121 River View Drive, Kalamazoo, Michigan. (3-5)

Camps and Cottages

PRIVATE Camp, Central Quebec, Canada, accommodate four or six fishermen. Wonderful small mouthed bass and speckled trout fishing. Rate $5.00 per day. Reservations only. J. Lindstrom, 2800 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

REFRESH your mind and body. Excellent small and large mouth bass fishing. Attractive cottages. Best of food. Canoes, boats and guides. 158 miles east of Soo, on Scenic Highway. Prices right. Information on request. Greens Camps, Willisville, Ont. (3-7)

FURNISHED cottages for rent on beautiful Long Lake. Muskie, Bass, Pike Fishing. Twenty-three miles from Eagle River. Golf Course near by. For information write George Whitman, 1603 Elm St., Rockford, Ill. (3-7)

LAKE Vermilion, Minn. Housekeeping cottages completely furnished. One room accommodate three $7.00, four rooms accommodate six or more $25.00 per week. Sportsman's Paradise. A. Hackbarth, Tower, Minn. (3-7)

SUMMER Home. Missouri Ozarks. Good hunting and fishing. On state highway. Acre of ground. $650 cash or terms. N. Thompson, 4405 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. (3-6)

MAKE reservations now for your summer vacation in Wyoming. Triangle X Ranch, Ishawooa, Wyo. (3-7)

Camps and Cottages—Continued

FURNISHED cottages, where trout and lake fishing is good; excellent sand beach. Reserve early. Write for particulars. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-6)

OLD Mexico Big Game Hunting. Bear, lion, tiger, deer, turkey, and javalin. Fine bird shooting and fishing. Also Arizona lion hunting. Write, Lee & Mayer, Paradise, Arizona.

Coins—Curios—Antiques

$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

ANTIQUE Chinese match lock, full size rifle, very good order, bargain, twelve dollars fifty cents. Send ten cents for illustrated list of antiques and curios. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. (3-6)

ANTIQUES, guns, pistols, ancient Indian relics, miscellaneous relics. New Lists for stamp. G. R. Moore, "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-5)

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $½ - size, 53¢. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

ANTIQUE Firearms, swords. Indian relics, curios, coins; lists free. Nagy, 8-D, South 18th, Philadelphia, Pa.

10 MILLION mark bill and bargain list .07c. Greenclay, 1626 Washington, Denver, Colorado.

Correspondence Stationery

200 LETTERSHEETS and 100 envelopes, $1.10, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (5x28)

Decoys

WILD Duck Eggs. I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure-bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Est. 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Small type English call duck eggs. $3.00 per dozen. Orders shipped in order received. Check or money order. George Robinett, R. F. D. M. No. 4, Parsons, Kansas. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Domesticated Mallard Ducks. 14 males, 6 females. Splendid for decoys. Good layers, $1.50 each. Ed King, New Auburn, Wis.

MALLARD Decoy Duck Eggs from my Mississippi River trained stock that bring the wild ones in. $3.00 per dozen. G. H. Raun, 905 N. 2nd St., Clinton, Iowa. (3-7)

PURE bred English Call Duck eggs. Three dollars per setting of 15. John Reed, 702½ Cen. Ave., Nebraska City, Nebr.

SMALL Bodied English Callers. $3.50 per setting postpaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-6)

ENGLISH call eggs, 12 for $2.25 postpaid. Gale Ford, Wilton Jct., Iowa. (3-6)

PURE wild Mallard duck eggs. $1.75 for 12. Albert Ehrenberg, Waconia, Minn.

Dogs

Airedales

CLASSY Pedigreed Airedale Puppies; males $15. Prompt service, safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgeway, Ohio. (3-7)

Beagles

BEAGLE Puppies A.K.C. registration. Bred from Field and bench champions. Only $25.00 each, either sex. F. G. Klett, LaValle, Wis. (3-7)

BEAGLES broken. Puppies, Coon Dogs. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (6-5)

ENGLISH beagle pups priced to sell. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-6)

Dogs

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-7)

Chesapeakes

CHESAPEAKE Puppies, Registered. Whelped Jan. 2. Sire, McIntyre's Brownie Mac, Grand Champion. Suitable for fall hunting. Write for particulars. J. W. Nielsen, 444 E. Page St., St. Paul, Minn.

CHESAPEAKE Spaniel Pups. Farm raised. Pure breds (not eligible to register). Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Will Northey, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

CHOICE Chesapeake female puppies, best breeding. All papers, $20.00-$25.00. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-6)

Collies

SUPER quality white Scotch collies: Eligible. Ten dollars up. Harry Turgasen, Mauston, Wisconsin. (3-5)

Dalmatians

DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-6)

COACH puppies. Eligible to registration. Registered dogs at stud. Kane, Leland, Illinois. (3-7)

Hounds

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale, extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds, fox, wolf and coyote hounds, rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started at $15.00 each. Pointers and setters, Foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Catalogue ten cents. (12x27)

IRISH Wolfhounds. The largest, most powerful and impressive looking of all dogs. Intelligent, lovable companions. Chas. W. Wampler, Harrisonburg, Va., Box F. (3-5)

HUNTERS. If you buy Ed, my four year old coonhound, I pay express. Deposit $35.00 anywhere. Lube Beadles, S326, Mayfield, Ky.

MY two first class Rabbit dogs for sale. The pair for $30.00. I pay express. Dick Stubblefield, Mayfield, Ky. (3-6)

PURPLE Ribbon registered long eared black and tan Foxhound puppies. Bugle voices. Extreme earage. Edwin Kulbeck, Havre, Montana.

REGISTERED Redbone Coming 4, Fox type. Yearling grade Redbone, Coon inclined. Wolf Bros., Ligonier, Ind.

HUNTING Hounds. Cheap. Dog Supplies. Catalogue. Kaskennels, Herrick, Illinois.

REGISTERED Irish wolfhounds. Pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-5)

Miscellaneous Dogs

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Catalogue ten cents. (5x28)

ST. BERNARDS, registered thorobred puppies of championbred parents. Prices reasonable, duty free, photos submitted. Helvetia Kennels, 181-M McKenna, Montreal, Que. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police pups. Also grown dogs. Finest imported blood. Write for particulars. Also Cocker Spaniels. Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-7)

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-5)

FOR Sale: A few choice registered bird dogs. Rufus Bennett, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-7)

Dogs

Newfoundlands

FOR Sale: Pedigreed Newfoundland pups. Prince Midnight, American Kennel Club registration, at Stud. Square Deal Kennels. A. G. Murray, Nashville, Mich.

Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines, all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Catalogue ten cents. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

60 HIGH class pure bred English Irish Gordon setters and pointers. Broken dogs and young dogs all ages for sale. Some beautiful stud dogs and bred bitches. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minnesota. (3-6)

BARGAIN. Imported Champion Gordon Setter bitch in whelp to Champion Inglehurst Joker. Chance seldom offered. Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-7)

BLUE beltons sired by the famous Ryman's Grouse Flyer. Whelped Dec. 26. The price will surprise you. Clare John Thomas, Indianola, Iowa.

POINTER puppies, thoroughbred, from fine hunting stock. On approval anywhere $8 and $15. Trained dogs $35. up. Wilbourn Shanklin, Route No. 1, Allensville, Ky. (3-7)

DARK Red Irish Setter puppies, best breeding. All papers, $25.00. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-6)

ENGLISH Setter Dog Whelped July 12, 1927. Moses Pal and Allegany Betty Boaz Breeding. A. F. Graves, Thendara, N. Y.

IRISH Setters. Beautiful puppies and trained dogs, with papers. Wm. Thayer, South Byron, New York. (3-6)

POINTER Pups, fifth generation own proven hunting blood. Registered, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-6)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at $60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

REGISTERED Pointer bitch and four male puppies $65.00. Chas. Brown, Wyoming, Del.

FOR Sale: English Setter Pups, with papers, photo. L. W. Peyton, Normal, Ill. (3-7)

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (3-7)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

POLICE puppies for sale. Six months old. Good strain. Write for prices. Theodore Knobloch, Bloomfield, Indiana. (3-7)

AT Stud. "Dynamite." Beautiful Registered Police. Reasonable. Ted Voorhees, Edgar, Nebr.

Spaniels

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels. Small type, brown, curly coated, semi-rat tailed strain. Registered puppies from trained hunters, and retrievers. Price, $25.00. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Ia. (3-6)

AT Stud: American Water Spaniels, registered A. K. C. Real retrievers. Spring orders. American Irish and Springer pups. Detail and photo. Write Paul Ray, Sigourney, Iowa. (3-5)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. A choice litter of liver and white puppies. Sired by Chief of Iowa. Chief at Stud. Working stock. Charles F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-7)

SPRINGER spaniels bred from hunters. One four year old trained dog male. Liver and white. Stock for sale at all times. Kennels on Platte River. Leon J. Cherny, Rogers, Nebr. (3-7)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGERS. Two grown dogs and 3 proven bitches. (2) litters Dec. and Feb. whelping. Prices very reasonable. Grant Schopp, Abilene, Kans.

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males $15.00. Females $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-5)

COCKER Spaniel Puppies, Dam a daughter Champion Obo Donatello. Priced reasonable. Ben Wiemeyer, 916 East Chestnut, Louisville, Ky. (3-6)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two imported champions at Stud. For sale, puppies, youngsters and bred bitches. Avalon Kennels (Reg.), Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-6)

COCKER Spaniel pups and champion bred bitches in whelp, two young Parti-colored studs ready for use. C. H. Hayes, Red Oak, Iowa.

AT Stud: Registered Springer by International Champion Boghurst Rover. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

AT Stud, a registered Irish Spaniel, sired by Irish Tony, dam is Topsy O'Dare; fee, $15. Ship to J. W. Lockie, Pomeroy, Iowa. (3-6)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Puppies, youngsters and several fine brood matrons. All papers. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-6)

REGISTERED Springer and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines, priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

SPRINGERS ready to ship from Imported Dam, Blue ribbon Sire, twenty-five dollars up. Dr. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (2-5)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters; from thorough hunters, registered; $25 up. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-6)

SPORTING Spaniels. Booklet on their training for sport or field trials, etc. Price 50 cents. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-7)

HAVE your spaniel trained by Burhan's Training Kennels, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-5)

WATER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters, trained parents. Chas. Kasl, Wilber, Nebr.

Terriers

IRISH and Scottish Terrier Puppies, 3 to 10 months old. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas.

IRISH Terriers. High class puppies of best blood lines at nominal prices. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-7)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

REGISTERED Smooth Foxterriers since 1906. Guaranteed. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-5)

Training and Boarding Dogs

TRAINING and boarding: Bird dogs schooled to please on partridge, woodcock or pheasant. Faults corrected. Charges $20.00 per month. Reference any section. D. J. Blanchard, Dennysville, Maine. (3-5)

COCKERS, Springers, Spaniels, Retrievers trained for land and water work. Burhans' Training Kennels, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-5)

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., wants young coonhounds for training. Give that good hound a chance. Rates $10.00 per month. (3-7)

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

Wanted—Dogs

WANTED Puppies, all breeds. Write age, sex. Lowest price in first letter. Market St. Pet Shop, 439 Market, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

YOUR money back if Minerola fails to cure Distemper or Running Fits. Dealers here's your chance. Last year one customer sold over eight thousand packages without a single complaint. $1. Pkg. Postpaid. Minerola Remedy Co., Box B, Owensboro, Ky. (3-7)

RUNNING fits absolutely stopped in 24 hours. Has never failed. Treatment for one dog, $1.00; 3 dogs, $2.00, sent postpaid. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (3-6)

Educational and Instructions

MECHANICAL Drafting Course, I. C. S., cost $115. First reasonable cash offer. Chas. D. Naylor, 518 Noble St., Norristown, Pa.

Engines, Motors and Dynamos

FOR Sale: Brand new 6 volt Bosch motors, $3.75 each. One thousand watt, 32 volt, new Westinghouse power and light generators. Will operate off the rear wheel of your automobile, also off your 1½ HP gas engine, special price of $48.00. It requires 1½ HP gas engine at special price of $48.00 each. Quarter HP, 32 volt, DC motors at $10.25 each. New 110 volt vacuum Cleaners, equipped with General Electric motor, $17.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. New Everlite 32 volt, 1250 watt light plants at $169.75 each, complete with engine. Write for free catalog. Do not buy; consult us first. General Distributing Company, Security Storage Building, Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

Firearms and Ammunition

B & M SPORTER, Watson Sights, Telescope Sights, Reloading Tools and Components, Cleaning Rods and other Accessories. Free Circulars. Complete Handbook fifty cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-7)

SALE 45 Colt Automotic $17.50, 22 Colt Target Automatic $22.50. Many other rifles and revolvers. Obsolete Cartridges. Cartridges for the collector. W. S. Lutz, 2133 Cypress St., Phila., Pa.

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, So. St. Paul, Minn. (3-7)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, N. Y. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Stevens 410 single barrel shotgun, $10. New and used Motorcycle parts. Elmer Nelson, La Moille, Ill.

SELL 100 new and used guns, some fancy prewar. Firearms list 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn.

ALUMINUM butt plates for rifles and shotguns. Write the Springfield Aluminum Plate & Castings Co., Springfield, Ohio. (3-7)

Fish and Game Attractions

NATURAL Duck Food Plants: Sago Pondweed, Wild Celery, Widgeon Grass, Redhead Grass and Chara for propagation. These Natural Duck Food Plants are gathered and packed by experienced planters. They are practically evergreen. They will attract and hold wild ducks in your ponds, lakes and streams. Expert planting advice. Address: Russell A. Griggs, Hampton Lodge, Waterlily, N. C. (3-6)

BRING Ducks to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. Terrell's seeds grow. 32 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 77 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

DUCK, goose, fish, muskrat attractions, celery, sago pond weed, widgeon grass and others. White's Game Preserve, Waterlily, North Carolina. (3-5)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

WILD rice seed. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., LaPorte, Minnesota. (3-5)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FLY or bait rods made by our expert rod maker, Wm. Coultas, of special selected and evenly balanced, split bamboo, are a dream. New joints made to match your Rod. All kinds of rod repairing. Let us make you a rod, Satisfaction guaranteed. Ware Brothers Company, Spokane, Wash. (3-7)

BASS Flies, 25c value—assortment of 15—$2.00. Trout Flies, 10c value—assortment of 25—$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send stamps or money order. Catalogue free with order. Fisherman's Supply Company, Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (3-5)

GILMORE'S Automatic Weedless, A Selfstriking, Single Hook, Bucktail Lure. Winner of 2nd and 4th prizes in the National Bass Tournament recently held in Leesburg, Florida. "Nuff Sed." Price $1.00. Order now. Folder upon request. E. L. Gilmore & Co., Youngstown, O. (3-7)

Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

FLY makers materials. Complete line of imported feathers, tinsel, gut, hooks, and bulk feathers. (Wholesale-retail). Write for price list, also latest fly catalog. Shoff Tackle Co., Kent, Wash. (3-5)

MR. FISHERMAN. Try us for a good fishing line, silk or linen. We sell direct to you and will do you good. Enclose stamp for card with samples and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Illinois. (4-5)

CAT Fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (5-9)

FISHERMEN! Sportsmen! 50 Doughball baits for fishing and recipe for making same with instructions. 50c postpaid. Henry Bergman, Box 9, Springfield, Missouri. (3-7)

FISHLINE Sinkers. Cast your own. All popular sizes. Complete instructions with mold. $1.00. Dolph Mfg. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia. (3-7)

BASS flies expertly tied. Your specifications. Best materials. Three to nine dollars dozen. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-7)

BEST yet. Catfish bait. A little better than the best. For throw lines unexcelled. 60 cents each, two for one dollar prepaid. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (3-5)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

FISHERMEN fool the fish. King of all decoys. Results certain. The outfit and full instructions, one dollar. J. C. Roberts, P. O. Box 74, Lake Charles, La. (3-6)

ATTENTION Sportsmen. High grade split bamboo rods. Write for information. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, N. Y. (3-5)

SPENT wing dry flies, expertly tied; 12 patterns; trout, $2.25; bass, $3.00 per dozen. H. Nieboer, Sparta, Mich. (3-6)

PFLUEGER Supreme reel $15; Richardson rod $5. Harrimac net $2; Kennedy Kit $2. All new. Trotter, 98 Dodge, Buffalo, N. Y.

Food Products

FANCY White Clover Honey. 5 lb. pail $1.00; 10-$1.75. Pay when received. Agents wanted. Wisconsin Honey Producers, Sheldon, Wis.

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-5)

PURE maple syrup (Government Test). Per gallon, $3.75 postpaid. Wm. Simpson, Birchwood, Wisconsin. (3-6)

PURE Maple Syrup, Maple Sugar, direct from the Sugar Camp, E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-5)

PURE Maple Syrup $2.50 gal. Hillside Grove, Sheldon, Vt. (3-7)

PURE Maple Syrup 1 gal. (11½ lbs.) $3.25 postpaid. Albert Bailey, Rock Creek, Ohio.

For Advertisers

ADVERTISE weekly papers. Lists free. Keator, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Associates, Box 378, Keene, N. H.

Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANT Eggs. I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst, and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure-bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Est. 1895. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

SPECIAL prices on silver fox. Prize winning blood. All stock registered. We were offered and received up to $400.00 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Free catalog. Huber's Silver Fox & Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (5x28)

MUSKRATS for breeding stock. Priced right. Live delivery. Sex guaranteed. Dark Beauties. Book just out on Pen and Ranch Raising of Muskrats. Real information. Price one dollar. Satisfaction guaranteed. Columbine Muskrat Farm Co., Denver, Colo. (3-7)

OPENING announcement. For sale, extra fine Northern Minnesota Muskrats, $15.00 per pair. Special selected. Ordinary selected, $12.00 per pair. Write for special prices on quantity lots. Rock Lake Fur Farm, Joseph Hengel, Prop., Staples, Minn. (3-6)

MONGOLIAN, Blackneck and Ringneck Pheasants. Hardy, vigorous breeders. Fertile, hatchable eggs. Substantial discounts on early egg orders. Prices and particulars upon request. Grimmer Game Farm, Box K, Delafield, Wis. (3-5)

SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, 22 pages 6x9 of practical information, pen drawings, illustrations of pens and animals. Mailed for $1.00. Our surplus 1927 mink are now sold. Davis Fur Farms, St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Buffalo Wolf pups, tame as kittens. Largest wolves in the world. Affectionate as dogs. Only pack of big Lobos in existence. Illustrated literature ten cents. McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa.

ALASKA Minks, Super-quality Northern Minnesota minks, Blue Foxes, Alaskan Silvers, finest quality. Booking orders for spring and fall delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (3-7)

PHEASANT eggs and chix. Ringneck, Mongolian, Melanotus, Silver, Golden, Reeves, Amherst, Manchurian, Versicolor and Swinhoe. Wild Mallards. Large eggs from strong, vigorous stock. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Buffalo Wolf pups, tame as kittens. Largest wolves in the world. Affectionate as dogs. Only pack of big Lobos in existence. Illustrated literature ten cents. McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa. (3-5)

MUSKRATS. Booking orders for Fall delivery. Large, dark Rocky Mountain strains. Live delivery guaranteed. Orders filled in rotation as received. Conejos County Fur Farms, Box 5, Romeo, Colorado. (3-7)

WE are accepting orders for May and June delivery of Prairie Wolf or Coyote pups, captivity bred or wild caught for restocking, breeding or pets. Jimmie Kellie, Wauneta, Nebraska. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-7)

FOR Sale: For June, July delivery. Mink, raccoon, skunk, muskrat, silver, blue, cross and red fox. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-7)

EGGS for sale, from genuine small type English call ducks, Jap Silkie Bantams and Pheasants. Wild geese for sale. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-5)

MINK. Interior Alaska and Northern. Pen raised. Blues and Silver Foxes. Finest quality. Booking orders for Spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (3-7)

THOROUGHBRED Roller and Yorkshire Canaries. Fine healthy singers and breeding pairs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Frank Caduff, 317 16th Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-7)

PINE Marten For Sale. Rocky Mountain Strain. Pen raised. Breeding and feeding problems solved. H. E. Bowles, Idaho Falls, Idaho. (3-7)

ENGLISH call hatching eggs from Dakota's "smartest flock." Selling fifteen laying females. Styles & Son, Hartford, So. Dak. (3-5)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale: Wisconsin Muskrats and Minks. Excellent Breeders, young or old. The Maples, Rib Lake, Wisconsin, Taylor Co. (3-7)

RING Neck Pheasant Eggs—$3.25 per 13. Jap. silkies, $2.50 per 13. Fertility guaranteed. Alex. Forke, New Brunfels, Texas. (3-7)

PHEASANT eggs for sale. Ringneck, Mongolian, Golden, Amherst, Reeves, Silvers. Karl J. Birnbrauer, Oak Lane, Phila., Pa. (3-5)

HATCHING eggs, from genuine small type English call ducks, $3.00 per 12 postpaid. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr. (3-6)

MINK. Best Northern Mississippi Valley minks. Select stock. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box A, Homer, Minnesota. (3-6)

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (5-6)

PHEASANT Eggs: Golden, Silver, Ringnecks. Stamp appreciated. Highland Pheasantry. Findlay, Ohio. (3-6)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-9)

FOR Sale: Ringneck pheasant eggs for spring delivery. Eric L. Hoffman, Branch, Mich. (3-5)

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

WILD geese—wild ducks—decoys—Breeders. Beautiful folder free. Wild Game Farm, Mohler, Ore. (3-6)

FERRETS, nice ones, healthy stock. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-5)

Help Wanted, Instructions

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for Forest Ranger Position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests; protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane Institute, M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (2-6)

MEN, get forest ranger or railway mail jobs; $135-$225 monthly; permanent; experience unnecessary. For instruction details write A. Bradford, 31 South 52nd, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-7)

DO you drive a car? U. S. Government Chauffeur-Carrier job pays $141-$175 month. "How to qualify" mailed Free. Write, Ozment Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (5x28)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 249 Temple Court, Denver, Colo. (3-5)

WANTED man to work on dog ranch. Elderly man preferred. Envilla Kennels, Havre, Montana.

Indian Goods

PEACE Pipes, War Clubs, $5.00; Beaded Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Watchfobs, $1.00; Bow, Arrows, $1.60; 25 selected stone age relics, $10.00; dozen fine arrowheads, $2.50. Tomahawks, Rare, $15.00. Everything in Indian Curios. Costumes. Blankets. Prehistoric Relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O. A., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (2x28)

Manufacturers

WIRE goods made to order. Cooley Mfg. Co., 528 N. Western Ave., Chicago. (3-6)

Miscellaneous

LOG Houses. Before building get our new plan. Logs stand upright. Easier and cheaper. Blueprints include foundation, walls, windows, roof, etc. Send $1.00 for blueprints with building instructions. Brock Blueprints, 4053a McRee Ave., St. Louis, Mo. (3-7)

SALMON and trout fishing in Norway. Most reliable offers and service through Bernhd Brekke-Trondhjem, estabd. 1880, cable address: Activ Trondhjem. Personally caught 5 salmon above 45 lbs. (4-5)

WASHING Machines reconditioned. Water powers, $3.00. Mail motor only. 24 Hr. service. Hose 75c ea. Electrics $25.00. Run like new. Cylinders relined. Housman Hughes, 294 Park Dale, Buffalo, N. Y. (3-7)

Miscellaneous—Cont'd

RATTLESNAKE Rattlers ($1.50) are a real curiosity. Mexican Resurrection Plants (30c). Other novelties. Catalogue. Acraft Supply Co., 1137A North High Street, Columbus, Ohio. (3-5)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-10)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-7)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinsin, Box 87 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-5)

SADDLE Horses. State fully your requirements. Seneca Farms, Rochester, N. Y. Charlotte-P.O.

FINEST large Arizona buck heads. T. E. Taylor, Holbrook, Arizona. (3-6)

MALLARD nests for sale. Breed wild duck on your farm. Write H. E. Koch, LaPorte, Ind.

Music and Musical Instruments

BRUNSWICK Portable Phonograph Plays all standard records. 10 inches square, 2 ½ inches thick. Weight, 10 lbs. Metal case, compact and reliable. Shipped prepaid on receipt of $10. Maurice Levy, Lyceum Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. (3-6)

Name Plates

DOG Collar Name Plates, 20c; Key checks, 15c. All kinds of lodge emblems on key checks. Leroy H. Eckels, 1331 Wallace St., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-7)

Outing Equipment

COMPLETE camping outfit including trailer and tent bargain. Clinton L. Smith, Newport, Kentucky.

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

PATENTS. Write for Instructions. Carl Miller, Registered Patent Attorney (Former Patent Office Examiner), 211-0 McGill Building, Washington, D. C. (3-7)

Pigeons

PIGEONS. Fancy, squab, racing Homer and breeders of all kinds. Boston terrier pups, eligible for registration. Circular. The Western Pigeon Lofts, 206 Logan Street, Waseca, Minnesota.

HIGH flying tumblers. Wonderful performers. $2.00 pair. Edw. Helman, Springfield, Ohio. (3-6)

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare time or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. American School of Photography, Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago. (12-10)

NEW Sepia Prints. A beautiful finish that improves kodak pictures. Send 8c and negative for sample and catalog of specialties. Frank Scobie, 68-S, Sleepy Eye, Minn. (3-7)

COWBOY Artist. Charles M. Russell Art prints for framing. Twenty subjects. Quarter, stamps brings sample and list. Beartooth Curio Store, Red Lodge, Montana. (3-7)

HI-GRADE Kodak finishing. Stamp brings sample. Falls Foto Finishers, Glens Falls, N. Y. (3-5)

GERMAN Cameras, lenses. Barttro, 6436 La Riba Way, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-7)

Poultry

BUY Huber's Reliable Chicks. Our 19th year. For 18 years we have culled our flocks for egg production and quality. There are reasons why we have thousands of satisfied customers, and that we have never been able to supply all the demand for our chicks in the past 18 years. Every bird in our breeding flocks banded and record kept. Liberal discount on quantity orders. Pullets for sale. Fine illustrated catalog free. Chicks sent C. O. D. if you wish. Get our plan. Combination offers on Chicks, Brooder Stoves and Brooder Houses. 12 varieties. Valuable book on Chicks and Poultry free with each order for $10.00 or more. Huber's Reliable Hatchery, E. Main St., Fostoria, Ohio.

BARRON white leghorn eggs and chicks, 250 to 305 egg strain, imported direct from England by us. Our prices are low considering quality. Write for catalog. Immele's Breeding Farm, Tiffin, Ohio, Box O. (3-6)

PIT Games: "Dead game fighting fowls." Eggs, $3.00 for 15. Circulars free. S. M. White, Keytesville, Mo. (3-6)

AMERICA'S best Buff Cochin Bantams. Stock and eggs for sale. Oakhurst Bantam Yards, Northfield, Minnesota. (3-6)

100 VARIETIES Fowls, Bantams. Catalog 5c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-7)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.00, postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (3-5)

Rabbits

RAISE fur bearing Chinchilla Rabbits, garage, woodshed or barn, spare time. Pedigreed. Healthy. Booklet 25c. Write for prices. De Camp Carson, Delta, Wis. (3-7)

JAGGER'S famous champion strain Chinchillas. Selected Chinchilla does, pedigreed and bred, $10.00. Jagger's Rabbitry, Box 1061, Station A, Pueblo, Colorado. (3-7)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-6)

Raw Furs Tanned

RAW Furs of all kinds made into neck pieces; fox or coon, $9.00 each. Same skins you send me returned C. O. D. J. G. Burst, Ridgewood, New Jersey. (3-6)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

WRITE the owner for prices: Choice lake frontage; cottages for rent or sale on sand beach good fish lake; tourists' resort five cottages, seven hundred feet lake frontage; two miles Wolf River frontage; large and small tracts of forest land along streams and lakes adapted for wild game; eighty acres dairy farm; new house, barns, all modern conveniences; half mile lake frontage, all in picturesque Wolf River Valley, highway 55 Wisconsin. Wallrich Land and Lumber Company, Shawano, Wisconsin. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Trout lake and farm of about 257 acres, complete with hatchery, spawning beds, concrete isolation pools, etc., with over half million fry and fingerlings. Completely furnished house for residence on the place. Located at Williamsburg, Michigan, about 12 miles from Traverse City, on Pere Marquette R. R. Apply to Security Trust Company, Detroit, for full information, price, etc.

LOG Cabin 34x36, large living room, stone fireplace, detached guest cottage, 384 foot frontage. Spider Lake, near Hayward, Wisconsin, quiet, secluded, exclusive. Three lots, 300 feet, Laurel Lake, Chain O Lakes, Eagle River, Wisconsin. Price $1,000. 800 feet North Twin Lake, Phelps, Wis.; very choice frontage, $6,000. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe Street, Madison, Wisconsin. (3-5)

80 ACRES on North Shore Teal Lake, Hayward, Wis. Twenty-two hundred and twenty-five feet lake shore—sand beach. Nine by twenty-four miles hunting grounds at back door. Seventy thousand feet of A-1 virgin timber, three log cabins, one ice house and good well. R. S. Headley, 33 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., c/o Von Lengerke and Antoine. (3-5)

FERTILE and productive water-front farms. 60 acres; 75 acres; 115 acres on the "Historic Eastern Shore of Virginia." A day's journey by auto from New York City. Near nation's market centres, with steamer, truck and rail transportation. Photographs and details furnished. Warner Ames, Owner, Onancock, Accomack Co., Va.

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Cont'd

DELIGHTFUL virgin pine timbered cabin sites on beautiful Caribou Lake in Minnesota National Forest. One hundred miles from Duluth. Three miles from Lake Superior. Splendid Roads, fishing, hunting, boating, bathing. Large perfect Lake Front Sites $250 to $450. Owner, James Stevens, 337 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-5)

FOR quick sale, 319 acre resort-farm, Crawford county, Wisconsin. Value $8,000, selling at $4,000. Five miles east Mississippi river. 250 acres virgin timber. Buildings, well, spring, watercress. Right of flowage of Rush Creek. Ideal for hunting and fishing. S. Hayden, 6558 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Midway 1330.

CHIPPEWA River land with entire lake at $10.00 per acre; 224 acres on McCloud Lake at $6.00; 160 acres with small lake, creek and beaver pond at $5.00. Many similar tracts, all on easy terms. Also high class lake shore lots. Cottages for rent. Write for circular. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wisconsin. (3-6)

THE Wilds. Cottages furnished and screened. Boats and bathing. Enjoy outdoors on Lake Katherine, seventeen miles from Medford, Wis. Ten lakes, river and trout stream within seven miles. Hunt big game, catch large and small fish. Reserve early. Kletts Cozy Cottages, Perkinstown, Wis. (3-7)

FOR Sale. Two story cottage, 28x36, and garage, completely furnished including boat. Located on Green Lake Beach, 1½ miles north of Spicer, Minnesota. Golf Course, good fishing. Price $4,800. For particulars, write Ben Benson, Willmar, Minnesota.

FOR Sale—Muskrat Marshes. Can supply you with marshlands suitable for Muskrat Farms, the water level is right, lots of flags and rushes, enough rats to start with. These offerings subject to prior sales. L. V. Ruckel, Shelby, Michigan.

BURNTSIDE Lake Beautiful Club Individual or Boys Camp Site, six miles from Burntside Lodge; eighty acres, one-half mile sand beach. Accessible by water or private road. Islands and shore land. L. J. White, Ely, Minnesota.

FOR Sale: At Lake Resort, 16 rooms, 4 baths, big store. Suitable Boarding house, general store. 45 miles from N. Y. City. Easy terms. Riley Realty Co., Sterling Forest, New Jersey.

30 WOODED acres bordered by two lakes and creek. Several buildings including main and servant's cottage; three fire-places. Excellent fishing. In Park Region. Fred A. Everts, Battle Lake, Minnesota.

LAKE and river front lands at $5 to $50 an acre, and islands at $100 each, and up, in the playground of Northern Minnesota. Write for list. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

LOTS on Blue Lakes, Michigan. Ideal fishing and hunting, $25.00 to $20.00. Cash or payments. W. S. Grumman, 1206 W. State, Columbus, Ohio.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

ABOUT hundred acres near Montello, Wisconsin, 103 miles Milwaukee. Containing entire lake about sixteen acres. E. H. Wunderlich, Joliet, Illinois. (3-5)

80 ACRE tract in Aitkin. County ideal for fur farming. Price, $1000.00. 4 miles from town. Joe Lampert, 2005 Pied Ave., Duluth, Minn. (6-9)

NAMAKAGAN river frontage. Ten acre tracts or more. Half mile frontage. Price low. Pike, pickerel, bass fishing. Herman Hirt, Barron, Wis.

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Golf course and two thousand feet frontage on Park Drive near Freeport, Illinois. Fay Welty, Freeport, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Lots, islands, acreages. Lake Vermilion. Arrowhead Lakes Land Co., Tower, Minn. (3-7)

HOMESEEKERS, Ozarks, 100 acres improved. Poultry. Hunting. $600.00. Free list. Ark. Land Co., Nettleton, Ark.

LAKE front and Muskrat farm for sale. For particulars, Al Kahn, Tomahawk, Wisconsin. (3-5)

REAL buy, 400 acres, three lakes, pine shores, recreation, business. Bennion, Hutchinson, Minnesota.

FOR Sale: 5 miles Lake Vermilion Shore properties. Sam. Kitto, Tower, Minn. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Peach Orchard, 60 acres. Kibler, Box 135, Olney, Ill.

MUSKRAT and Beaver farms. Get free list. DeCoudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-7)

Stamp Collecting

FREE—3 triangles only with order for special packet of 50 diff. from all the world and our illustrated price lists for only 8c. 10 Guatemala 5c, 10 Iceland 7c, 10 Montenegro 7c, 25 Netherland 7c, 10 Newfoundland 6c, 15 Norway 4c, 10 Tunis 6c, 10 Turkey 4c, 10 St. Settlmts. 6c, 10 Fed. Malay States 6c, 5 Kedah 10c, 7 Siam 5c, 4 N. Borneo 10c. Postage extra. Hundreds of more just like them. Approvals if you ask for them. Inland Stamp Co., Room 51, 6217 Forest, Kansas City, Mo. (4x28)

"STAMP Collecting Hints." This interesting booklet sent free to beginners and stamp collectors. T. G. Bottome, 2934 Shriver, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-6)

10 DIFFERENT French colonies. 5 different airmail. Set of Jamaica. All for 10 cents. Luftbery, Route 3, North Branford, Conn. (3-5)

UNITED STATES, 27 different, 5c, to buyers from 50% or 60% discount sheets. State size of collection. Leduc, Redlion, Penna. (3-6)

FORTY different United States 10c. Stamps on approval at 60% discount. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Michigan. (3-7)

PACKET Cat. $4.00 to approval applicants enclosing 4c. Reliance Stamp Co., Auburndale, Mass.

1,000 VARIETIES, 69c. Approvals. Kenmore Stamp Co., 705 Kenmore Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. (3-6)

600 DIFFERENT, $0.50; 1,100, $1.00. Fred Onken, 630 79th Street, Brooklyn. (3-6)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-5)

Taxidermy

F. SCHUMAKER & SONS, Manufacturers of glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermists' supplies. Indian beads, furriers' supplies. 285 Halliday St., Jersey City, New Jersey. (3-6)

TAXIDERMIST, Furrier & Supplies. Heads, rugs for sale. Lists, specify which. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-10)

GOOD taxidermists everywhere. Select their panels from our catalog. It's free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-5)

GLASS eyes for birds, animals, fish. Schoepfer, 16 West 36th St., New York. (3-7)

Typewriters and Supplies

TYPEWRITERS. All standard makes, $7 to $29. Fully guaranteed. Dee Typewriter House, Ada, Okla. (3-7)

Wanted

WANTED: Canoe birch bark. Pieces one foot square or larger. Write Edw. Hruby, Manchester, Iowa. (3-5)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 116. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

SWEATERS, re-modeled, high turtle neck slipovers made V neck slip-overs for $2.00; slip-overs made buttoned coat style, $3.00. Send that old sweater today. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minnesota. (3-5)

GENUINE Montecristo Panama hats. The best made. Direct from importer at $12, $15, $18 and $20. Allan Kelsey, Lakeview, Michigan. (3-7)

HIGH waders 10½ shoe cost $20.00, worn once $12.00. Also shoes $3.00 or separate. A. C. Thompson, 1115 Forest Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Something to Sell?

If you have something to sell, and you want to be sure of selling it at a minimum expense for doing the job, put your ad in the Classified Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Use the form below and mail with correct amount so that we receive it by April 25.

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here

Izaak Walton League
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Classified Advertising Rate
15c per word for one insertion. 30c per word for three consecutive insertions.

I enclose $_____ for the following classified ad

to run _____ times in OUTDOOR AMERICA

starting in the _____ issue, under the

classification of _____

Ad must reach us by April 25th to appear in June issue.

Sportsmen! —Don't Miss It

"Chief Dowagiac" Coller —Trick Caster

will give daily exhibitions of the art of expert casting, and offer free instructions to all. Casting contests for prizes will also be open to the public.

Famous "Bob" Limbert

Crack Pistol Shot and Imitation Bird Whistler

will give demonstrations every afternoon and evening on the stage of the Auditorium and offer free instructions in the use of the pistol.

On Wednesday, April 18th, at the Auditorium in Omaha, will open America's Great National Sportsmen's Show. Plan now to attend. Never before have so many interesting attractions been provided. Read the list below and you will surely want to spend at least two days in Omaha at—

America's National Sportsmen's Show

Held in connection with the

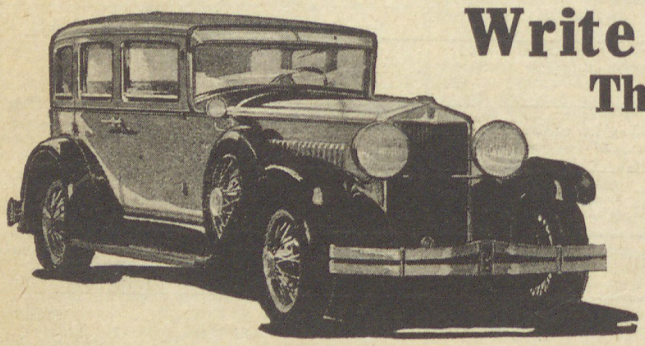
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE'S

6th National Convention

Waltonians are especially urged to come, but whether you are a member of the League or not, you will find more of interest, enjoyment and education in this Show than any you have ever attended. Here you will see everything required by sportsmen as well as a great many features. Just to give you an idea of what you will find, note these:

12 Great Attractions

1. Displays of 70 leading manufacturers of Arms, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Outboard Motors, Boats, Clothing, Automobile Trailers, Camping Equipment, etc. Each will show the very latest in his line.
2. Rifle shooting contests under the auspices of the American Legion Rifle Club, Post No. 1, Omaha, for valuable prizes. Open to the public at no entry charge.
3. Bait and fly casting contests for valuable prizes. Open to the public at no charge.
4. Trick pistol shooting and imitation bird whistling every afternoon and evening on the stage of the Auditorium by the famous "Bob" Limbert, World's greatest pistol shot, who will also give free instructions in the use of the pistol.
5. "Chief Dowagiac" Coller, one of America's foremost bait casting experts, will give afternoon and evening demonstrations of his art as well as free instructions.
6. The Chicago & North Western Railway Company's famous 35-piece band will give daily concerts each afternoon and evening.
7. Motion pictures of unusual outdoor scenes, including hunting and fishing, will be shown at all hours during the day and evening.
8. United States Government Bureau of Fisheries will exhibit four aquariums of fish and a trough showing the propagation of fish.
9. United States Government Biological Survey will show three great life-like scenes of deer, duck, etc.
10. United States Government Forest Service will have a natural display 24 ft. long, 8 ft. deep and 8 ft. high.
11. A $2100 eight cylinder, five passenger Hupmobile Century Sedan will be given to the Show visitor who writes the best slogan about the Izaak Walton League. An exact duplicate of this sedan will be on display in the Hupmobile booth at the Show, as will also other models of the Hupmobile line. Don't miss it!
12. On the opening night, "Bob" Limbert's great pistol match against Fred Palmtag will be staged.



Write the Slogan That Wins This $2100 Hupmobile "8" Sedan

This beautiful car—one of America's truly fine "Eights" will be presented to the show visitor who writes the best, briefest and neatest slogan about the Izaak Walton League and a few words telling why it is appropriate. Here are a few slogans—"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"; "Keep the Outdoors for Your Children"; "Defenders of Woods, Waters and Wild Life." Write a better one and win this handsome car.

PLAN NOW to Go to OMAHA

Four Great Days
April 18 to 21 inclusive

Show open daily 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.
Admission 25c

"CLEAN as a WHISTLE"

WHEN tired by a day of shooting —what a chore it used to be to clean a small bore rifle. Now—with Winchester Staynless Ammunition — you do not *have* to clean. Just take it easy when the day is done. Winchester Staynless Rim Fire Cartridges, you see, can neither rust, pit nor foul your barrel. Yet they retain all the old-time Winchester accuracy and dependability and, with any of the famous Winchester small bore sporting rifles, they form the ideal combination for .22 caliber shooting. In target work, of course, where Winchester Model 52 is king, use the celebrated Winchester .22 Long Rifle Precision 75 (for indoors and the shorter outdoor ranges) and 200 (for the longer outdoor range). Or use Winchester Lestayn Rim Fire Cartridges combining Lesmok powder (for accuracy) with our Staynless priming to reduce rusting and pitting to the minimum. Winchester has also developed Staynless non-corrosive priming for Center Fire Cartridges. You can thus obtain maximum results in every kind of shooting with maximum protection for all rifles.

FREE—Winchester Guns and Ammunition are *made* for each other. To find the combination that gives best results in different kinds of shooting, write for your free copy of "The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition"—a most interesting guide for sportsmen.

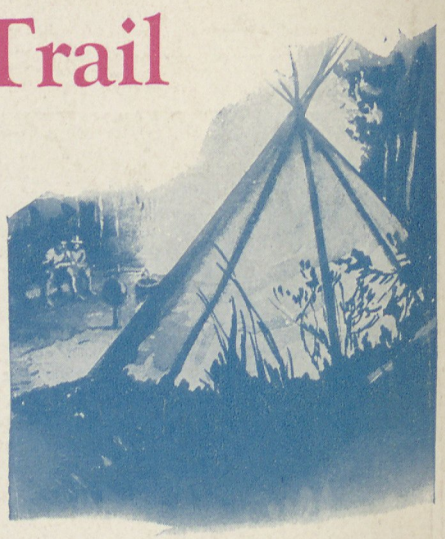
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

NEW—Model 58—a simple, dependable, single-shot, .22 caliber rifle — latest of Winchester small bore rifles and "every inch a Winchester" though it sells for only $5.50. (Anywhere in U. S.)

An Invitation to All Who Long for the Forest Trail



Bacon sizzling on a pointed stick! Corn, potatoes and apples roasting in the ashes! Indian maize cakes browning in the skillet! Does any food ever taste as good as this?

Everybody longs to get out in the woods and wild places now and then. But do you know that camping pleasures increase in direct ratio to the camper's knowledge of how to live in the open—of what to see and where to see it?

The American Indians were the supreme authorities on open-air life—on hunting, fishing and camping. From them the pioneers learned the twin sciences of woodcraft and campcraft.

Ernest Thompson Seton has studied the lives of the Indians and pioneers more carefully than any other writer. In six of the most valuable and fascinating books of their kind ever written, dealing with Hiking and Canoeing, Animals and Birds, Indiancraft, Woodcraft, Earth and Sky and Wild Animals, he has incorporated a vast wealth of knowledge that represents years of painstaking study and research.

The Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft

by Ernest Thompson Seton

Six volumes of woodland lore woven into the most thrilling of adventure tales comprise the Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft. Stories about people who lived in the woods by themselves. Stories about wild and domestic animals. Accurate information about how the Indians lived, fished, hunted, tanned skins, preserved meat, ground maize, made bows, arrows and implements. Indian songs, dances, ceremonies, Pioneer stories.

DO YOU KNOW:

- How to make a fire without matches?
- How to build a waterproof shelter?
- How to find food and remedies?
- How to make knots, traps?
- How to know birds, animals, trees?
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